Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

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GREETINGS TO THREE PRESIDENTS

BY THE EDITORS

To William H. Taft

(From *Harper's Weekly* of March 6, 1909)

Good morning, Mr. President!

To you we prefer to turn with serious eyes. Solemnities drop less naturally from our pen, we must own, in this greeting than in that tentative farewell we have just been pronouncing. We can imagine you saying what Charles Surface said while Sir Oliver paid his respects to Brother Joseph: "If they talk this way to Honesty, what will they say to me by and by?" And we could fall into that mood, for, strange to say, we seem less in doubt about you at your coming in than about this other at his going out. Certainly you do not suggest painful reflections on the mysteries of human nature and life and fate. . . .

But we are to watch your every act, listen to all your words, to praise and dispraise you, for four years, perhaps for eight. Frankly, we have much hope in you, and it is hard to believe we shall ever feel bound to assail you with bitterness, to taunt, to deride. You have our liking—in common, we think, with that of nearly all your countrymen. But you know how hard it will be to keep from losing this well-nigh universal good-will. . . .

Frankly, again, there have been some things we do not like. Like your predecessor, you in your youth revolted against that system of so-called protection which, in its present phase, we count an indefensible surrender, first of your party, and then of the Government, to greed; and you, like him, have failed to defend in plain words this acquiescence of manhood against that rebellion of youth. When you touched upon your change of heart, speaking to young faces, in the place of your youth, your words went lame. You said then that you still approved of your youthful principles, that you held them still orthodox and sound—"if only the application of them is not carried to such an ex-

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treme as to interfere with the public welfare." You certainly cannot believe that free trade or any other *laissez-faire* principles run riot in our present tariff laws. Now that you have declared yourself a protectionist, however, we will not ask you to act as if you had never ceased to be a free-trader. We should like you to study the life of Sir Robert Peel. But we will be content for the present if you will merely insist that Congress shall squeeze the sheer robbery out of the schedules, although the real protection remains. All you have said since Election Day indicates that this is your purpose. . . .

Frankly, again, we could wish there had been, in your campaigns for the nomination of your party and then for election, less apparent dependence on the help and favor of your predecessor. It gave, alike to your rivalry with other leaders in your own party and to your contest with the candidate of the opposition, a character not unexampled in our history. That Van Buren was similarly championed has not been to his credit with historians. But we Americans understand personal loyalties, and respect them, too, when they do not mean disloyalty to principle or to us. Let us feel that in office you held yourself responsible only to us and to principle, and we will not malignantly keep you in mind of the manner of your elevation. . . .

We are glad you have been a judge. Granting you consecration instead of ambition, we think you will find that to do justice among men will be your most constant function, though you wear no ermine. Our hope is the greater because you have propounded no theory of life, profess no allegiance to any one principle in your own life, but have merely risen from task to task by virtue of efficiency and good nature. You will not set *obiter dicta* above decisions. The case itself will be your business, and you will wait for cases to come up before you decide them.

In nothing will that habit and procedure serve you better than in your effort, following your predecessor's lead, to make government stand for right as between man and man, class and class, force and force, in all its relations to our appallingly complex industrial system. To proceed from one specific evil to another, to formulate no rules not based on actual experience, to try no mere experiments—to go on step by step—this, simple as it seems, is the sole secret of England's success in free government. She arrives at generalizations only by amassing precedents. Her genius is the distrust of genius, and her caution and foresight consist in keeping pace with the demands of her civilization, not in running ahead to meet them. . . .

Your limitations, therefore, commend you, Mr. President. Our greeting is the more cordial because we do not take you, and you do not take yourself, for a man of destiny; because we are not moved to make our salutation an obeisance.

Nevertheless, we commend to you all the inspiration to be got from considering the magnitude of your trust, the terrible height to which you are lifted up by our will and choice. Your station is like Cæsar's, or Charlemagne's. It is not less because railroad and steamship, electricity and the press, bring far things near and make the mysterious commonplace. Because you hold it,

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Europe and Asia are daily mindful of you. Maintain it, then, as we have no doubt you will, with dignity, and be conscious always that the great mass of your countrymen, of all races and parties and creeds, know instinctively the line between that criticism and opposition which a republic permits and that which patriotism sternly forbids.

Good morning, Mr. President—and good luck!

* * *

To Woodrow Wilson

(From *Harper's Weekly* of March 8, 1913)

Good morning, Mr. President!

To you, indeed, it hardly seems needful that this journal should offer assurances of its own good will and good wishes. In all its life no political enterprise has ever engaged its sympathies more deeply than that which ends today as you take your solemn oath of office. But to you, too, we can offer whatever heartening there may be in our conviction that you also have the good will and the good wishes of the majority of Americans.

We have no fear, Mr. President, that you will overestimate the value of our own or any other assurances in that matter; even if you agree with them, you will not vainly imagine that your present great prestige and popularity are a secure possession. For we feel sure that you are not politically short-sighted. We feel sure that you do not need to be told that the more suspiciously a man enters upon a great trial of his quality the more he has to fear from anything like failure to meet it worthily. You have shown convincingly that you understand the incessant nature of Democracy's demands and the necessity of meeting them continuously, unfalteringly—of fighting all one's battles through, as Grant said—if one would survive politically.

In that clear-eyed envisagement of obligations and of dangers we find, indeed, one of the chief sources of our hope in your administration; for we regard it as one of the many proofs of your political competency.

On this point, no doubt, we differ with many other observers of your career. For we do not in the least share the apprehension that your long years of devotion to academic tasks will be found to have dimmed your eyes to harsh realities. On the contrary, we take comfort from the circumstance that you have all your life been studying in quiet such problems as now confront you, such careers as you yourself are now attempting. We are happy to feel that, like most Americans, but unlike your immediate predecessor, you like politics; that you understand politics; that you have already proved yourself an excellent politician. We shall be disappointed if, before the end, you shall not have proved yourself a great politician.

So shall we all be, Mr. President, and so will you be; for none of us has indi-

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cated a clearer comprehension than you have indicated of what the times and the country's mood really demand of you. Administrative skill, executive efficiency—these, of course, are always demanded of a President. But you know that today, for you, they will not be enough. You know that you face a crisis; that you may, quite conceivably, inaugurate an epoch. Before we take up, with other journals, our constant duty of unsparing criticism, perhaps you will permit us briefly to indicate what we conceive your full task and opportunity to be.

It is to lead Democracy in a great advance which it now clamors for. It is to guide Democracy wisely while it compasses and overcomes a new kind of opposition that for some generations has been erecting itself among us; a kind of opposition to Democracy which is all the more baffling and confounding because it is, in the main, an outcome of Democracy itself; because it is as if, in our startled battling with it, a giant strove with his own giant offspring. In this respect the curious instinct of the cartoonists is no false leading, but a true indication of our real predicament. For the real foe of Democracy in this country wears no form that privilege has ever worn before. It is not monarchical, it is not aristocratic, it is not military, it is not clerical. It is entirely economic and industrial. The seat and source of it is neither court nor camp nor church; it is the common market-place. The essence of it is, to be sure, monopoly, and monopoly is old. But this kind of monopoly, self-created and self-sustaining monopoly, is new. It is young and vigorous. Of all the forces that make against Democracy it is the youngest and most vigorous now extant in the world.

That is your giant antagonist, Mr. President; and Democracy expects of you nothing less than that you forthwith prove yourself its Jack the Giant Killer. . .

We do not neglect to note your handicaps; we shall not forget them when we fall back into our ordinary function of watchfulness and criticism. It was your immediate predecessor's misfortune to lead a party which had been too long in power; it is your misfortune that you lead a party which has been too long out of power. It lacks the training power alone can give. It has the habit of irresponsible protest and criticism, not of responsible action. You will be surrounded by men who can speak only from conviction, not from experience. To keep your leadership, you must be, perhaps, complacent with ignorance and prejudice.

Do not, we beseech you, be too complacent; for that may prove your greatest danger. We do not underestimate the necessity of tact and consideration and whatever else may make for harmony, but we would, nevertheless, fortify you in loyalty to your own superior training and instincts. For it must be with you as with every other man lifted up to high place and great power. There is no way to spare you the duty of self-reliance; there is no way to spare you the loneliness of your great station. . . .

Your party is also hungry, for it comes in from a long wandering in the desert, and from this cause, too, you will face temptation and must endure a

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wearying importunity. More than that: because your party is unaccustomed to power, it will not be at ease in power. Part of your great task in leadership will be to teach it self-confidence; yet it will be equally necessary to hold it back from over-confidence and extravagance. There will inevitably be required of you a constant and supremely difficult balancing of restraint and energy, of sympathy and steadfastness, of courage and caution. For the full test of you and your party will be nothing less than this: that through you Democracy shall win victories and yet shall not abuse them.

But if, Mr. President, we are thus candidly mindful of all that confronts you, we are also happily mindful of much, of very much, to hearten and to help you. Happily for you, as for us all, you are the choice of no one section, but of the whole country. As your elevation excludes no one section from power, you will escape a kind of bitterness that has borne hard on many of your predecessors; and yet you will not lack the fine inspiration to be drawn from the peculiar pride in you of a particular section, a section strong in loyalties. Southern-born, it is your privilege to restore the South to a full share in the country's affairs, to help her prove her fitness for it and to revive, let us hope forever, the great tradition of her spacious patriotism in the early days of the Republic.

Less than this, perhaps, but far from little, will be the inspiration of your academic memories. At every crisis there will be the inspiring consciousness that to an extraordinary degree you represent in American public life the training and ideals of American colleges. There will be something still more poignant—the passionate, intimate appeal of your own ancient university, calling upon you, as with bells and songs, to win for her still greater honors. If need be, Alma Mater may serve you better still. If the worst comes to the worst, if the path of duty becomes the way of sacrifice, if it so happens that you must lay down even popularity itself on the altar of patriotism, you can still see the tall tower with which she commemorates that other President of whom, in the hour of his seeming failure, you yourself wrote:

"The men who assess his fame in the future will be no partisans, but men who love candor, courage, honesty, strength, unshaken capacity, and high purpose such as his."

Yes, Mr. President, the task is great, the dangers manifold, and manifold the temptations. But all your youth will now, surely, rise up and reinforce your manhood. The great thing has happened—has happened to you, of all men. Surely you will not quail before it. Surely you will not lack in the face of opportunity and of danger the supreme human quality; you will not lack courage—the kind of courage that is one with sincerity. As you go to meet Fate's call, the time's demand, your country's summons, your mood will not be one of pride or self-sufficiency; yet surely it will be as if, in your own heart, a drum beat, or a trumpet sounded.

Good morning, Mr. President—and good fortune!

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To Calvin Coolidge

Good morning, Mr. President!

We rejoice to greet you, at the beginning of this memorable day in your remarkable career, with faith already justified by your own good works.

When, under an inscrutable Providence, you were summoned to replace a leader snatched away overnight, you found yourself in the difficult position of a substitute whose services the people had not expected to require. You were quite naturally divided between a sense of obligation to fulfil the plans of your predecessor and your own individual convictions which, under such circumstances, more than ever demanded free play. Moreover, you were called upon to head a party, divided and jangling with many angry, discordant voices, and were confronted immediately by the imperative need of reforming partisan lines and of reducing them to some semblance of order if the task imposed upon you were to go forward to appreciable performance. So between your obligation to the dead, your duty to yourself, and the chaotic state of your party, you were compelled to exercise the utmost tact and discretion; and you did so admirably, with results which have left little to be desired.

But, after all, you were only Vice-President-Acting-President and could not be expected to assert your rule so vigorously as when, after a test of your qualities, the people should have confirmed your leadership. Manfully the test was met and happily was withstood. Now you need only be yourself.

You understand this as few others before you have realized it. You are not a novice in politics who must be reminded that public office is a public trust, in which the character of the individual is inseparably merged with that of the official. You have had wide experience in government, wider and more thorough than any of your predecessors in modern times. Still it has had its limitations. Until you were elected Vice President, you had been concerned all your life solely with the problems of a single Commonwealth which, important though they were, denied you the

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opportunity to study the needs of the country at large, especially in the field of foreign affairs where, indeed, subtlety builds on subtlety, and profession all too seldom leads to action. And never was there a time, Mr. President, when those charged with responsibility should walk more carefully; for the state of international society is today a precarious one, and to no country does it present more dangerous aspects than to our own. The war is with men still, not alone in the material alterations it has wrought, but in a spiritual laceration which some would seek to heal by measures more drastic than the vitality of peoples can endure.

This country, in particular, being far removed from the scene of the great conflict which brought other nations face to face with all its terrible realism, has been in grave danger, through the mistaken generosity of many of its inhabitants, of forsaking the plain, but none the less arduous, path laid down for it by its founders. In order to relieve devastation abroad, some would renounce justice at home, and by thus abdicating principles which in the course of the ages have been established in the relations of man with man, would deprive society of the guarantees it can now boast, at a time when it can ill afford to lose any.

New problems are ever arising, it is true, but there are few, if any, which can not be solved by an application of the principles embodied in the letter and spirit of the Constitution, to which we all owe unqualified allegiance. Such technical difficulties in diplomacy and economics as your experience has not embraced can be largely overcome by recourse to counsel from those qualified to advise. We have great confidence in your judgment of men, nor could there be, perhaps, a more necessary adjunct to a successful Executive; but if we may venture the suggestion, it will be well for you to bear in mind that the diversity and extent of this country demand of its Chief Magistrate not only discretion in policy, but sympathy with each of its many sections, never more strongly local than today. Problems of executive routine can not be disposed of with the precision and speed possible to one who deals only with a single group of people, such as you have been accustomed to do, but must be accorded a balanced consideration, a judgment of the heart as well as of the understanding.

But "there is no true liberty nor right joy but in the fear of God

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accompanied with a good conscience". In your modest confidence in yourself, no less than in your sterling patriotism, we seem to perceive a heartening sign for days ahead, and you could not be what you are nor have come from the people you did come from without being animated by passionate devotion to the ideal of individual self-development, unimpeded by government, from which these United States have derived their independence. It is for you, their freely chosen President, to proclaim by all your acts this sacred right, and thus by observing the limitations of government procure for it greater respect, even as in your own person we like to think of you exemplifying the character of that Happy Warrior—

> Who if he rise to station of command,
> Rises by open means; and there will stand
> On honorable terms, or else retire,
> And in himself possess his own desire.

Whatever may be the seeming to others, Mr. President, you will understand that what we venture to proffer at this time is neither presuming advice nor unsought suggestion, but a simple, old-fashioned confession of faith—of faith in you, Sir, reflected from your own appealing adjuration to us to have faith in America and embodying not merely "the substance of things hoped for," but also "the evidence of things not seen."

Your unusual, if not indeed unique, career supplies that. In the course of a quarter of a century you have been sixteen times elected by the people to serve them in public office, and have never once been rejected. And of the last twenty-five years you have devoted nineteen years and nine months to the public service, sometimes as the maker and sometimes as the executor of laws. Our experience of you has thus been extensive and varied, and "experience worketh hope."

It has been your lot, Mr. President, to win your numerous elections largely through the force and merit of your own dependable personality, and with comparatively little aid from others or from extraneous circumstances. This has been true in the last three of the sixteen cases to a degree commanding national attention. Your reëlection to the Governorship of Massachusetts by a phenomenally large majority was a tribute to your

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intrepid bearing in one of the greatest civic crises that Commonwealth has seen in our time. Your selection for the Vice-Presidency of the United States was an abrupt reversal of the hitherto practically uniform custom of political parties, in that you were chosen not for expediency but for merit. Your recent election to the Presidency of the United States, by a popular majority unprecedented in the history of the country, was a personal triumph for yourself greater, perhaps, than that of any other President. You were elected because of yourself, and you carried with you to sweeping victory a party which without your personality as its chief asset might easily have suffered defeat.

Yet you yourself have doubtless perceived the desirability of applying Professor Einstein's unproved theory of relativity to the case, and of recognizing in even these felicitous circumstances elements of difficulty, if not of danger. Chief among these must be reckoned the disposition of your own political organization. When a party wins at the polls a substantial victory through its own deserts, it should be and generally is competent to conduct the Government in a satisfactory manner; for the very conditions of its success denote its possession of unity of purpose and of a potentially profitable programme of achievement. But it is not so when, as in the present instance, the party has been carried into power in spite of its own demerits and through the worthiness of a single leader. Its best hope then lies in continuing the man who was its chief asset in the electoral campaign as its dominant factor during its tenure of power.

The party of which you are the leader and to which you would naturally look for support in your Administration, is by no means unified or harmonious, even though it has happily rid itself of some of its most discordant and disloyal factors. It is not always scrupulous in fulfilling the promises which it has made in soliciting popular favor. It is lacking in definite policies toward some of the most vital and urgent issues of the time. Yet it is often self-willed and inclined to vaunt itself upon the victory which you won for it as though it had been its own, and to regard itself as secure in possession, irrespective of the manner in which it may discharge its stewardship. From it you can expect only such support as your own initiative may constrain it to give.

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If we turn to the opposite party, a still more unsatisfactory plight confronts us. That aggregation is so utterly divergent and demoralized after two of the most disastrous defeats in the history of national campaigns that it can but ill and scantily perform the functions of a constitutional opposition and seems likely, at least for some time, to offer mere carping in place of the corrective and constructive criticism which is always so needed.

Apart from these is a cave bigger than Adullam's, filled with heterogeneous elements of dissent, unrest, and even sedition. There are those who sincerely differ from both of the established parties, and seek the public welfare by dubious and untried ways. There are those who would replace the proved and prosperous principles of the American system of government with mere vagaries or with the discredited and discarded policies of other lands. There are those who, openly or insidiously, seek to subvert the Constitution and to erect above its ruins a motley structure of Communism infected with Anarchy.

And in such a situation, Mr. President, you are called upon to deal with some of the most complicated and most momentous problems this country has ever known, in both its domestic economy and its foreign relationships. With no inclination to play the part of a killjoy, we must regard it as an outlook conducive to serious thoughts and earnest resolution rather than to idle jubilation. Yet—

"*Who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?*"

More than once or twice in our nation's history a great issue has arisen, upon the determination of which the integrity of the Republic seemed to depend. Never did such a number of such issues arise together as at the present time. The efficiency of the Supreme Court as a coördinate department of the national Government, the rights of the States as against Federal centralization, the rights of the individual as against oppressive legislation, the sovereign independence of the Republic as against any alien super-State, the freedom of the nation from foreign entanglements beyond our legitimate concern—all these are at stake, openly or covertly challenged.

The abatement of waste, the promotion of prosperity, the fore-

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fending of class conflicts, the assurance of "a fair field and no favor" to every honest and industrious citizen in every useful occupation—these, too, are urgent domestic needs to which a wise and just Government must be responsive.

And so, Mr. President, we conclude as we began. The American people have faith in you, as "the substance of things hoped for," that you will successfully apply to these things those principles of homely, robust virtue and practical common sense which prevailed in the founding of this Republic and which you have inherited from its founders and manifested on your own behalf. They have faith that you will prove those pristine principles to be still vital and still valid. If our greeting to you seems more serious than effusive, it is for that very reason the more sincere and confident. If we have indicated trying tasks before you, we still more earnestly suggest the puissant factors of achievement. No President in recent times ever had so great a popular electoral mandate as you. No President ever entered upon his duties more free from obligations to party or to individuals. No President ever had better opportunity to promote the highest and most enduring welfare of the nation and the people.

To such achievement you have yourself best pointed the way, under that which you have felicitously commended to the nation in its dealings with others, and under that which the nation confidently expects to see become the ruling principle of your Administration in all directions, "the inescapable law of service."

Good morning, Mr. President—and good will!

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NATIONAL DEFENSE PEACE INSURANCE

BY CLAIRE OLIPHANT

National President of The American Legion Auxiliary

THE preservation of peace and its relation to the instruments of national defense: In woman's enlarging public sphere no problem and no responsibility is of greater importance than this, and none is less correctly understood. Not all of the misunderstanding in this detail, of course, can be charged to the women, but as long as they carry the share of it which they do, they are scarcely in a position to point to the shortcomings of others. The proper thing is to set themselves right first.

The question of peace is one which bears with peculiar force upon the world today. We have lately emerged from an intimate experience with the alternative of peace, which is war. We have emerged from a war, but we have not recovered from it; but it surely is the prayer of every American woman that when we shall have recovered, that recovery shall be in the nature of a permanent cure, and that we shall have no more war. So the work for peace, and a general understanding among nations through some form of arrangement whereby international disputes may be adjudicated without recourse to arms before some form of world court, must go forward; this work must not be neglected now, even though we know in advance that the fruits of these labors will not ripen for a long time to come. Thus the question of what we can and cannot do effectively for peace at this time is a question which should be considered with care.

Should we—the United States, that is—disarm now and "set an example" to other Powers? Some say we should. We have earnest women working seriously in the advocacy of this cause. I am not one of their number, because I do not agree with them. Two hundred and fifty thousand women who are members of the organization which I have the honor to head do not agree with them, and I think this opinion reflects the sentiment of the ma-

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jority of American women. For America to disarm now would be foolhardy and dangerous. It would be more likely to invite international friction, which is the first step toward war, than otherwise.

Disarmament must be gradual. The naval limitation treaty was a good start. The United States was willing to go farther at that Conference than the other nations were, and the fact that the pact of 1921 accomplished as much as it did is due in large measure to the advanced position taken by the American conferees. The American Legion has advocated, and President Coolidge has declared that he stands ready to call, a second arms limitation conference as soon as conditions in Europe indicate that such a conference would have a chance of succeeding. That indicates how "militaristic" this country is. Limitation should be extended to include air, submarine and land forces and poison gas, and these instruments of war have been specifically considered by the President in his efforts in behalf of another conference.

But until the propitious moment comes, the United States must not neglect its only present safeguards of peace, namely, the Army and the Navy, and the Air Services of those forces, and the industrial preparation upon which any rapid expansion of the instruments of defense to meet a national emergency must depend. A defenseless condition has never averted war. If any nation has, we certainly have given this theory of preserving the peace an adequate test. It has cost us hundreds of thousands of lives and hundreds of millions of dollars. We have never been properly prepared for war, yet wars have come along with fairly unfailing regularity. We deliberately invited war in 1812 by our defenseless condition. We got it, and our school histories are ashamed to tell the truth about it. Our trained merchant seamen, drafted into the Navy, saved us from defeat. National defense cannot be improvised except at a staggering expense, which is an injustice to any people.

After all, conditions are not so greatly different now from what they were seven years after the Revolutionary War. Then we talked about our "splendid isolation". We said the last war, as far as we were concerned, had been fought, except possibly a few brushes with the Indians. George Washington did not say that.

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He wanted a good Regular Army and an Officers' Reserve Corps. But Congress said this would be a waste of money, that taxes were high enough, and we must not be going around with a chip on our shoulder. The people supported Congress, and everything was lovely until the British dropped in on us and burned the capitol.

Due to the repeated costly lessons of one hundred years past, we have provided ourselves with the legal means for a sane national defense in peace time. It becomes now only a question of informing public opinion so that the laws in this respect may be carried out.

We have the National Defense Act of 1920, which calls for an adequate but small Regular Army, capable of quick expansion; a competent National Guard; an Officers' Reserve Corps; and a plan of general mobilization which shall be tested from time to time. This is the meaning of Defense Day. It is a demonstration of our plan for a general mobilization under the Defense Act, a plan which affects every community and almost every household. It is something we should know much more about. We have gone back to the old and peculiarly American idea of community protection. In case of an emergency, every village and town and locality raises its quota for the common defense, raises and sees it uniformed and equipped and drilled on the spot, before it marches off to a neighboring town and assembles with other local companies to form a regiment, which in turn joins with other regiments to form a division.

An inkling of the idea got into the public mind last September, when the first Defense Day demonstrations were observed It will be a little better understood this year, I hope, and these defense tests should continue until every man and every woman knows his place in event of trouble.

We have the 5–5–3 ratio naval agreement, which three years after the event is as much of a mystery to most people as Defense Day is. Women owe it to themselves to know what that treaty means, and to know why our Navy is not kept up to treaty strength. The reason, of course, that it is not kept up to treaty strength is because we are not sufficiently interested in the matter. If we knew what it was all about we would be interested—enough

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of us would to form a public opinion which would demand that our Navy be kept up and not neglected as it had been, until Congress this last winter stirred itself and made a partial reparation in the matter.

For three years the American Legion has been at work on a proposed item of legislation which is popularly known as The Universal Draft Act. It is possible, that before Congress adjourns on March 4, this bill will have been reported by the Military Affairs Committee of the House; but in any event it has been before the Congress during two sessions now and has received considerable attention, if little definite action, toward its eventual passage. At the next session of Congress, however, the Legion and the Legion Auxiliary will press vigorously for the passage of this bill. It will be the most significant piece of legislation bearing on the question of national defense this country has enacted in a generation. I am thankful that between now and the convening of the next Congress the women of the country will have an opportunity to inform themselves about this measure and to assist in swelling the voice of public sentiment which will insist on its enactment.

This bill would place all war service on an equal plane as regards obligations to serve and remuneration from the public purse. It is a peace measure, it is a preparedness measure, it is a measure of justice and equity. It would draft soldiers to fight, as heretofore; it would draft labor to work, and capital to provide the facilities which are essential to the great industrial effort which must stand back of armies and navies on the field of action.

The armed forces are the small end of a war effort. In the last war it has been figured out that the work of seventeen men behind the lines was required to keep one soldier on the front provided with the wherewithal required for him to transact his business there. About fifteen of these seventeen men were not in uniform. We sent 2,000,000 soldiers to France and 3,000,000 civilians toiled in the ordnance factories alone at home. The soldiers worked or fought, as fell their lot, for a dollar a day. The civilian workers got twelve dollars a day. Some of the civilian capitalists got $12,000 a day. There was scandalous profiteering by those who took advantage of the necessities of the Government. The Gov-

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ernment's common method of dealing with industry was by means of the cost plus contract by which the contractor was guaranteed free from loss—which meant that he could not possibly lose a dollar on his contract and he might make millions; as most generally he did.

This bill would eliminate profiteering, or at any rate make it exceedingly difficult and hazardous. It would safeguard peace by averting hasty declarations of war and curbing the Jingoes. It would be the greatest preparedness measure known, because it would increase ten-fold the national effectiveness in a war effort. It would be a measure of common justice—"the only square way to fight a war," as Colonel Drain, the National Commander of the Legion, so tersely puts it. This bill is the product of three years of close and continuous study and research. It has the endorsement of the General Staff of the Army and of some of the leading peace advocates of the country in Congress and out. It seems to be the one thing touching the question of national defense which has been put forward so far, on which both the preparedness and the non-preparedness people generally have been able to agree; which indicates that we are all working toward the same goal, which is Peace, though we ofttimes disagree as to the best road to get us there.

These are just a few of the things which surround this question of peace in its relation to the instruments of national defense—which is just one of the questions which the women of America, accepting the full responsibilities of citizenship, are in duty bound to consider. It is merely an item in an extensive campaign of education for better citizenship to which the American Legion Auxiliary, in coöperation with the other women's groups throughout the land, has determined earnestly to address its efforts.

CLAIRE OLIPHANT.

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VOTING AND VOTE-SLACKING

BY CHARLES H. SHERRILL

BACK in 1896, 84 per cent. of those qualified to vote in the United States did their duty at the polls. In 1920 a little over 49 per cent. voted, and in 1924 a little more than 50 per cent.

Is voting an important part of a citizen's duty or is it not? Are we, or are we not, living in a glass house and throwing stones at outsiders? We love to sneer at elections in other lands, and especially at those in Latin-American republics. We claim to be the most successful example of a free and enlightened democracy, and especially point with pride to the safeguards which surround our ballot boxes. Any American political writer will tell you how superior is our republic to France, and how much more advanced in political thought than Argentina. But what are the facts? Even a slight investigation will disclose the glass house in which we are residing.

No one knows better than we that a free and enlightened people should evidence their interest in their own government by voting. Our newspapers have been full of this for the last year. There are several reasons why our vote last November should have been unusually large. In the first place, it was a national election, which means that all political parties were doing their utmost to increase the vote. Secondly, there was a vigorous non-partisan campaign being conducted to the same end. Thirdly, unusual interest was aroused by the emergence of a third party led by Mr. LaFollette. The disheartening result was that our vote proved but slightly more than in 1920. Our population had increased 14.9 per cent., and yet in 1924 we voted only 28,924,070 against 26,711,183 in 1920. The LaFollette movement increased the vote in the industrial States over that in 1920, but the 1924 vote was less than that of 1920 in eighteen other States, viz.: Alabama, Arizona, Arkansas, Delaware, Flor-

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ida, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maine, Maryland, Missouri, Montana, Nevada, North Carolina, North Dakota, South Carolina, Tennessee, Virginia, and Washington.

Last spring I was in Paris during the general elections held to choose a new Chamber of Deputies plus a third of the Senate; and I studied them carefully. Nothing was going on to indicate that a vigorous political campaign was in progress:—no parades, not many speeches, few tirades in the press for or against any political party. About all one could see was that numerous billboards were set up at street corners to permit the posting of campaign propaganda, which posters were constantly renewed and attracted many readers. That was all—a very tame campaign according to American views. And yet against our 50 per cent. 84 per cent. of the French voters did their duty at the polls. Have we a right to consider ourselves better citizens of our republic than they have thus demonstrated themselves to be of theirs?

Now let us turn our eyes to the south of our glass house, down toward Latin-America. Of course we shall hasten to vaunt our superiority over Mexico, at whose elections the poor peon gets small chance and less encouragement to vote for or against policies or rulers. But what about Argentina? There is a country which leads the world in its insistence that a citizen do his duty at the polls. They meet the problem frankly, and they handle it drastically. If a qualified voter fails to vote in Argentina, and can give no excuse of sudden illness (voting by mail is provided for all other sick folk), then he is fined ten pesos (about $4); and at the next and each subsequent failure to vote, his fine is doubled. In other words, Argentina rules that a citizen who does not vote deserves punishment, and fixes the amount.

Now let us get back to our sympathy for the unfortunate Mexican peon whose overlord will not let him vote. Suppose one of those local tyrants who seem especially to merit our condemnation should have the effrontery to come out with a statement something like this: "Frightful conditions among Negro voters in the United States! In many sections the well-to-do whites will not permit their colored fellow citizens to vote!

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By their laws each Congressional district contains 211,877 citizens, but the proportion of them voting in the Southeastern States is ominously less than in the North and West. In the Southern States in 1924 the vote per Congressional district was only 11,536 in the First Alabama district, 12,158 in the Second Florida, 13,400 in the Fourth Mississippi, 5,531 in the First South Carolina, etc. The total vote in the First Georgia district was 14,037; and in only one other, the Ninth, was there more than one candidate. In ten of Georgia's twelve districts only one candidate ran.

"And yet these Americans criticize us Mexicans for discouraging our ignorant peons from voting! As a matter of fact, the total vote cast in all Georgia was only 124,385, which total is less than that cast in many a Congressional district in the North and West (197,360 in the Seventh Illinois, 202,896 in the Sixth Michigan, 152,992 in the Twenty-Second Ohio, 130,189 in the First New York, 157,030 in the Seventh Indiana, 214,705 in the Tenth California, etc.). Why do these Americans consent to such treatment of their Negro fellow citizens, at the same time that they are criticizing a certain judicious handling by us of our peon vote?"

Might not such a statement from a Mexican have the unpleasant effect of reminding us that we are living in a glass house? And might it not modify our tendency to throw stones at outsiders? Perhaps, if we thought the matter over a little, we might even come to two somewhat radical conclusions:

First, that we sadly need some such law as the Argentine has to punish vote-slackers and thus indirectly put a premium on the conscientious citizen who votes; and

Second, that a vote-slacking community should share this punishment with their delinquent individuals. Is not the fair way to measure this punishment somewhat as follows: Proportion a State's vote in the Electoral College upon the total vote cast in that State at the preceding Presidential election. At present Alabama, Virginia, and Minnesota each enjoy twelve votes in the Electoral College. Last November Minnesota cast over 800,000 votes, while Alabama cast only 166,055 and Virginia 223,481. Is not that state of affairs unjust?

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How idle it is to talk about "getting out the vote" when such disparities are permitted to continue in the Electoral College! Why should 166,187 Georgia voters have 14 votes in the Electoral College while 167,114 voters of Montana have only 4, or 198,379 voters of North Dakota have only 5? Last November 111,463 voted in Mississippi and 121,961 in Louisiana, each State having 10 electoral votes, the same as Kansas, where no less than 666,441 citizens did their duty at the polls.

There is, however, no reason why we should permit any Mexican or Argentine or Frenchman to abuse our Southern fellow-citizens without our defending them. I have lived much in the South, know and like the people, and understand thoroughly their point of view in regard to districts where Negroes outnumber the whites. Self defense is the first law of nature. Also, any student of our political history knows that many of our finest statemen were Southerners—George Washington was a Southern gentleman!

The Southerner is a fine type of American citizen, but "there are others". During the last year I have seen a good deal of the two Dakotas and the neighboring States, have come to hold a high opinion of those sturdy North-Westerners, and can testify that they are beginning to feel resentment against the unfair advantage in the Electoral College which the South enjoys. When an idea like this gets started in the pure air of those western prairies it spreads fast.

The glorious campaigns for political liberty launched by the American and French revolutions were chiefly to gain for the citizens the right to vote: they were protests against taxation without representation. Both those peoples won the right to the ballot. Today 84 per cent. of the French and only 50 per cent. of us Americans are using it. Is it not about time that we took a decided step forward, following Argentina's lead in punishing the vote-slacker? And if vote-slacking is a punishable offense, ought we not also to punish vote-slacking States by amending our Constitution so that a State's vote in the Electoral College shall be proportionate to the total vote cast in that State at the preceding Presidential election?

CHARLES H. SHERRILL.

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THE PASSING OF GOMPERS AND THE FUTURE OF ORGANIZED LABOR

BY JOHN SPARGO

I

To what extent, and in what manner, will the character and the policy of the American labor movement be influenced by the death of Samuel Gompers, for so many years its brilliant and distinguished leader, and the passing of the reins of leadership to younger hands? Will the result be the closer alignment of the American movement with that of Great Britain and Continental Europe, and, especially, the creation of a class conscious political party of labor, similar to the British Labour Party? Will there be inaugurated an era of more aggressive and adventurous policy? These questions, which the death of the great labor leader has taken into the wider forum of public discussion, had occupied the minds of students and observers of the labor movement long before. The age of Mr. Gompers and the precarious state of his health during the last three years made them inevitable.

Born in England, in 1850, for upwards of forty years he had held high position in the American labor movement. With the exception of John Mitchell, the miners' champion and leader, who for a time seemed destined to supplant him, Mr. Gompers had no serious rival for more than a generation. There is no parallel to his career in the history of labor of this or any other country.

No one who is reasonably conversant with the history of the American labor movement will deny, or seriously question, that Mr. Gompers held his unique position by virtue of extraordinary gifts of intellect and of character, amounting to something closely akin to genius. Taken all in all, he was incomparably the greatest leader that the trade union movement of any country has yet produced. Never at any time a profound student of books, he was not the equal in scholarship of certain British and French

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leaders who, recognizing that fact, affected a certain condescension toward him. They failed to recognize that he was a phenomenally keen observer of life, and that deficiencies in formal scholarship were amply compensated for by an extensive knowledge of life and a deep, even profound, understanding of human nature. He was a great deal wiser than many more learned men. In his character there were blemishes that were not slight — personal weaknesses that were denounced by his foes and deplored by his friends — but there was never a question of his fundamental integrity as a leader; he was incorruptible. Though he was susceptible to flattery, his loyalty to his constituents, like his loyalty to his own convictions, was unimpeachable. When to these qualities we add his almost unlimited energy and powers of endurance, his oratorical ability and his adroitness in debate and parliamentary manipulation, we begin to understand the source of his great influence. It sprang from a remarkable union of talent and character.

When, at the age of thirty-one, he was elected to the presidency of the newly organized Federation of Organized Trades and Labor Unions of the United States and Canada, of which he was one of the principal founders, Gompers already had a creditable reputation as a courageous and sagacious leader. He had been notably successful as president of the local union of cigar-workers to which he belonged — Local 144 of the Cigar Workers' International Union — and at the conventions of the latter had distinguished himself by his skill in debate and his sturdy realism. He was, even at that early date, supremely confident that trade union methods would do far more for the wage earners of America than political organization and programmes could possibly do. At that time he was on friendly terms with the Socialist element in the Federation, who sought to use it as a field for propaganda, and was himself generally classed as a Socialist. There is a tradition that for a time he was actually a member of the Socialist organization in New York, but of that I have no positive evidence. He was non-committal when in conversation on one occasion I referred to the subject, hoping to satisfy my curiosity upon the point. What seems to me of great significance is the fact that forty-three years ago, when he was classified as a Rad-

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ical and a Socialist, his general conception of labor policy differed hardly at all from that which he so stoutly championed in later years.

From its formation, in November, 1881, he was president of the Federation of Organized Trades and Labor Unions of the United States and Canada. That organization lasted until 1886, when it was dissolved and the American Federation of Labor founded to take its place, with a new programme and radically different constitution. I believe that it is the simple truth that up to that time Gompers had not only not received one penny by way of remuneration for his services, but had paid most of his expenses out of his own earnings at the bench. Even during the first year of the Federation of Labor he fared little better. During the historic fight of 1886 for the eight-hour day he paid his own expenses as before. In those days he revealed that indifference to material wealth, and that incorruptible honesty in money matters, which characterized his entire career. From 1886 to 1924 he was annually reëlected to the presidency of the American Federation of Labor, with the exception of a single year — 1895 — when he was defeated by a curious combination of Socialists and reactionaries led by the former to the advantage of the latter. There could be no more eloquent testimony to the faith he inspired than this bald chronological outline.

It is not difficult to understand how and why, in the light of this record, his death has given rise to widespread anticipation of momentous consequences to organized labor. Long before the wearied old warrior of labor passed to his rest, evoking a demonstration by his countrymen that he would have been delighted to witness, there were many who felt that the event would certainly prove the close of an epoch and the beginning of a new one. "Perhaps now that Gompers is gone and the reins will be in the hands of some one of the younger men, the way for a genuine Labor Party like that of England will be opened up." Thus wrote a well-known Liberal a day or two after Mr. Gompers died. "Gompers is dead; now let us kill Gompersism!" cried a leading Communist, with the disregard of the amenities and decent usages of civilized men so characteristic of his kind. His exultation had its inspiration in a venomous hatred that the dead leader was

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accustomed in his lifetime to regard as a high compliment. It was a compliment that was not wholly merited, however, for it exaggerated the importance of the man from the point of view of the life of the movement which he served. That is a mistake that is by no means peculiar to Communists.

II

From one point of view it is indeed almost impossible to exaggerate the importance of the life and work of Samuel Gompers in the development of the American labor movement. On the other hand, nothing is easier than to assume that he originated what he merely represented and what would have existed, to be represented by others, if he had not lived, or, living, had been quite unlike what he was. There is no diminution of the great respect due to his memory in the recognition of the fact that if his mentality shaped the movement, it is equally true that the movement shaped his mentality. He was no less created by the movement than he was the creator of it. To suppose otherwise it is necessary to approach the history of American labor in a spirit of romanticism bordering upon fantasy.

At all events, I cannot bring myself to the state of mind that I conceive to be necessary to the belief that the essential character of the American labor movement will be changed as a result of the death of its great leader. Changes there will doubtless be, but they will be only such changes as would have occurred if Mr. Gompers could have lived on indefinitely with undiminished, and even increasing, powers. I cannot entertain the view that the labor movement was at any time formless except as this one man gave it form, that it was like the shapeless mass of clay thrown on to the potter's wheel, without form or purpose save as the skill of the potter imparts it. I cannot see the labor movement as an inert plastic mass to which a single human intelligence and energy gave the shape, "Gompersism", in lieu of some other shape to which some other single human intelligence and energy might have contrived to mold it. Neither is it possible for me to believe that elements powerful enough to divert a great movement like organized labor into a new course, to change its character, were held back by the power and energy of one man, waiting only for

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his death to exert themselves and achieve their ends. Such a view seems to me to be a close approach to mythology. It is easy to understand how the Communist comes to hold such a view: the explanation is that fantasy is the normal state of the Communist. It is not easy, however, to understand, how such a view finds acceptance by normal minds.

It in nowise detracts from my estimate of the high and honorable character of his leadership of the American Federation of Labor to say that, in my judgment, the fundamental character of the labor movement in this country would have been the same under any other leadership that could conceivably have been maintained. Another way of saying the same thing is that if Mr. Gompers had held other views and ideals and had attempted to realize them — if he had held the views and ideals of a Powderly, or a Haywood, for example — he would have failed completely and would not have retained his leadership for so long. Of course with regard to particular episodes he not infrequently exercised a decisive determining influence, as any leader must do. His appeal sometimes turned the scale in a convention from rashness to moderation. His warning sometimes prevented a disastrous and unwarranted strike. Such influence is inseparable from the acknowledged leadership of a movement, whether it be large or small. We may also freely admit that this inevitable and inescapable influence Mr. Gompers exerted with remarkable wisdom, and with success far from ordinary. But when we have said so much it remains to be said that the basic character of the movement, its major policies, its course over any long period, are not to be attributed to any individual. These things can only be accounted for by taking cognizance of great and complex forces that are little related to the vision of any individual, or to his capacity or character. There never was a moment, in my judgment, when Mr. Gompers could have successfully transformed the American Federation of Labor into a counterpart of the British Labour Party, for example. Neither could he at any time have successfully directed it along the lines of the I. W. W. or of French Syndicalism. Gompers was what he was, and "Gompersism" is what it is, because the American labor movement was and is what it was and is.

I had occasion to emphasize this at the Institute of Politics at

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Williamstown last August. One of the speakers had charged that the opposition of the American Federation of Labor to Bolshevism and the Soviet Government of Russia was simply due to the petty political scheming of Mr. Gompers; that the workers affiliated to the Federation actually held no such views, and that what purported to be the will of organized labor in America was simply "Gompersism". On that occasion I pointed out that the laws of its own being compelled organized labor to be hostile to Bolshevism and Communism; that the genuine trade union movement of every country was in conflict with the forces of Bolshevism and Communism; that in Russia itself the trade unions were the chief resistance to the Bolshevist dictatorship in the cities; that, regardless of all the vicissitudes of its politics and policies, the American Federation of Labor had stoutly opposed every one of those revolutionary movements more or less akin to Bolshevism which have arisen from time to time, notably the Anarchist propaganda, the old Socialist Trade and Labor Alliance led by De Leon, the I. W. W., and Syndicalism. It is significant that the trade union movement in Great Britain and the principal industrial countries of Europe has consistently pursued an almost identical course toward these revolutionary movements. In view of these facts, and of others which will readily occur to the mind of the student of labor problems, it would seem to be definitely settled that this policy, at least, cannot be attributed to the influence of any leader or leaders. Explanation for it must be sought in the character of trade unionism itself, in the laws of its existence.

The vital and characteristic policies of the trade union movement are determined by the fundamental ideals by which the movement is inspired, by its history and traditions, by the character of the government and political institutions, by the prevailing social standards, by the general attitude of the employing class, and by the extent to which opportunity for individual advancement can be found within the economic system. When we seek an explanation of the fact that in England, for example, organized labor has formed itself into a political party, which the American movement has steadily refused to do — except for the adventurous episode of the last Presidential election, which need not be seriously estimated here and now — we shall do well to

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dismiss from our minds the thought that Mr. Gompers prevented the American movement from following the British example. We shall rather see it in the differences in the social status of the workers in the respective countries. The British worker has the sense of being permanently fixed in a definite class to a far larger degree than the American worker, who, by reason of the larger opportunity for individual advancement in our economic system, does not think of himself and his children as being permanently fixed in a definite class, and has therefore less of the sense of class solidarity and class consciousness.

I do not in any degree belittle the great influence of Mr. Gompers, or detract from the admiration justly evoked by his leadership, when I assert the conviction that the policy of the American Federation of Labor during practically its entire existence would have been substantially the same if Mr. Gompers had not been in office. It would have conformed to the laws of its own being. Had John Mitchell, or Denis Hayes, or James Duncan, or James O'Connell, or Frank Morrison, or Thomas I. Kidd — to name half a dozen men almost at random — been called to the presidency of the Federation, there would have been no radical departure in policy. Any one of these men might have adopted an attitude different from that which Gompers would adopt in like circumstances, upon any one of the many administrative problems of the movement, but that is all that can be said with any truth. And there will be no radical departure in policy now that Mr. Gompers has passed away and Mr. Green has been chosen to fill his place. The new president will have a difficult task to maintain the standard set by his predecessor in certain respects. He is, however, a man of great ability and of high character, and those who know him best are most confident of his success.

It was not at all surprising, but, on the contrary, natural and logical, that at the first possible moment the new president issued a statement of assurance, making it quite clear that he contemplated no departure from the principles so long championed by Mr. Gompers and associated with his name. "It shall ever be my steadfast purpose to adhere to those fundamental principles of trade unionism so ably championed by Mr. Gompers, and upon

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which the superstructure of organized labor rests," he declared immediately after his election. Those intellectuals upon the fringe of the labor movement who believed that it was only the ultra conservative, and even reactionary, influence of Gompers which for so long thwarted their efforts to lead the trade union movement of the country along new paths — into a political alliance like the British Labour Party, for example, or the "One Big Union" policy — will find that the passing of the older chieftain will make surprisingly little difference. Unless I am greatly mistaken, Mr. Green will be as resolute an opponent of all such adventures as ever Mr. Gompers was. As a matter of fact, Gompers was always fairly representative of the great mass, that is equally suspicious and distrustful of both extremes, the extreme right of Conservatism and the extreme left of Radicalism. In that lay the greatest source of his personal strength, and his successor has distinguished himself by similar characteristics.

III

I have already intimated that certain changes in the American labor movement are likely to occur; are, indeed, practically inevitable and irresistible. They are changes which would have been no less inevitable had Mr. Gompers lived. Whether or not he would have recognized the fact and accepted it, may be doubted by his closest friends and warmest admirers. Equally with youth, age will be served. In October, 1919, during the sessions of the First National Industrial Conference, of which I was a member, one of his close associates and friends remarked that Mr. Gompers no longer displayed the quick mental receptivity and elasticity which had so long characterized him, and which the speaker had observed in many important conferences with great admiration. The observation seemed to me entirely just.

New developments in our industrial life, an evolution presenting entirely new problems, he appeared to recognize vaguely at best. That was notably true of the bearing of shop organization upon the demand for collective bargaining, for example. He simply could not adjust his understanding of the demand for collective bargaining to admit that any other agency than the trade union could represent the workers in collective bargaining to de-

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termine wages, hours of labor, shop conditions, and the like. It had become quite apparent to students of our industrial problems that, in some of the principal industries, a great advance toward industrial democracy had been made in the form of thoroughly representative and democratic shop organizations, entirely free from control by the employers, and had come to hold an important place. The much discussed "Colorado Plan", the "Employees' Conference Plan" of the Procter and Gamble Company, and numerous arrangements of a more or less similar character definitely recognize the right of the workers to bargain collectively with their employers through the agency of representatives of their own free choice, and, beyond that, to share in the determination of questions not commonly regarded as being within the province of the trade union. In such organizations collective bargaining is achieved without the agency of the union, by representatives of the whole body of workers affected. This does not mean that the union is discriminated against. As a rule, it is specifically provided that the employees are free to belong to any union they please. There is nothing to prevent a shop organization of the best type from being wholly unionized in the sense that the employees all belong to the union or unions of their trade or trades, and in their election of representatives choose only trusted union men, and in every vote to determine shop policies reflect union aims and views.

But the agency through which the workers exercise the right to bargain collectively is that of the shop unit, not of the union through its officials. This is not the old anti-union arrangement misnamed "the open shop", but a sincere and intelligent approach to the application of the ideals of democracy to industry. The first great test of Mr. Green's quality as a successor to Mr. Gompers will be the manner in which he faces this development. Is he big enough to see that the end is more important than the means used, and that the union is only the means to attain those great fundamental requisites of industrial democracy, collective bargaining by the wage-earners through representatives of their own choosing, and the representation of labor equally with capital in those councils which determine the vital policies of industry? Can he see that if those ends can be more efficiently served than by

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the traditional methods of trade unionism the task before the trade unions is to adjust their policies to the new conditions and methods? Gompers feared the new forms because he believed they would undermine trade unionism; will his successor see that in reality they open up new ways for trade unionism to develop and grow?

Another question, closely related to the foregoing, has been steadily growing in importance during recent years. I refer to the question of the degree to which the trade unions are to be recognized in connection with public employment. The National Government, the several State governments, and the municipalities, are constantly increasing their importance as employers of labor. Supported as they are by public taxation, the income from which they pay wages being derived, as a rule, from taxation and not from ordinary trade, it is clear that these authorities are not, and cannot be, on the same footing as ordinary employers. A private individual, or an ordinary industrial corporation, may, for example, enter into an agreement with the representatives of certain trade unions that it will employ only members of those unions. In so doing, it may be entirely justified. It is fairly obvious, however, that no public authority supported by taxation ought to make such an agreement. Some unions have been known to close their books and decline to take in new members. Upon no justifiable ground of public policy could such a union expect to gain the assent of any public authority to such an agreement, or even to preferential treatment. One has only to think of a mechanic, a taxpayer, refused admission into the union on the one hand, and refused employment on the other upon the sole ground of non-membership in the union, to see how unjust such an agreement would be, violative of every principle of justice and civic right. Other unions have deliberately restricted their membership by prohibitive entrance fees and dues. Here, of course, the same principles apply. For cause regarded by its own members, acting under their own rules and laws, as sufficient, a union may expel a member. How can such expulsion be regarded as a cause for dismissal from public employment?

All such issues as these Mr. Gompers evaded. He went on to the end demanding that the unions be "recognized" by the public authorities. The term meant to him according the unions the

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exclusive right to represent labor. The interests of trade unionism do not require anything of the sort. It is fairly certain that they would not be benefited thereby, but, on the contrary, weakened. "Recognition of the unions" in the case of public authorities must of necessity be restricted. There is only one possible basis for applying the principle of collective bargaining to public employees, namely, the principle of shop organization. The moment there is any attempt to get back of that, to accept any other organization as the sole representative of the employees of the public, a whole series of evil possibilities arise. For many years there were rival carpenters' unions. An individual employer or an ordinary industrial corporation, could "recognize" whichever he pleased, and could play the interests of one union against the other. But a Government department could not do that. The only basis upon which public authorities could give such recognition to the trade unions would be the incorporation of the unions and the establishment of such a measure of public control over them, including their rules of membership and their jurisdiction over their members, as would destroy the essential character of the unions. Mr. Gompers was never willing to face the logic of this situation. It is hardly possible for his successor to evade or ignore it.

Gompers saw in the trade union movement a militant force, the armament of the wage-earners in a ceaseless warfare against their employers. His reliance was upon the power to strike. It was not so much upon the actual strike as upon the power latent in the threat to strike. He very often prevented the occurrence of strikes, it is true, and not infrequently he discouraged those who would strike. In this he was precisely like the militarists who, while relying upon militarism, frequently discourage the resort to war. He could tolerate no suggestion that society must take effective measures to protect itself against the occurrence of strikes of a certain character. The "right to strike" was a sort of fetish to him, and he hurled his anathemas against whoever was bold enough to declare that the right was not absolute, but relative and conditional. His animus against President Coolidge for the stand he took when he was Governor of Massachusetts, in the police strike, scarcely knew any bounds.

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But it is fairly obvious that strikes which bring about the stoppage of vital public services, such as, for example, railroad transportation upon which millions of lives depends, and strikes which paralyze the functioning of government itself, such as police strikes, for example, cannot be tolerated. We may admit an abstract "right to strike" in the same sense and way as we admit an abstract "right of revolution". There is the right, also, of society to protect itself against revolution and to crush the revolution that imperils its safety, if it can. It is not at all an exaggeration to say that the United States of America can as easily contemplate with equanimity the secession of several States, as the cessation of labor for any length of time upon our railroads or in our coal mines.

Mr. Gompers lived long enough to see the American nation begin to bestir itself to erect some protective legislative devices against this evil. His successor will have to deal with the plain and inescapable fact that, unless the unions themselves, by ways and devices of their own, protect society against the peril of such strikes, which jeopardize the very existence of civilized life and government, it will be done by legislation. Mr. Green assumes a difficult task at a critical time in the history of organized labor and in the experience of the nation. Fortunately there is every reason for confidence that he will be able to impress upon organized labor a determining sense of its obligation to society in this important particular.

I venture the prediction, therefore, that under Mr. Green's leadership organized labor in America will continue to flourish and grow; that it will stand against the formation of a political party analogous to the British Labour Party, in which the trade unions are subordinated to a small class of professional intellectuals; that it will enter upon a period of readjustment, governed by a spirit wholly constructive; and that as a result of that readjustment it will be vastly more potent for good, not alone as measured by the material gain of the wage-earners themselves, but equally as measured by the material and moral strength of the nation.

JOHN SPARGO.

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THE RESTORATION OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY

BY C. REINOLD NOYES

THE most conspicuous feature of the recent election was the return to office of President Coolidge, which clearly constituted a vote of confidence by the people of the United States in a man who had been presented to them as the incumbent candidate through a combination of political accident with an act of Providence. His was a personal rather than a party victory. A less conspicuous but equally significant result was the reëlection to the Sixty-ninth Congress of most of the Senators and Representatives who made up the Sixty-eighth. So far as the Republican Party is concerned it appears to continue, as it has been during the last three or four years, a divided party, neither wing of which has rendered consistent allegiance to its elected leader. It remains to be seen whether the President will ally himself with one or the other wings of his party, or, on the other hand, whether he can preserve a position of neutrality between them and succeed in the most necessary task of healing the schism and restoring the solidarity of the Conservatives.

This division in Conservative ranks has appeared during these recent troublous years between the East and the West, or, more accurately, between the Industrial and the Agricultural districts. The alignment has been confused by its very novelty and has left room for much independence of individual action. But the clearest demonstration of its true nature occurred in the vote in the House, last spring, on the McNary-Haugen Bill for Agricultural Protection. At that time the ayes included the entire Republican delegation from every State west of the Mississippi River, with the exception of those from the industrial districts of California, and the industrial cities of Denver, Kansas City, St. Louis and Minneapolis. To these Western rural Congressmen were joined the Republicans from most of the country districts of Illinois, Wisconsin, Indiana, Michigan, Ohio, West Virginia and central Pennsylvania. To-

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gether they constituted about half the Republican caucus. No such accurate measure was taken of the Senate, but it is supposed that there, as well, the Agriculturalists could muster about half the Republican votes. The fact is that there are two "blocs", of about equal strength, in the Republican Party, the Farm Bloc and the Business Bloc. The former has received all the advertising.

The people of the cities, whose interests are principally industrial, have largely misunderstood the character of this new political movement arising in the country districts. Two centers of Socialistic infection, developing during the years prior to 1921 in Wisconsin and North Dakota, under the leadership of LaFollette and the Non-Partisan League respectively, have been confused with and have given a Radical cast to the Farm Bloc, though they are entirely separate movements. During the hard times these Radical foci showed a tendency to spread into neighboring States, usually by capturing the Republican organization. The opportunity to do so arose through the failure of the old Republican politicians to realize that these constituencies were justified in opposing the industrial favoritism of the Republican Party, which resulted in a betrayal of the true spirit of representative government. But the LaFollette machine is a product of Wisconsin industrialism, and the Farmer-Labor leadership came from the ranks of Socialists and Labor Union officials. Their appeal to Agriculture has been disingenuous and they have been merely feeding upon discontent without expressing its true nature or desires. So far as they dared this whole Third Party group opposed and voted against the McNary-Haugen Bill.

The Farm Bloc proper is, on the other hand, composed of Conservative Republicans. At bottom the political rebellion has been against the urban management of the Republican Party. In some districts the exigencies of party politics have forced it to express itself by the election of a LaFollette or Farmer-Labor Radical who was the only opponent of an urban Conservative. But usually a rural Conservative has been returned. And it is the latter who compose the Farm Bloc. The farmer himself is not a Radical but, on the contrary, has been, here and always, the mainstay of Conservatism. He would not vote for a Radical except by way of protest. He is a staunch supporter of individualism, nationalism and the

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rights of private property which are the cardinal tenets of Conservatism.

Interpreted in this way the recent election ceases to appear a paradox and takes on the most lucid consistency. The Farm Bloc States helped to reëlect President Coolidge because they are Conservative and are opposed to the programme of government ownership of railroads, subversion of constitutional guarantees and the general trades union objectives put forward by their only alternative candidate, when he shed his sheep's clothing and appeared as the lion of the new Labor Party. They favored the President because they had confidence that he meant what he said when he urged the last Congress to address itself to the relief of the farmers. And they still believe that he will eventually work out a just and wise plan for reëstablishing the balance between agriculture and industry. But the West also reëlected, almost without a change, the Farm Bloc. It is certainly a clear indication of what the Western voters intended to express, that 129 of the 161 Representatives, who voted for the McNary-Haugen Bill, were returned, and that at least half the rest were succeeded by men running on the same platform.

Among the Farm Bloc from west of the Mississippi there were but six changes in the House and two in the Senate. Obviously this was a mandate to the good and faithful servants of agriculture to continue their efforts. Let those beware who read in the reelection of the President a rebuke to the Western Conservatives, an endorsement of inaction on their part, or an acceptance of the *status quo* by agriculture. The Congressional elections call for solidarity but not subservience. Nearly one-half the Republican majority in both Houses has its instructions from the people to demand, as the price of its coöperation, an equal share in the governance of the Conservative Party. Those in either Bloc who fail to interpret correctly the *vox populi* are due for a rude awakening.

Nothing is more important to the future of stable government in this country than to re-unite immediately these two wings of the Republican Party, the farmers and the business men. The La-Follette Bloc has been read out of the party in the Senate and, perhaps, in the House. Peace and reconciliation might have resulted from a *rapprochement*. This move compels war. At this time

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there is, in many Western States, no effective opposition, such as is required for healthy party government, except the recently defeated Third Party. The Democratic organization has vanished in the greater contest between Conservative and Radical. A political vacuum exists. Drunk with victory, the Republican leaders have forced the situation in a way certain to assure the permanence and growth of the Labor Party movement, though it is a curious anomaly that it should have its rise in the section where Labor is weakest. Undoubtedly the death of Samuel Gompers will also contribute its share to the *dénouement.* If, in the face of this prospect, the Conservative schism is allowed to persist and grow, it will mean a divided opposition to the developing Radical movement.

Compromise is the part of wisdom at this juncture. To a large extent the breach between the farmers and the business men is due to ignorance and misunderstanding of the economic conditions which have nurtured this political rebellion. To some extent it is also due to an inherent opposition in interest between the two major members of the economic partnership. The countryside sells food and buys manufactured goods, while the city sells manufactured goods and buys food. The latter cause can only be removed by mutual forbearance and fair play; the former only by enlightenment. It is necessary that the Business Bloc should study the situation sympathetically, giving heed particularly to Agriculture's own explanations of its difficulties and proposals for relief, which are so radically different from the analyses and plans that are being foisted upon it by the business and official world.

Superficially the economic condition of agriculture seems to have changed overnight, and the ignorant, who measure agricultural conditions by prices on the Chicago Board of Trade, seem to believe that the troubles of the farmer are cured. A world shortage has doubled the price of wheat in the face of a greatly increased domestic crop, and has given the laugh to the advocates of reduced acreage. But this holds no promise for the future. Corn and hogs are skyrocketing. But the cause is a failure of the corn crop that spells disaster, not prosperity, to most of the corn belt. And the cattle men are still crying in the wilderness. The case for the farmer is as strong as it ever was, and, in the face of this temporary respite,

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the need for a permanent solution is just as pressing. No one blames the Government for crop failures, and elsewhere there is a happy conjuncture of high prices and excellent crops. Therefore we have a breathing space during which this great problem may be worked out in an amicable and equitable manner.

Out of the welter of investigation and debate there have gradually crystallized four principal programmes for agricultural relief: Diversification, Coöperative Marketing, Reduction of Transportation Costs and Effective Protection. The advocates of all four seem to agree that the crucial problem is one of increasing the net return to the producer, and to admit, therefore, that the principal trouble with agriculture, as it is practised today in the great food producing areas of the United States, is that it is unprofitable. Moreover, those who believe the answer is Diversification or Co-operative Marketing or Effective Protection appear to have come to the same conclusion, that it is the weight of the exportable surplus of the major food products on domestic markets which is the chief cause of this unprofitable character. Those who emphasize Diversification explain the difficulty as one of wrong apportionment of effort and find the remedy in a change in productive methods through individual action. Those who support Coöperative Marketing blame the marketing system and recommend a new plan of distribution brought about through voluntary group action. Those who favor Effective Protection believe the fundamental cause to be the Government's fiscal policy and propose a change in our political economy to be accomplished by political action.

There are some, of course, who believe that American agriculture is overdeveloped and should be compelled by economic pressure to contract its production within domestic requirements. They may safely be ignored. The United States has been, for over half a century, the great agricultural exporter of the world. We have, to a large extent, fed Europe, and half our exports have been, and still are, agricultural products. Has this great trade now become a crime? Suddenly to curtail the industry which has gradually laid the foundation of the economic life of America, would be as destructive as Bolshevism.

There is great merit in all four plans for relief. But only by a careful comparison of them is it possible to determine the natural

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limitations of each and to demonstrate the relative benefits to be expected from them. Let us attempt to take their measure. The general programme of Diversification is the law of evolution of agriculture. But it can only be carried out as far and as fast as is permitted by the controlling factors of suitability of soil and climate, distance from and size of markets, accumulation of capital, acquisition of special knowledge and skill, and, finally, subject to the qualification that specialization pays best in agriculture as in every other activity. Diversification comes about by evolution, not by revolution. It is a slow process, because the producer of food can no more readily change his production at will than can the producer of industrial products, and because the markets for the new production must grow in order to absorb the growing supply. In an effort to force the movement the dairy industry has recently been swamped by a relatively small transfer of energy to that favorite field. And this points the defect in this plan as a speedy cure. Rapid change of production simply reduces itself to a transfer of the surplus from one line to another. It does not deal adequately with the surplus itself, which is inherent in our present ratio of food production to population. Nothing which does not relieve the domestic markets of the weight of this surplus, in whatever form it may exist, really meets the exigencies of the case.

Coöperative Marketing is a favorite panacea. Under good management it has been successful in the case of specialties which need to be exploited or which are suffering from inadequate or antiquated shipping and selling methods. It has been successful with the virtual monopolies, cotton and tobacco. And, where glutting of markets at harvest time has been indicated by a regular rise in the price curve, during the season of consumption, more rapid than the costs of carrying would justify, it has raised the average price to the producer. But none of these conditions exist in the case of wheat, corn, hogs and cattle, the four great staple food products of which the surplus consists, and therefore the nub of this question. Those who recommend Coöperative Marketing for these products seem to have faith in the power of such great selling organizations to manipulate prices in an open market. Yet all experience denies this possibility and predicts disaster for such attempts. Failing this there is a vague idea

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that Coöperatives could relieve the home markets of the exportable surplus, thus permitting the tariff to be effective in raising prices. But this would compel the members of such voluntary organizations to shoulder the whole loss of selling the surplus at world prices while non-members would get the higher domestic price for their entire output. Such a penalty on membership would, of course, destroy the organization that attempted it. The remaining benefit that might be secured would be limited to the net profits of the present private dealers or to economies effected by more efficient management. The profits of the producer, therefore, could be enhanced by only a few cents per bushel or tenths of a cent per pound. And the problem of the surplus could not be met at all by this method.

The party which pins its hopes upon a reduction of transportation costs, consists, for the most part, of the usual groups who attack the railroads in season and out of season. There are also some conservative forces who propose the development of water transportation and, particularly, the connection of the Great Lakes with the ocean. It is undoubtedly true that transportation costs mean more to the farmer than to any other producer. He pays the freight both ways. He must deliver his product to the market in the centers of population, and his costs of production and living include the freight on all commodities brought to him from these same centers. By the nature of the case the farmer occupies the *hinterland* where distances are great, while industry naturally chooses the strategic points where transportation costs are lowest. The existing high rates rest upon a fabric of costs consisting, in the main, of a wage level established by a monopoly of labor in the absolute control of the Railroad Brotherhoods and the Railroad Unions. To break down this inflated level is a task from which even courageous political and railroad leaders shrink. Without such a liquidation, lowering of rates would result either in an insignificant saving to shippers or in bankruptcy for the railroads. And, even if the railroad problem were squarely met and fought out with the unions, the saving to the farmer, as in the case of Coöperatives, would be limited to a few cents per bushel or fractions of a cent per pound. In neither event would this plan have any effect upon the export surplus. It is, there-

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fore, entirely inadequate as a method of remedying this particular situation.

There is only one approach to the question which seems to the West to go to the root of the difficulty. Most of the leaders of agriculture and all the members of the Farm Bloc, backed by a great majority of the farmers themselves and many disinterested men of affairs, lay the blame for agricultural distress at the door of the Government's historic fiscal policy. They are united in asking Effective Protection. Agriculture has diagnosed its own trouble and prescribed its own remedy. All that is needed is to fill the prescription. And the prescription is a simple one. It is called the "Golden Rule", and it says to the East from the West "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you."

The farmer believes in the Protective Tariff. He believes in it so thoroughly that he wishes to participate in its benefits. He has seen industry grow and prosper under the fostering care of this government policy. He knows that he is dependent upon the tariff for the very existence of his own dairy, sugar and wool industries. And now he wants his four great food staples included in the system. Nominally they are: Practically they are not. That Protection is ineffective in these cases is proved by the fact that domestic prices of these products are entirely subject to and on a level with world prices. While foreigners cannot rob the American producers of their home markets, the results are the same, since competition abroad is entirely effective in preventing Americans from securing at home prices corresponding to the general level obtaining in this protected market. To say that the tariff protects the farmers of the ranges and the wheat and corn belts is a mere sophistry. Nor is it, at present, sufficient to offer to remove the artificial aid given to industry by the tariff. Free Trade would involve deflation for industry, and the temporary depression of the farmer's domestic market. It would also place him under the necessity of paying off his debts in dollars which were worth more and were harder to get than those which were originally loaned to him. What he wants and needs is some measure of fixed, if temporary, inflation such as was accorded industry in 1921—at least until he is square with the world. Therefore the political attention of the West is

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concentrated upon this one underlying difficulty. The others will be worked out by the farmers themselves. This one can only be dealt with by the Government. The demand is not for "relief"; it is only for justice.

After the sudden and disastrous deflation of 1920–21, the Republican Party leaped into the breach and brought immediate aid to industry and transportation. The Business Bloc was in the saddle. The Emergency and, later, the Fordney-McCumber Tariff Laws had an almost immediate effect in restoring the price levels of industrial products. It is estimated that this tariff has raised internal prices on manufactured goods and some raw materials about forty per cent., on an average, above the natural world level, and that it has permitted our manufacturers to control home markets in spite of their higher costs. The Immigration Law fortified the tariff while, at the same time, tending to give the benefit of both measures to labor. Whereas previous tariffs had relieved us from the competition of foreign labor working on its own shores, that same labor had been free to immigrate in large numbers and provide effective competition from within our borders. This kept down the wage scale, which is the principal element in the cost of manufacture. The 1921 laws shut out, not only the products of foreign labor but the labor itself, with the result that American wage scales were fixed at, or near, war levels, in spite of the general deflation in all unsheltered prices.

To succor the railroads Congress passed the Esch-Cummins Law, which had the effect of crystallizing the inflated costs of war times and the rates built upon them, and which, to a large extent, relieved the railroad managements and railroad labor from the necessity of deflation under which the rest of us have suffered.

These three measures were paternalistic; had a direct effect upon the prices of commodities or services produced by industry and transportation; and greatly aided these branches of our economic organization in a return to prosperity which had reached such proportions by the spring of 1923 that it needed to be deliberately checked by Federal Reserve policy. For agriculture little or nothing was done. The agricultural schedules of

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the Fordney-McCumber Tariff Law were soon recognized by the farmers to be a political hoax, and one of the authors of the bill was among the first to feel the weight of Western resentment. During 1922 and 1923 Commissions, Departments, Bureaus and individuals studied the persistent agricultural depression. But, after laying bare the farmers' sins of omission and commission and adding a sprinkling of good advice, the gist of all reports and pronouncements was to the effect that economic laws must be allowed free play and only time and the farmers' own efforts could restore them to prosperity.

The inconsistency of this conduct does not seem to have been as clearly apprehended as one would expect. The farmer has been blamed for his extravagance, his inefficiency, his speculation, his unfitness, even for his productivity. Yet labor and capital in the cities have been at least equally guilty on all these counts but the last, while they have been protected, so far as possible, from suffering the natural retribution. One system of economics has been preached for agriculture—the unfettered operation of the economic law—while the opposite has been practised for industry and transportation—a purely paternalistic price-fixing system. Is it surprising that this partiality has driven the West into political rebellion? Is there to be one economic policy for *meum*, and another for *tuum*?

If the deflation had been permitted to proceed naturally and all prices and wages had declined equally, then the farming districts would not have felt they were being discriminated against. But the effect of these measures, which, to a great extent, restored or maintained the inflated costs and prices of industry and transportation, has been to crush agriculture between the upper and nether millstones. The farmer's costs of production and his costs of living, in so far as they consist of products of industry and service of transportation, have been artificially sustained, while the price of most of his products has been allowed to follow the simple law of supply and demand under unrestricted competition. He has not only been overlooked in the application of remedial legislation by his step-paternal government, but the assistance given to other groups has come largely out of his pocket. No wonder this one-sided

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arrangement showed signs of breaking down through the loss of natural economic equilibrium, as it did during the first half of 1924.

Even when it is admitted that this injustice exists and that it is the principal cause of agricultural distress, it is customary to shrug the shoulders over the problem and to assume that Effective Protection for exported products is impossible. This scepticism arises from ignorance of economic history. As a matter of fact the tariff system which we adopted over a century ago was modelled upon the English Corn Laws. These Corn Laws, which were in operation for over four centuries, were, in their later stages, designed primarily to raise the domestic price on wheat while England still produced a surplus for export. And, for nearly one hundred and sixty years, they were quite effective in doing so.

To understand the method clearly it is necessary to isolate the intrinsic difficulty. Wherever a surplus for export exists in any single commodity, traded in as a unit on an open market, it is necessary that all the output be sold at the same price which the small part exported will bring from the overseas buyer. The identity or intent of the buyer is not disclosed and the foreigner is free to buy in the domestic market. A tariff on imports under these circumstances has no effect on the price since imports are not required and do not take place. Exactly the reverse is the case with any commodity of which domestic production does not meet the needs of domestic consumption and which is protected by a tariff on imports. Then, even if only a small portion of the domestic needs is imported, this imported quantity sets the price of the entire domestic production at the world price plus the duty. For, as in the first case, there can be no distinction between the lots, and no internal holder will sell at less than the last increment of the competitive supply will bring. If, on the other hand, the amount of the exportable surplus of any commodity, subject to a duty on imports, can be segregated and its weight removed from domestic markets by any means whatever, the tariff becomes effective. For the commodity then passes from the first class to the second, since a shortage is made to exist in the domestic supply and imports are necessitated. In

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such an event the domestic price of that portion of domestic production which goes for domestic consumption rises to the general level of protected prices, while the segregated surplus must be sold abroad at the lower external price.

The classic method for securing this essential segregation is a very simple one and has been practiced at countless times in countless places. It is the bounty on exports. There need be no drain upon the public purse, for the cost of it may be raised by special taxation through an excise tax upon the producers benefited. The effect of such a combination of tariff, bounty on exports and excise tax is to offer an incentive to export dealers to buy in the domestic market until they must pay more than they can get from their private customers abroad plus the bounty which they will collect when they ship. The effect is immediate and prices fluctuate between the level at which exports are profitable and that at which imports begin. If the bounty be nearly equal to the tariff the fluctuation is small and domestic price ranges follow world prices, though at a higher level. The producers, who pay the bounty through the tax, secure, as a result, a high protected price for the large portion of their total output which is used internally and exactly what they receive now for the small exported surplus.

Another and equally effective method of securing the same result has been proposed. It is planned to organize a Farmers' Export Corporation under government auspices. This corporation would then enter the open market for such farm products as had a surplus for export, and buy until it had absorbed this surplus, created a slight shortage and thereby raised the price to the world price plus the tariff. It would then sell this accumulation to the exporters at the world price and recover the loss it took in the process by having levied for it precisely the same excise tax on production mentioned above.

Either of these plans would be entirely effective and workable. Some will prefer one, some the other. But by either means the problem of the surplus in wheat, corn, hogs and cattle can be solved, and the protective system be extended to cover the major products of the food producing districts of the West. And in no other way!

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The President has appointed his Commission to deal with the agricultural problem. It remains to be seen whether this Commission can make a report before the passing of the Sixty-eighth Congress. It is very doubtful whether effective legislation can be prepared in so short a space of time, or, if it is prepared, whether it can be passed in the last days of the session. But if this opportunity is missed, the disappointment will be general. Then, later, if the Commission or the Administration refuses to meet this issue squarely, or fails to evolve an effective means of protection which is assured of general Republican support in the Sixty-ninth Congress, it will mean party suicide. The future of the Conservative coalition between East and West in the Republican Party hinges on this one issue. The West is watching, eagerly and impatiently, for the fulfilment of promises. The Farm Bloc must remain loyal to its constituents in spite of party ties. If its members do not they will go down to certain eventual defeat. If they do, the Nation's business must come to a standstill until this issue is settled. For it cannot be evaded and the attention of the agricultural voters cannot be diverted from it by proffers of sops or substitutes.

Under the surface the East and the West are fighting for control over the Republican Party. In fact this is the greatest of all political contests during this present period of flux and realignment. As long as there remains a chance of victory and power to either side they will remain bound together, engaged in the struggle. But if either is definitely and finally defeated over a crucial issue the separation will become permanent. If the Eastern wing believes that it can reëstablish its former undisputed control over the party and misses the present opportunity to heal the schism, it will eventually find itself abandoned when, in the next crisis, it can little afford to stand alone. A new sectionalism threatens. We have suffered for half a century the political alienation of an irredentist South. Shall we now create another such problem for ourselves by stupidly, blunderingly compelling in self defense the establishment of a party of the West? Those who do not live in the West, or who do not read clearly the signs of the times, find it hard to believe that the present outlook is for a new political division—a party of the West, controlled by

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the farm vote, and one of the East, controlled by the labor vote. Yet to such lengths the Business Bloc is driving. "After me the deluge."

Is it beyond the power or the vision of the quiet New Englander in Washington to foresee or prevent this catastrophe? Only a just compromise can effect the restoration of the Republican Party and assure the continuance of solidarity among the majority in this country who favor individualism, nationalism and the rights of private property. We are in process of industrialization and the labor vote will grow fast. Let us remember, moreover, that the United States includes the largest area and population ever brought together under one truly representative government in the history of the world. Its continued cohesion requires that all sections and interests should be ready to concede to each other equality, justice, and due consideration in their joint affairs. Without this spirit there can be no hope of permanent union.

C. Reinold Noyes.

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THE RESTORATION OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY

BY ALLEN SINCLAIR WILL

THE Democratic Party, a dazed and shattered army, has shrunk back from the impact of one of the worst defeats it has ever sustained. There is no general of recognized prestige and power to rally the broken battalions, to form a new alignment which would preserve the strength that remains or to reanimate the dispirited units with the ardor of a fighting force. Officers of minor rank scarcely dare raise their voices to give the word of command, or, if they do so, it falls upon heedless ears. On all sides are confusion, dismay and helplessness. An army which has won great battles and whose ranks, though now disorganized, embrace millions of American voters, becomes the prey of chance.

This is not a situation to be contemplated with equanimity even by the victors in the late conflict. Without concentrated opposition, their fiber must weaken and they must scatter in overconfidence as they proceed to appropriate the immense spoils. The natural impetuosity to cast aside the restraints of discipline, when those restraints seem less necessary than in the hour of battle, means, by a rule of politics as well as of war, vulnerability to new attacks from whatever quarter, with the danger of losing all that has been gained by so much stress and sacrifice.

Never has a defect in the party system in the United States been more glaringly disclosed than in the present plight of the Democrats. The situation brings into the open the difference between the Federal Government, the product of careful and systematic deliberation from 1787 to the present time by representatives chosen for their fitness to perform the task, and that super-government by party which is a thing of patches and shreds, the haphazard work of unskilled hands which have obtained, often by force and chicanery, the privilege of tampering with its fabric.

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Political scientists, whose vision from the cloistered study is often more accurate than that of politicians from the forum, have been pointing out with increasing emphasis in the last forty years that two kinds of government exist side by side among us. One is a republic, grounded on pure democracy—the Federal system, the official system. The other is a duality of party oligarchies whose despotic will coerces the masses of citizens until, often in despair at the stifling of their own wishes, they are reduced to the necessity of voting to dethrone one or the other of them. This is the unofficial system, the arrogant master of the official system at election time and sometimes between elections.

In any emergency the Federal Government is not left without resources to execute its mission. It survives storms as well as calms because it has been provided, by due and orderly process, with instrumentalities for meeting both of them. In its main operations it is charted by the Constitution, a framework of prevision into which the founders wrote definite means for facing diverse contingencies and in which they made avowed allowances for the frailties of human nature. Foreign and domestic strife have hurled their frightful bulk against it, but it has stood staunch and sure amid vicissitudes which gave rise to the most ominous fears.

Contrasted to this method of political equipoise, which is a variation of that general form sanctioned by the wisdom and experience of democracies the world over, is the insecure balance of the party system as it prevails in the United States. A victorious party, to be sure, has a firm base which prevents it temporarily from toppling over, because its elected officials are leaders for the time being and can enforce at least a semblance of stability through their authority derived from the Federal system. The President can give commands from his eminence and they will always be treated with respect, even though they do not always secure obedience. In their respective posts, leaders of the two Houses of Congress and occasionally Cabinet officers can exercise a degree of authority which is usually—but not always—sufficient to prevent disintegration.

Such is the case with the Republican Party at present. Its strength as an organization is enhanced by the fact that the pres-

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ent officers of the Government, as well as those who will hold power in the next few years, are members of it.

But what of the Democrats? Are they in a position to function as an opposition party ought to function? Can they go to Congress, and before the country, with an acceptable rôle to carry out in restraining the dominant Republicans where restraint may seem judicious, and in keeping the majority party generally on its best behavior?

In order to perform this function, so obviously in the interest of the country at large, and therefore in the interest of both political parties—for experience has taught that neither of them can long defy the popular will with impunity—the Democrats must have a programme and leaders to carry out that programme. Where is the programme and where are the leaders?

The platform adopted at the New York Convention cannot be considered a chart for the future in any proper sense of the word. It has been repudiated by the country, and a fight in Congress for the reassertion of a discredited plan will scarcely be in accord with sound judgment. Like all American political platforms, it was conceived and adopted for the most part in indecent haste, with ill-considered compromises and concessions inserted. The one exception was the plank aimed at the Ku Klux Klan, but from which the name of the Klan was omitted. While this reached the floor of the convention for debate and mature decision, it was passed by a majority so scant as to leave the convention virtually divided evenly. There is no prospect of having a popular referendum on the League of Nations, as proposed in the New York platform, or of passing a tariff bill materially lowering duties. It is impossible that the subjects of railroad legislation, farm relief and labor amelioration will be dealt with in Congress on the basis of the platform upon which Davis and Bryan were nominated.

What, then, is the prospect? There must be a new programme for the Democrats in Congress to follow, for it will develop by the inertia of events, if nothing else. But who is to formulate it, who is to lead in attempting to carry it out? In all conceivable circumstances, the voters of the party will be voiceless in determining these things. They may like or dislike the programme

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when it is developed, but they will not be consulted about it beforehand.

A few leaders of the minority in the Senate and the House will constitute the oligarchy which will exercise party sway. There will be caucuses in both houses, as usual, and the main lines of action on all proposals for which the backing of the party vote is expected will be laid before them, but in practice a small group of men, as heretofore, will have the *de facto* power of saying Yea or Nay to everything.

Even if there should be an organized attempt to revive caucus rule of party, with the safeguards which surrounded it in the early days of the country, the members of the Democratic caucus would be so preponderantly from the South at the next session that the body could not be considered fairly representative of the Democrats of the whole country. Broadly patriotic though they might be, this obstacle would be insuperable if the confidence of the country were to be gained.

The situation is all the more deplorable because the effect of the verdict at the polls in November is to strengthen the two-party system, and the only effective opposition in Congress must come from the Democrats. In the House there will be 183 Democrats to act as a restraining influence upon the 247 Republicans elected. Despite the energy of the campaign waged in behalf of La Follette, there will be only fifteen insurgent Republicans, with three Farmer-Laborites and perhaps the two Socialist members to vote with them.

In the Senate the alignment will be 40 Democrats against 55 Republicans, with one Farmer-Laborite. Allowing for the insurgents among the Republicans in that body, the dominant party group will have a probable majority of only four over all opposition, and in that opposition the forty votes of Democrats will be a power that must be reckoned with in all circumstances. In assenting to or obstructing legislation which runs the gamut of the bicameral plan, the influence of the Democrats, if effectively used, is evident. The control of an oligarchy, as yet nebulous, over this potential unit of great help or harm to the country in the next two years is, therefore, calculated to cause patriotic citizens to think seriously of the system under which it can exist.

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An expedient is available in the storehouse of our national precedents which may be invoked to save the situation. When the American people after the close of the Revolution found themselves enmeshed in a makeshift system of government which was the product of preëxistent conditions and which needed to be revised courageously, their leaders set about doing it in a way which commanded the admiration of the world. In the Constitutional Convention of 1787, all the units of the body politic were represented and there was a general disposition to choose the best men for the undertaking at hand. The small States were there, with their jealousies, and the large States with their grievances. There were those who favored a stricter Federal control, and those for whom the control exercised under the Articles of Confederation was strict enough. Men who wished the adjustment of the national debt and the institution of a financial system on principles as sound as Great Britain's sat side by side with men who wished to temporize with both questions in order to protect the pockets of their constituents.

In the end, with much striving and straining, a plan was adopted which was a rallying point for the forces of progress. America, in 1786, stood for a multitude of things, few of which commanded general assent among all the States. In 1789 it stood for one definite system, the Federal Constitution, and it has stood thus until the present day.

Cannot the Democratic Party rally from confusion and disorganization as the whole country rallied from those same destructive forces in 1787? The party must be reorganized, in some way, and that soon. It is not enough to say that its principles are unchanged and that it will go on fighting for those principles as before. That was true of the American States in 1786. All of them stood for full independence from foreign control, for government by officials elected by themselves and for the exercise of a large measure of individual liberty by their citizens. The all important thing was the application of these principles to the conditions of the time, and only by consulting the general will and giving expression to it by forms of orderly procedure could the desired ends be attained.

This is the problem for the Democratic Party now. Expedi-

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ency cannot be divorced from rational consideration of its future. To stand for principles is one thing; to exhibit judgment in choosing methods of advancing those principles is another thing.

There is no machinery by which the mass of voters of the party can make a new start in the direction in which they wish to go in the light of the lessons to be drawn from the Presidential election. Four years must elapse in the ordinary course of events before there will be another election of the same kind. In the elections two years hence, the voters can express only scattering verdicts in primaries for the nomination of candidates for Congress or for State officers, and those verdicts must be upon decisions made in the meantime by a Congressional oligarchy without consulting them. The party's National Committee is discredited by defeat.

If a national convention, with an outlook on the party's future corresponding to the outlook of the Constitutional Convention of 1787 on the nation's future, could be held within the next few years, there would be a clearing of the air. It would be necessary to assume that the party in this sense means all the voters and not merely the leaders or bosses. There would be no need to resort to the primary system, perverted as it is by boss control in many localities, in the selection of delegates. A truly representative body of high character might be obtained, and probably would be obtained, by having the delegates appointed by the Governors of States which have Democratic Governors, and by the Democratic candidates for Governor in the last election in States which have non-Democratic Governors. These Governors, or recent candidates for the Governorship, ought to be *ex-officio* delegates.

The number of delegates should be equal to the number of Senators and Representatives in Congress from each State, in order that the body would not be so large as to be unwieldy. There should be a limited group of special members possessing full status, including the candidates of the party for President and Vice President in the last two Presidential elections, the chairmen of the national party committees in those campaigns, and a group of the Democratic leaders in the two Houses of Congress. The call for the convention might well come from the Democratic members of the Senate and House assembled in caucus.

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As a place of assembly for such a gathering, Washington would have obvious advantages. A meeting in the national capital of the "Convention on the Organization of the Democratic Party" —such it might be appropriately called—would give to the deliberations that aspect of patriotic service which they ought to possess. A hasty procedure for the convention, with the usual jockeying by the leaders and a lack of due decorum, would impair and perhaps virtually nullify the value of anything which it might do. Such a body ought to gather in the spirit of deliberation and dignity which the Fathers exemplified in 1787. A fitting start of its proceedings would be an expression of homage to the President of the United States and an affirmation of faith in the destiny of the people. A good sequence to this would be the imposition of an effective ban on prolixity and buncombe in the speeches and on all forms of convention hysteria, including unduly prolonged applause or "demonstrations".

If the sessions should be confined to their proper purpose, they might well continue for more than a month—perhaps several months. The first national legislative body upon which an effect exerted by such a convention might be likely to be noticeable would be the new Congress recently chosen. According to the political portents, that body will probably not assemble until its regular meeting in December, 1925. This would dispense with all excuse for precipitate action by the "Convention on the Organization of the Democratic Party".

The agenda for the convention might include the following:

A basic declaration of general principles of a definite character, as distinguished from the meaningless generalities common in political platforms, to guide the Democratic Party in the future.

The formulation in outline of a programme for the Democrats in the new Congress, without attempting an infraction of their individual responsibilities as elected representatives of the people.

A charter of permanent organization for the party, which would set up an executive body, preserve it in continuous existence and provide it with funds. This organization ought to be inclusive of all the party voters, with opportunities for expressing themselves, perhaps in units of the organization. Control by oligarchies unresponsive to the will of the voters ought to be abolished forthwith.

Provision for biennial meetings of the convention.

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The core of the entire plan is responsibility by and to the voters, with the power actually lodged in them to alter the party machinery whenever they see fit. The lack of this power is the gravest defect of all political parties in this country and one which will be cured sooner or later, for its permanency would be intolerable.

The process of a political party undergoing a searching of heart is all the more necessary because the policy of opportunism followed by American party organizations in recent years has led to an absurd situation in which men in one party find themselves in virtual agreement on questions of legislation more with the other party than their own. These men cling tenaciously to the party name which has commanded their allegiance in the past, perhaps because they have no confidence in the earnestness or consistency of the group to which their adherence on questions of principle would naturally belong. The inevitable harvest of this sowing is beginning to appear in the formation of blocs under one name or another, which include men nominally but not actually cherishing the creeds which they profess. In effect, the bloc system is an advance messenger to serve warning on the old parties that if they do not mend their ways they must confront the imminent prospect of open secession by large units of their strength. A new alignment upon issues, chiefly economic, is taking shape among the masses of the voters for which neither of the leading parties is prepared and which bids fair to persist despite the customary devices of opportunist politicians exerted in an effort to check the movement.

A deplorable effect of disunity within the parties is their impotence in some conspicuous instances to enact legislation to which they are committed. A rather remote illustration was the inability of the Democratic party in the second Cleveland Administration to pass the bill materially lowering tariff duties which was insistently demanded in 1892 by the verdict of the voters. Near in point of time was the collapse at the session of the expiring Congress of the Republican effort to enact the Mellon tax bill. There are, on questions which ought to be decided by a clear division based upon party conviction and principle, such as the League of Nations and the proposed ship subsidy, Democratic-

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Republicans and Republican-Democrats, with a turn toward Radicalism here and there which is a sharp reminder of the creeping into our politics of the "Right" and "Left" grouping common in European parliamentary chambers.

These facts indicate the opportunity for a "Convention on the Organization of the Democratic Party". It might well make a start at grappling with the herculean task of driving cowardice and sham out of American political practices. These vices, if persisted in, will bring, in all probability, a drastic recasting of the lines of political organizations. The party leaders, frenzied with the desire for power, have gone so far as to negative in the unofficial government some of the strongest virtues of the official Government. Unless the traits which they impute to the electorate in the glamor of political campaigns are non-existent, they must alter their course or prepare for an awakening in the roar of a storm of popular wrath.

ALLEN SINCLAIR WILL.

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RAILROAD CONSOLIDATION

BY ELIOT JONES

THE Esch-Cummins Act of 1920 embodies a new legislative policy with regard to railroad combinations. Prior to the passage of this act restraints upon railroad competition had been frowned upon as likely to lead to the exaction of extortionate charges. Thus, the original Act to Regulate Commerce of 1887 forbade the pooling of freight or earnings. Three years later the Sherman Anti-Trust Act forbade every contract or combination in restraint of interstate or foreign commerce, and every monopoly or attempt to monopolize. Notwithstanding the prohibitions of the Sherman Act, numerous far-reaching railroad combinations were organized, but they met with judicial displeasure in certain outstanding cases, and many of them were subsequently dissolved. The legislative policy was thus opposed to combinations of competing railroads, whether effected through lease, stock ownership, or consolidation (merger).

The Esch-Cummins Act introduces a new policy. This act (and earlier legislation) placed railroad charges so completely under the control of the Interstate Commerce Commission that there was no longer any particular occasion for alarm over the effect of railroad pools and combinations upon rates and fares. Accordingly the Esch-Cummins Act authorizes the Commission to sanction pools if in its opinion they will improve service, promote economy of operation, and not restrain competition unduly. It also empowers the Commission to permit one railroad to acquire control over another either under a lease or by the purchase of stock or in any other manner not involving their consolidation into a single system, if in the opinion of the Commission such acquisition is in the public interest. And, finally, it provides in some detail for the consolidation of railroads into single systems in accordance with a plan to be adopted by the Commission. It is with consolidations that this article deals.

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The Esch-Cummins Act directs the Commission to prepare, as soon as practicable, a plan for the consolidation of the railway properties of the United States into a limited number of systems. Under the plan competition is to be preserved as fully as possible, and wherever practicable the existing routes and channels of trade are to be maintained. The plan prepared by the Commission is to be regarded as tentative, and ample opportunity is to be afforded to everyone to present objections thereto. Subsequently the Commission is to adopt a complete plan, and no consolidations are to be authorized that are not in harmony therewith.

Railroads desiring to consolidate are to make application to the Commission for the necessary permission. If, after a hearing, the Commission finds that the public interest will be promoted by the consolidation, and enters an order authorizing it, the consolidation may thereupon be effected, "the law of any State or the decision or order of any State authority to the contrary notwithstanding". Any corporation organized to effect a consolidation approved by the Commission is thereby relieved from the operation of the anti-trust laws and of all other prohibitions, State or Federal, in so far as may be necessary to enable it to do anything authorized by the order of the Commission. However, no consolidated corporation may have a capitalization exceeding the value of the consolidated properties as determined by the Commission.

What is the purpose of these consolidation provisions, which constitute such a sharp break with the past? The primary purpose, without a doubt, is to promote the successful operation of the rule of rate making. This rule, incorporated in the Esch-Cummins Act, provides that the Interstate Commerce Commission shall initiate and establish rates so that the railroads as a whole (or as a whole in such rate groups as the Commission may designate) will, under honest and economical management and reasonable expenditures for maintenance, earn, as nearly as may be, a fair return on the aggregate value of their property. The satisfactory administration of this rule could hardly be anticipated, however, if there continued to be numerous railroads of widely varying strength. This is because a level of rates that is adequate for the stronger roads will be quite inadequate for the

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weaker ones; and a level of rates that is adequate for the weaker ones will enable the stronger ones to make extortionate profits. Accordingly, Congress authorized the consolidation of the railroads in accordance with the plan of the Commission. The intention of Congress was that the weak roads should be consolidated with the strong in such manner that there would be created in each rate group a limited number of large systems of approximately equal strength, and able under uniform rates upon competitive traffic to earn substantially the same rate of return upon the value of their properties. Thereby the task of rate regulation in accordance with the rule of rate making would be facilitated. Moreover, there would be attained a more evenly balanced competition among the railroads, and consequently a higher grade of transportation service. The Esch-Cummins Act contains other provisions designed to promote the operation of the rule of rate making—for example, the recapture clause and the division of joint rates among the parties thereto—but they are less important than the consolidation provisions.

The consolidation programme as a device for meeting the problem presented by the weak roads has been criticized in several respects. It has been urged that our objective should not be the elimination of the weak roads, but the elimination of *weakness*. Some roads are weak because of inefficient management, and while consolidation might lead to better management, such a drastic remedy is not required to remove the cause of weakness. Some roads are weak because of an ill-balanced financial structure, an excessively large proportion of the earnings being absorbed by the fixed charges, such as interest on bonds; but the remedy here is a readjustment of the capital structure, and not consolidation. Some roads are weak because their main source of traffic (mineral products, for example) has become exhausted; but the best policy in such cases is the abandonment of the road, and not its consolidation with another system, upon which the weak line might be expected to feed, like a parasite.

The desirability of eliminating weakness is conceded, and also the possibility of eliminating some weakness without resort to consolidation. None the less the consolidation programme can still be justified as a device for evening up earning power, and thus

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promoting the operation of the rule of rate making. There are other causes of weakness than poor management, unwieldy capital structure, and exhaustion of traffic. Some roads are weak because they lack access to the points of traffic origination or interchange, or because they run at right angles to the normal currents of trade, or because they serve regions of relatively sparse traffic, or because they encounter active water competition. Such roads are likely to remain weak, yet they may be indispensable to the communities that they serve. These roads can best be placed in a position to perform satisfactorily their common carrier obligations by being linked up with a stronger system. The consolidation may or may not eliminate the weakness, but it will eliminate the weak road by uniting it with a system able to maintain the proper service standards.

The consolidation programme is further criticized on the ground that even though we succeed in building up large systems of comparatively equal strength it will be only a matter of time before the systems are again of quite unequal strength. The New Haven was once a very strong road, and may become so again, but it certainly can not be regarded as such at this time. The Pennsylvania and the Chicago and Northwestern are not nearly so strong today as they once were. On the other hand, the Southern Railway has greatly improved its condition, and may soon be regarded as a strong road. So long as population and trade continue to expand, and expand unevenly, so long may we expect shifts in the strength of roads and the emergence here and there of weakness. This is particularly true in view of the fact that the process of consolidation involves at the outset the saddling of the weak roads upon the strong. There are numerous examples in railroad history of prosperous roads that have failed because of an unduly far-reaching combination or an overload of unprofitable extensions or branches. And may not the same prove to be the outcome if the Government, through the exercise of persuasion or pressure, brings about the consolidation of roads against the best judgment of their managers? There is always the danger, of course, that some of the systems thus created may prove to be too large for the most effective

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operation, unless the management is unusually capable; and here again an inequality of strength may subsequently appear. The requirements of the rule of rate making apparently make it necessary for us to run these risks, but in assuming them we should not close our eyes to the possible dangers.

Though the primary purpose of consolidation is to build up systems of more uniform strength, and thus promote the administration of the rule of rate making, there are those who believe that through consolidation numerous economies could be realized, and thereby the level of rates reduced or the quality of service improved. That certain economies could be achieved, there can be no doubt. It is agreed on all sides that consolidation would permit a saving through the reduction of intercompany accounting. For example, under present arrangements a person making a trip from New York City to San Francisco via the New York Central, Chicago and Northwestern, Union Pacific, and Central Pacific would normally buy a through ticket from the New York Central; and this road would settle with the other three roads for their portion of the haul. Essentially the same arrangement is followed as to freight; one railroad (the originating road or the delivering road) collects the entire charge, and apportions it among the roads that participated in the haul. Under consolidation, however, there would be less of this intercompany accounting, and the more far-reaching the consolidation, the greater the saving.

Consolidation would also effect a saving through the reduction of car interchange. Whereas locomotives seldom leave the home tracks, freight cars travel freely over the entire country; indeed they may be off the line of the owning road for months at a time. Though this same arrangement would be followed under consolidation, the reduction in the number of systems would bring it about that a larger proportion of a railroad's cars remained "at home". The diminution in the amount of car interchange would cut down the volume of intercompany accounting and facilitate the making of repairs. As regards the former, if one railroad holds or uses the cars of another it must make payment therefor, the present charge being one dollar a day. In view of the fact that there are more than 2,400,000 freight cars, a considerable proportion of which are off the line of the owning road, it is clear that

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much labor is involved in keeping the necessary accounts. Consolidation would not eliminate this expense, but it would greatly diminish it. As regards repairs, if a "foreign" car is in need of repair, the tendency is for the using road to patch it up, and to let the owning road make the major repairs that are necessary. The postponement of the necessary repairs, however, may shorten the life of the car. Therefore, the larger the proportion of a railroad's cars that is at home, the greater the likelihood of prompt and effective repair, and the lower the cost of car maintenance and replacement.

Consolidation would admit of still further economies, as, for example, the more direct routing of freight, the joint use of facilities, and the standardization of materials and equipment. Additional savings suggested by advocates of consolidation are: the purchase of materials and supplies in larger quantities; the repair of locomotives and cars in fewer and larger shops; the reduction of traffic solicitation (with the abolition of certain off-line agencies); the greater use of solid trainloads; the elimination of some switching; the discontinuance of duplicate train service; the diminution in the number of tariffs; the consolidation of car inspection forces; and the reduction in the number of general officers.

Upon a superficial examination this list may seem imposing, and to some convincing. Upon closer examination, however, legitimate doubt arises as to the importance of these economies. The largest single item of railway expense is the wage bill, which accounts for approximately half of the total expenditures. This item would hardly be greatly affected by consolidation. Second in amount is the cost of materials and supplies, and this would be lowered but a fraction, if at all. Taxes would certainly be no less. Rentals of leased lines would be less, but this would be merely a matter of accounting, as the owners of the leased line, if it became a part of a consolidated system, would have to be recompensed adequately, as before. Interest payments on outstanding indebtedness would be the same, though if the effect of the rule of rate making (combined with consolidation) were to improve railroad credit, new funds could be secured from time to time on more favorable terms, and the amount of revenue required by the rail-

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roads to perform satisfactorily their transportation service and to remunerate adequately their security owners would be reduced. While, therefore, there might be some saving in interest, the amount at first would be slight. And once we have deducted from the aggregate railroad expenditures the items of wages, materials and supplies, taxes, rentals, and interest, there is very little left. And if there is little left, there is obviously no opportunity for large savings through a limited programme of consolidation. This is the view of such an experienced railroad official as Judge R. S. Lovett, the head of the Union Pacific. In testimony before a Congressional Committee he expressed the conviction that except for city terminals, which should be taken in hand by the Government in any event, the savings that could be effected through consolidation were relatively slight. This is also the view of *The Railway Age*, which favors consolidation, but which maintains that there is "little or no evidence that large economies would result from consolidating all the railways into a few large systems".

Moreover, the consolidation of all the railways into a limited number of systems would present to the management problems of organization and administration of the first magnitude. Thus, to consolidate the railroads into nineteen companies, as was proposed by the Interstate Commerce Commission, would create systems averaging over 13,000 miles of line, and receiving earnings of approximately $300,000,000 per annum. To operate properties of this size with effectiveness would require administrators of a very high order; and it would remain to be seen whether they could (and would) be secured. If not, such economies as were actually realized might easily be more than offset by the wastes of an unwieldy administration. Upon this point the views of Sir Henry W. Thornton, president of the Canadian National Railways, are of interest. Speaking at Chicago in October, 1924, he said: "Personally I question, from an administrative point of view, the wisdom of enlarging any of the great railway systems of the United States, such as the New York Central and the Pennsylvania, because I doubt the ability of any railway president efficiently and effectively to administer any larger mileage than that of the railways I have mentioned, having in mind

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their density of traffic." As Sir Thornton has had a varied experience in this country, England, and Canada, in railroad positions of high responsibility, his views upon this matter are clearly entitled to great respect.

So much for the purposes of consolidation. Let us now consider what progress the Commission has made with its plan, and what the prospects are of its acceptance. The tentative plan of the Commission was agreed upon in August, 1921. It provided for nineteen systems, as follows: five trunk lines from New York City to Chicago (and St. Louis); one regional system for New England, or, as an alternative, the consolidation of particular New England railroads with certain of the trunk lines; one line in the Michigan peninsula; two bituminous coal lines from the Great Lakes to Chesapeake Bay; three Southeastern lines; two Southwestern lines; and five transcontinental lines from Chicago to the Pacific Coast. As the law requires, the Commission preserved, whenever possible, the competition of rival routes, not at all with the idea of maintaining competition in rates, but with the idea of promoting competition in service. Notwithstanding the fact that it is government regulation, and not competition, that is now relied upon to ensure reasonable rates, reliance is still placed upon competition to secure satisfactory and efficient service. This explains why the consolidations are not by regions, as in England, but by systems more or less parallel to one another. The deadening effect of regional monopolies under private ownership is thus avoided.

Hearings upon the tentative plan of the Commission were begun in April, 1922, and continued for more than a year and a half, being concluded in December, 1923. The last day for the filing of briefs by interested parties was set at February 9, 1924. Since that date the Commission has been engaged in the preparation of a definitive plan—one that will meet the valid objections raised to the tentative plan. To be sure, a number of railroad combinations have been authorized by the Commission during the past year. The Commission approved, during June to December, 1924, the acquisition by the Louisville and Nashville and the Atlantic Coast Line of joint control of the Carolina, Clinchfield and Ohio through lease; the purchase by the Missouri

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Pacific from the Western Pacific of one-half of the stock of the Denver and Rio Grande Western, the other half being retained by the Western Pacific; the purchase by the New Orleans, Texas and Mexico of the capital stock of the International-Great Northern; the acquisition by the Missouri Pacific of a majority of the capital stock of the New Orleans, Texas and Mexico; and the control by the Southern Pacific of the El Paso and Southwestern through stockownership and lease. Though these combinations were, for the most part, in harmony with the Commission's tentative plan, not one of them was in fact a consolidation, as that term is used in the Esch-Cummins Act.

The most far-reaching proposal, however, is that of the New York, Chicago and St. Louis, popularly known as the Nickel Plate. This road long formed a part of the New York Central system, but in 1916 it was acquired by the Van Sweringen brothers of Cleveland. At that time the Nickel Plate extended only from Buffalo to Chicago. In 1922 the Nickel Plate acquired control of the Lake Erie and Western, and of the Toledo, St. Louis and Western. This gave it a line from Buffalo through Cleveland to three mid-western gateways—Chicago, Peoria, and St. Louis—with lines extending also to Detroit, Toledo, Sandusky, and Indianapolis. This combination, which was a relatively minor one, was in accordance with the Commission's tentative plan. But the Van Sweringen brothers, with their powerful financial backers, now propose a much more ambitious project, and one that is not in harmony with the tentative plan. They propose that a new Nickel Plate company shall be formed to combine, through stockownership and lease, the old Nickel Plate, the Chesapeake and Ohio, the Hocking Valley, the Erie, and the Père Marquette. This plan has been approved by the boards of directors of the five companies, and presumably, by this time, by the stockholders also. This arrangement is commonly spoken of as a consolidation, and it is true that the proposed leases provide for the consolidation of the properties of the several companies into one corporation, when authorization therefor has been secured from the Interstate Commerce Commission. Inasmuch, however, as the Commission has not yet

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given its approval, it is incorrect to refer to this arrangement as for all practical purposes an accomplished fact, as so many newspaper writers have done. Progress in railway consolidation has thus been less than is popularly supposed.

Whether or not the Nickel Plate consolidation be eventually brought about, there is considerable doubt, in our opinion, whether all the railroads of the country will be consolidated into a limited number of systems in the near future, or indeed at all. There are several reasons for anticipating delay. In the first place, the Commission must adopt a complete plan for the entire country. This task having been finished, the railroads will then proceed to conduct negotiations with regard to the terms of consolidation, assuming, that is, that they decide to go ahead. But at once they encounter an obstacle. The Esch-Cummins Act provides that the capitalization of a consolidated company shall not exceed the value of the consolidated properties as determined by the Commission. To date, however, the final value of only a few properties has been ascertained, and it will be a matter of years presumably before this highly controversial matter is settled. Since the railroads will hardly care to enter a consolidation that has a capitalization below the value of the combined properties, they will probably wait until the value of their properties has been determined before deciding whether to consolidate. As the Commission is directed, upon the filing of an application for authority to consolidate, to proceed immediately to ascertain the value of the properties involved therein, individual consolidations will perhaps be effected from time to time, but the completion of the consolidation programme will unquestionably be delayed until the task of valuing the railway property of the country has been finished. Once this has been accomplished, the negotiations between the representatives of the roads that are to consolidate will consume many months, and thus there will be further delay.

Not only is delay to be anticipated, but even an actual refusal to consolidate in accordance with the Commission's plan. That this is a contingency was established by the hearings held upon the tentative plan. By this plan the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy, which is now jointly owned by the Northern Pacific and

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the Great Northern, was to be merged with the Northern Pacific; while the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul was to be merged with the Great Northern. The Chicago, Burlington and Quincy is a very prosperous road, whereas the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul is not. The officials of the Northern Pacific and the Great Northern argued that the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy, the Northern Pacific, and the Great Northern should be consolidated; and promised that if the Commission would sanction this arrangement, the steps necessary to make it effective would straightway be taken. If, however, the Northern Pacific and the Great Northern might not be merged, both roads wanted the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy, and neither would have the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul. President Donnelly, of the Northern Pacific, and President Budd, of the Great Northern, made it quite clear to the Commission that they would refuse to go into any consolidation that involved parting with the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy.

By the tentative plan the Illinois Central and the Seaboard Air Line were to be consolidated. President Markham of the Illinois Central testified that his road did not want the Seaboard Air Line, and that he could not conceive of any possible conditions under which the two roads might profitably be put together. With regard to the Tennessee Central, which was assigned to the Illinois Central, President Markham said that his road had once given some consideration to the purchase of the Tennessee Central, and had decided that it would not take it as a gift. President Rea of the Pennsylvania objected to the plan because it deprived his road of the Norfolk and Western, with which it had long been intimately allied. The representative of the Detroit, Toledo and Ironton (Henry Ford's railroad) expressed opposition to consolidation with the Père Marquette. He pointed out the Detroit, Toledo and Ironton was endeavoring to solve some railroad problems along new lines, and that if this road were consolidated with the Père Marquette, these experiments would undoubtedly be abandoned. And a very acute controversy raged over the proposal of the Commission to assign the Philadelphia and Reading and the Central of New Jersey to the Baltimore and Ohio, the opposition being led by the New York Central.

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It is clear from the foregoing illustrations that the consolidation programme may encounter effective opposition. The inducement to consolidate may prove inadequate, and resistance in certain cases be determined upon. The strong roads may decide not to take the weak, despite the clearly expressed intent of the Transportation Act of 1920. The recapture clause, to be sure, does provide an incentive when a road is particularly strong. Just why this is the case, is not always clearly seen, and therefore it may be advisable to give an illustration that will show concretely why a strong road might find it to its interest to consolidate with a weak one. Suppose railroad A has a capitalization of $100,000,000, property valued at $100,000,000, and a net operating income of $10,000,000. As, under the recapture clause, one-half of all income in excess of six per cent. upon the value of the property is recaptured by the Government, the road may retain only $8,000,000 of the $10,000,000 earned by it. Suppose now railroad A consolidates with railroad B, which also has a capitalization of $100,000,000, and property valued at $100,000,000, but a net income of only $2,000,000; and suppose, further, that by the terms of the consolidation three-fourths of the securities of the consolidated company (C) go to the former bondholders and stockholders of railroad A, and one-fourth to those of railroad B. By this arrangement nothing accrues to the Government under the recapture clause; for the consolidated company earns only six per cent. on the value of its property ($12,000,000 on $200,000,000). The former bondholders and stockholders of railroad A receive three-fourths of the income of railroad C, or $9,000,000. As this is $1,000,000 more than they were allowed to retain prior to the consolidation, they are better off (or at any rate the stockholders are, and the bondholders will be if the bonds of railroad C bear a somewhat higher rate of interest than those of railroad A). The former bondholders and stockholders of railroad B receive one-fourth of the income of railroad C, or $3,000,000. As this is $1,000,000 more than they earned prior to the consolidation they also are better off. As both parties gain, there is an inducement to consolidate.

Notwithstanding the fact that there is sometimes an inducement to consolidate to prevent the recapture of excess earnings,

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the inducement will not always be adequate. In the foregoing illustration we assumed that the weak road, of inferior earning capacity, had a high property value; in fact as high a property value as that of the strong road of large earning power. When this is the case the strong road, unwilling to share one-half of its excess earnings with the Government, may consent to take over the weak road, since thereby it reduces the ratio of its earnings to the valuation. But if the low earnings of the weak road go hand in hand with a low valuation of its property (say $50,000,000 instead of $100,000,000 as in the illustration), the recapture clause may lose its force. Moreover, difficulty is likely to be experienced in agreeing upon terms acceptable both to the strong roads and the weak. The mere fact that there are spoils to divide will not ensure consolidation, for the parties may not be able to agree upon the division thereof. The matter is complicated, of course, by the fact that the several railroads to be consolidated will have outstanding various kinds of securities, and it will be hard to reach an agreement upon the order of priority of these numerous claims. Then there is the natural desire of the officials and certain stockholders to maintain the independence of their properties; the opposition of certain communities to the merging of a local road with a larger system having a lesser interest in that particular locality; and the necessity in some cases of cutting down the volume of securities.

To promote the consolidation programme it has been suggested, notably by Secretary Hoover, that the Government take active steps to expedite it. Secretary Hoover recommends that two years be allowed for voluntary consolidations in accordance with the plan finally adopted by the Commission; and that at the end of that time the Commission appoint an organization committee for each group not consolidated. These committees are to determine the value of the outstanding securities of the component roads, valuing each class or issue separately, provided that the total value fixed for the securities of any road does not exceed the value of that road as determined by the Interstate Commerce Commission. Each committee is to have the right to create a federal corporation which will offer to exchange its securities for those of the component roads upon the basis of the values fixed

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by the committee. If a majority of the stockholders of a component road make the exchange, the committee shall have the right at law to acquire the non-consenting minority stock at its fair value; if a majority fail to make the exchange, the committee shall have the right, if the approving roads agree to finance the transaction, to acquire the dissenting roads under powers of eminent domain. It is well to note the inclusion of the proviso that the committee shall proceed with condemnation only if the approving roads agree to take the condemned roads off the committee's hands. Under our present laws the Government can force a railroad to dispose of its property, but it can not compel another railroad or group of railroads to buy it. If, therefore, the approving roads are unwilling to acquire the condemned road at the cost of condemnation the matter rests there, and the consolidation programme goes uncompleted.

A bill embodying substantially the recommendations of Secretary Hoover was introduced by Senator Cummins, but despite the fact that it had the approval of President Coolidge it failed of passage.

In conclusion, it may be noted that our ideas with regard to consolidation seem to be changing very rapidly. In 1912 the Union Pacific-Southern Pacific combination was dissolved, and as recently as 1922 the Supreme Court found the Southern Pacific-Central Pacific combination to be violative of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act. Now, however, the railroads are being warned that if they do not consolidate with reasonable promptness we may invoke compulsion. This is truly a remarkable reversal of governmental policy; and we may well wonder whether five or ten years hence this policy will command the support of public opinion.

ELIOT JONES.

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THE BRITISH EMPIRE

BY J. D. WHELPLEY

In 1913 the British Empire was the most powerful political and economic organization in the world. In 1924 it had retained its outward form and had even gained considerably in territorial extent, but it had lost to a marked degree its erstwhile position of absolute dominance in international affairs. This loss came about through political changes from within, the rise to wealth and power of other countries, and the crippling effects of the great war and its reactions upon the direct and indirect sources of British wealth and influence. In the decade preceding 1924 the outlying portions of the Empire failed to keep pace with a rate of growth in population and wealth which was a common indicator to that of the world as a whole, and Great Britain, the Mother Country of the Empire, gave of her strength to the cause of the Allies with such liberality as not only to check any natural increase but to bring about a certain degree of exhaustion.

During the five years following the war considerable progress was made towards regaining lost wealth and power, and had the international political situation, as it was in 1913, resumed its sway and the trade of the world again offered as great opportunities as it did in that year, the British Empire might possibly have reconquered its great pre-war prestige ere now. This was not to be, however, for the war and post-war periods produced certain phenomena which now offer what are probably insuperable obstacles to a resumption by the British Empire of the supreme part it played in the world's affairs for many years before the beginning in 1914 of the cataclysmic struggle of nations.

In the political field the past ten years have been notable for the changes which have taken place within the structure of the British Empire. Certain of the Dominions have proclaimed their independence in respect to foreign affairs, and have taken

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to themselves a practically complete form of self government. Other Dominions have developed dangerous antagonisms to British rule and have created Imperial problems difficult of solution. An integral part of the former United Kingdom, Ireland, has assumed the status of an overseas possession, and some of the territory over which the British Government acquired "mandates" as a result of the war has proved to be a source of expense and trouble rather than profit and aggrandisement.

In almost direct ratio to the increasing difficulties of Imperial Government has the character of the British Government changed in such a way as to decrease its power of administration. The traditional imperialism of England has been best served in the past through the ascendency in public affairs of the so-called governing class. This class produced in each generation the necessary number of highly educated, intensely trained office holders and administrators, hereditary or otherwise. The education and training of these men and their natural proclivities resulted in a state of mind which, with certain variations, made them imperialists and in favor of a "close corporation" form of government necessary to a continuity of British policy. The break in this form of government came with the rising power of the mass of the people, more general educational facilities, and the extension of the franchise. Men appeared in the Government who were in antagonism to the old order. The erstwhile governing class lost its complete control of public affairs and entered upon a struggle for political existence which is still in progress but which will end inevitably in the extinction of that class as a concrete force in public life. With each political convulsion the waves of mass control wash higher and higher over the breakwaters erected by privilege, and while at times they are swept back and recede in apparent defeat it is but to come again with a more formidable advance later on. There is no question but that the more successful form of government for a political organization such as the British Empire, is that such as was in effect at the very beginning of the twentieth century. There is equally no question but that such a form of government has become impossible under the social and political conditions characteristic of the present time, for there has come about within the last few years an almost

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startling change in the relations of the mass of the people of a nation towards the conduct of government and the determinations of home and foreign policies.

Canada has taken the lead in asserting her political and economic independence of control by the British Government, and all the other English speaking Dominions have followed closely in her wake. The Nationalist movement in India, Egypt and other places under the control of the British Government has grown to such dimensions as to cause grave doubts as to British security in those directions. This decreasing solidarity of the Empire has come about largely from two causes: one, the increasing individuality of the various populations brought about by the spread of education and consequent increase of the Nationalist spirit; the other being a decided weakening in the practical Imperialism which was the guiding principle of a government of the Empire by a privileged class in the United Kingdom. Liberalism and Socialism, under one guise or another, originating with the intelligentsia and supported by an enfranchised proletariat, have honeycombed the British governing power. The natural sympathies of these forces with independence, self determination, non-militarism and internationalism have so softened the sterner outlines of British policy as to rob it of much of its driving force and have destroyed its former apparent immutability. Reason, argument and theory have taken the place of a single purpose to be carried forward at all hazards, by all means available, in any way possible and with a certain degree of disregard as to methods employed.

These conditions now prevail in practically every country more or less, but they are peculiarly interesting as they may affect the British Empire of today and the near future, for Imperialism does not thrive upon them, and Imperialism is the web upon which has been woven the pattern of British policy at home, within the Empire and in its relations to alien nations. The British Empire affords the greatest example of what can be accomplished by a relentless purpose in government that the world has ever seen since the Roman Empire fell to pieces through its own weight and in some ways for reasons not dissimilar to those which are now at work eating into the tie beams of this great imperial and more

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modern structure. In some respects the British Empire is now stronger, richer and more beneficent in character than it ever has been, but its character has changed. By a process of evolution it has been working towards the status of a Federation of States. If this process is allowed to complete itself, it is not impossible that the result may be even more notable and of much finer quality than the original conception of the imperial minded founders of the British Empire.

One of the most notable changes which have taken place in recent years is that in relation to the trade of the world. But a short time ago the British Government held itself aloof from commerce as such. Its axiom was that trade followed the flag. The business of the Government was therefore to push the flag or its influence in every direction which offered some return for the effort. It was left to those who conducted the commerce of the Empire to follow up any advance made by the symbol of British power. Immediately following the Great War the British Government concerned itself with the actual business of increasing the sales of British goods abroad and of securing territory or influence in parts of the earth from which needed raw materials might be secured.

With the advent of a Labor or so-called Socialist Government came a new phase, and that was concern as to the condition of alien peoples, especially the working class. Both of these moves, the one in which the Government itself became a trader and the manifestation of international sympathies as to the condition of labor, are remote from any purpose or intention of the older and more imperialistic form of Government. Since the time when the privileged and hereditary governing class met its first reverse at the hands of those who believed in a wider distribution of political power, there have been crises in which the nation gave signs of a reactionary tendency, but these movements which promised a return to the old order have made no progress beyond the first impulse; they have not been progressive in the direction desired by the extremely conservative. The fact of the matter is that the older governing class of modern times received its death blow as the dominant political power about 1910 or 1911. Those of its members who have endeavored to adapt themselves to the new

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order are still in the arena. Others, more obstinate or less comprehending, have been forced into retirement, full of concern as to the impending fate of their country, not a little sorry for themselves and anxious concerning the possible fate of their vested rights.

With the war of 1914 came the death of personal liberty and the control of the nation by a military aristocracy closely allied to that of the land by ties of blood and sympathetic beliefs. With the end of the war this joint dictatorship was loath to restore liberty to the individual, and the power acquired through the confidence and bewilderment of a nation in agony was retained, or so much of it as could be retained, and was used to assist the forces of reaction in an effort to regain an older status. It was not to be, however, for it was found that although "safe and sane" influences were once more in control, they were not quite the same; for while before the war the governing class had been free from industrial control, it was now practically at the mercy of what was proudly referred to as "a business Government". This was not what the ultra-Conservative forces had bargained for or wanted, for this was not the kind of Government which had nursed the British Empire into existence and brought it to the height of its glory.

A "business Government" could not last for long; it seldom does either in republics or monarchies; and again the vast body of the now enfranchised beat at the doors of Parliament and its representatives gained entrance in increased numbers. The tide of reaction will set in again from time to time, but with ever decreasing force; for in Great Britain as in every other country the inevitable alignment of the voters will be to the Right and to the Left, and even those of the Right will bear close resemblance to those who in years gone by were looked upon as dangerously Radical in their beliefs. The older type of ultra-Conservative is dying out. By the time another generation has come to maturity, it will be referred to in much the same terms as are now applied to what is called Early Victorian.

There is one product of this older civilization, however, the passing of which may well be deplored. That is the highly educated and able aristocrat, far removed from the ordinary sordid cares of life by his wealth and position, who gave of his services in

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times of peace as well as in war to the cause of "King and country". No other environment has produced his like. His faith in the political and social system under which he lived was simple and sincere. His honesty was above question; his loyalty to the death unquestioned; his belief in the present and future greatness and the enduring qualities of the British Empire a matter of course. With all his courtesy, his culture, and his admirable instincts, he looked upon himself and his fellows as men set apart by an all-wise Providence to direct the affairs of other men. This is what has brought about his downfall and is leading to the extinction of the type, for to have continued as he was it was necessary that education should have been denied to the masses of the people. To think for the people, to decide what was best for them, was his self appointed task.

When the people began to think for themselves and took to themselves sufficient power to have a say as to what laws should be passed, his day was done, for his very existence depended upon a fixed social and political state. The rising tide of Democracy engulfed him. There are a few of this type still to be found in the British system, but they are old, weary and confused, doubtful as to modern tendencies and pessimistic as to the future of Empire. They no longer have an important share in the events of the day. The work they did still stands, for they built the British Empire to what it is. It will take long to destroy it, but the last of the builders are living long enough to mark the signs of change and what from their point of view is a process of disintegration. Their pessimism must not be taken too seriously, however, for each cycle of time produces something of its own, and no man can say that what has been within his own experience surpasses anything which may come within the experience of others who are to follow him.

These matters are of great importance to any clear understanding as to the British Empire of yesterday and today. It is still the greatest force in world politics, and its interests are concerned with the affairs of every other country and nationality, owing to the far flung territory over which floats the British flag either as the flag of the country or over the British "Government House" to be found somewhere within the boundaries where it

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stands as the potential "culture" of British interests. British trade still remains largely faithful to the British flag. The financial powers of London still set the pace in foreign investments. In the London markets are still made the prices for most of the varied products which enter into international trade, and British ships still carry the bulk of the merchandise which travels overseas.

The war brought into high relief the fact that even the British Empire could, however, no longer stand alone in the enforcement of arbitrary measures upon the international situation. Other countries had developed; other nations had become too large and too well organized. From almost unlimited financial resources the British Empire may be said to have financed the war; but when it came to a final question of mass power and the supply of materials, a point was reached in course of time when assistance was needed, and was secured. In the year 1913 Germany had become the greatest European rival of Great Britain and was gaining on that country in several directions, notably that of foreign trade. Behind this matter of trade supremacy was the ominous shadow of a fierce rivalry for dominance in other international affairs. The theory of a balance of power evolved from the British Foreign Office led inevitably to a grouping of Powers which in time promised to precipitate actual conflict. It was a race to secure allies, and when this field of endeavor had become practically exhausted the two groups rested uneasily upon their respective territories, watchful and jealous of each other, strengthening their material forces at every opportunity, each realizing that the day would come when there must be a trial of strength.

When the wreckage of the conflict was cleared away, Europe emerged battle scarred and exhausted but with a new orientation as to international relations. France went into the war weak in many respects and much in the position of a little brother to Great Britain, with all a little brother's dependence and jealousies. France emerged from the war with a purpose which was to be as relentlessly pursued as was the erstwhile determination to triumph over German designs. That purpose was to restore France to a political and economic position in keeping

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with her traditions and commensurate with the ambitions of her people. From the making of the Versailles Treaty to the present time this purpose has never been lost sight of, and from the destruction, waste and horror of the greatest war in history has risen a new France, self contained economically and asking no odds politically of any one. France is no longer the little brother of Great Britain, for she has become the dominant power on the Continent of Europe, and in her industrial activities has become the rival of her neighbor across the Channel.

This position has been achieved by an absolute disregard of everything excepting her own immediate needs; a policy pursued with an almost cynical indifference to her obligations to or the needs of others. It is the most notable illustration in modern times of the principle that "charity begins at home" applied upon a gigantic scale. Great Britain, having assisted materially in bringing about this ascendency of France in the political and material affairs of Europe, sits brooding on the waters, wondering as to the future and realizing the newly acquired competitive power of her erstwhile weaker ally.

The British Foreign Office still keeps together with a notable continuity of purpose the bare bones of its pre-war policies, but they lack the flesh and blood of the days when no proletariat interfered with the councils of the heads of the State and no taint of Socialism intruded itself into the dealings of the British Government with other nations. The erstwhile strong and virile purpose is now weakened by the absence of the unrelenting directing power, unhampered by any doubts or hesitations, which was characteristic of the days when the electorate numbered only five million instead of the nearly twenty-two million of the present time.

The British Empire was brought to the height of its power under a free trade policy, with which the political Mandarins worked in sympathy and understanding. After the war, in a moment of weakness induced by depressed economic conditions and a feeling of hopelessness as to the future, the conservative element in the population of Great Britain suggested that perhaps a policy of protection to home industry and a scheme of Imperial preferential treatment would bring prosperity. This

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brought about a defeat at the polls, for a majority sentiment is in favor of free trade. It is interesting to note that this free trade sentiment is now stronger among the wage earners than it is with the property owners. This is due to a fear that the cost of living will rise under protection, and possibly to an instinctive reluctance to abandon a policy under which British industry rose to its pinnacle of world power.

Conditions have changed in that the countries of depreciated currencies, notably France, are now keen competitors, and that all countries have placed added restrictions upon imports in the effort to encourage their own industries and to discourage the exportation of money. The truth of the matter is, however, that no country is in the same position as Great Britain, and the adoption of a protective policy would beyond a doubt forever prevent the foreign trade of that country regaining its once lucrative standing. England was the great broker or exchange merchant in the trade of the world. Under the stimulus of this position British industry was developed to a point where it produced four or five times the bulk of goods which could be absorbed by the people of the British Isles.

Protection is for a country the population of which is able to absorb a large output of mills and factories and which presents an opportunity for constant development in that direction. Great Britain is already super-saturated with home products of manufacture. The only hope for the people is to regain foreign markets lost through the war or its reactions. The home market is not large enough to encourage mass production. In the United States, France, Germany and other countries of large and productive areas, the home market presents opportunities for expansion which are not to be found in Great Britain. These countries produce their own food, or the larger part of it. Great Britain must export her manufactures and raw material to pay for what her people eat. Imperial preference is a fallacy for this reason, for it is necessary to impose a duty before it can be taken off or scaled. It is also a fact that while the Dominions have responded to the overtures made for Imperial preference, they have also shown the intention of so adjusting their economic arrangements as may best suit their own needs.

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Whether British industry can live through to the time when it will not have to compete with wages paid in cheap money, and the purchasing power of the world's markets is restored to what was considered normal in 1913, is another question, but it is obvious that the adoption of a protective policy would be a confession of failure and would result in the permanent retirement of Great Britain from any claim in the future to a premiership in foreign trade. The entire economic and fiscal systems of the country would have to be revised, long established theory and practice cast aside, and the adjustment of a scheme of import duties would open up a Pandora's box out of which would issue the evils of monopoly, political corruption and special privilege.

It will be noted that in all countries where a protective policy has been more or less successful and export trade has likewise increased, no matter now great the figures of the latter may be the sales in the home market are the biggest end of the business. Protection countries which export do this on a surplus basis, and this enables them better to serve the home market. The plan as it is proposed for Great Britain would in theory reverse this position. It would be the surplus it is proposed to sell in the home market, the bulk of the goods going overseas to be sold in competition with the goods of other countries.

It is such things as these which give rise to the suggestion that possibly the Mother Country of the British Empire has seen her greatest days of industrial activity; that while her merchants will continue to cater largely for the needs of people in all other countries, thus maintaining her position as an international clearing house, her own exports of home produced manufactures will never again reach that point in volume which they touched before the Great War cast its blight upon the world.

According to the figures of values all is well with the trade of the world, but when the tonnage figures are ascertained it is realized that the export trade of Great Britain alone is still about twenty-five per cent. below what it was in 1913. With every effort possible being made by other countries to prevent an increase, and economic conditions everywhere unfavorable to such increase, it is difficult to believe but that it will be some time before British industry is able to get back to even the volume of output recorded

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of 1913, and it is not difficult to realize that it is highly improbable that Great Britain will ever be able to regain her lead among the nations as the greatest foreign trader of them all. Since 1913 the population has increased and the needs of the nation expanded. The normal increase of foreign trade before the war was about five per cent. each year, and in this respect and to the degree stated this vital feature of British life lags behind what it should be to fulfil properly its many functions in serving the welfare of the population.

British industry and finance maintain a brave and confident attitude, however, for the faith of those who have been served in the past is unshakable. The eyes of the nation are fixed on the future, and any expedient which will tide over what is believed to be but a temporary interval is considered justifiable, so long as no damage is done to the foundations of the British commercial system which is based upon good credit and national and industrial solvency. It was in this spirit and with this idea that a settlement of the debt to the United States was made, even at dire cost to the taxpayers of the present generation.

One of these expedients is the support of the unemployed out of the public funds, an enormous tax in itself and in the end one of doubtful value; in fact there are many reasons for believing it to be a dangerous method of maintaining social peace and of relieving distress, for by 1924 it had been in operation so long a time as to have a distinctly lowering effect upon public morality and to have weakened the character and stamina of a large and important element in the population. This may perhaps be counted as one of the evil effects of the war, temporary as time runs, and from which the nation may recover later on. To support in idleness for four or five years an average of a million and a quarter people accustomed to work for their living is, however, no light undertaking for any community, and the evils which may arise out of such a condition of affairs can readily be inferred.

Expediency and opportunism have been the key notes of the government policies of all the countries of Europe since the war, for the simple reason that the problems presented have been too overwhelming to be squarely faced. Some way around them has had to be found, and with amazing ingenuity this has been done

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in all instances. Crisis after crisis has made its appearance and has passed by without bringing disaster, but in no case has the solution possessed the character of permanence. It has always been adopted with the proviso that when times got better some other way would be found. The fact that the social systems of all the countries of Western Europe have not gone into the melting pot at some time or other during the past five years is significant of the innate respect of humanity for law and order and the universal desire of mankind for peace and prosperity.

The amount of actual material damage done to Great Britain during the course of the war was large, for it was that country which supplied most of the ships which were lost at sea, and in Great Britain itself the damage done by the military occupation, air raids and other destructive features amounted to a considerable sum. The British people through their Government have made good the larger part of these losses to the individual or the small community, but the sum total of all these losses is as nothing compared to the indirect damage done to British property and interests by the war and its after effects. No one of the Allies, not excepting France, has suffered more in respect to material loss as a result of the conflict, and the nation gave up long ago any expectations it may have had that German reparations would be secured in compensation. The British people have settled down to the conviction that they must foot the bill incurred for their share of the war, to say nothing of the vast contributions made to help out other countries, and they are meeting all of their obligations as fast as they come due with a grim determination to win out in the end. It is also to be remarked that they are paying their debts without waiting for good times to come again, and during a period when deep depression characterizes the special business interests upon which the prosperity of the people has long been founded and upon which it is dependent in the future.

In October, 1924, the Conservative party came back into political power through the self-abnegation of the Liberals after nine months of a Labor or Socialist Government. There was no issue in the election other than the defeat of the Socialists, and the latter were shouted down rather than defeated by argument. This election apparently clears the ground for the coming struggle be-

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tween the forces of the Right and Left. The Conservatives coming into power gave no promise of any constructive legislation, and it is apparently but a question of time when they will be ousted in turn, for the industries of Great Britain cannot be legislated into prosperity, and the unemployment problem is insoluble by other means than a natural revival of trade which will absorb the now surplus workers into active industrial life.

The foreign policy of the British Government will continue to be one of isolation until the European situation takes on a more definite shape. The tendency towards coöperation with other Governments, given considerable expression by the Labor Government of 1924, has received a check, for the Conservative element is more cautious of foreign entanglements and less ready to surrender any freedom of will or action for the British Government which would necessarily be involved in any general international agreement made for the purpose of enforcing a particular point of view. Having made a hesitating step towards internationalism under the impulse given as a result of a Labor Government being in power, the British Government will in all probability again retreat to what it considers firmer and safer ground. These advances and retreats are however but an indication as to changing public opinion, for in the days when the Government was more or less of a close corporation there were no such hesitations. There is one alliance into which the British Government would enter with the approval of all sections of opinion at home and throughout the Dominions, and that is one with the United States. As the foreign policy of the United States apparently forbids such an alliance, it cannot come to pass, or at least cannot progress beyond the status of a close *entente*.

An alliance between England and the new Germany finds many advocates and in most unexpected quarters, and one of the strongest arguments in favor of this move is advanced by the foreign trading interests. Before the war Germany controlled a great preponderance of the import trade of Russia, but it was the sale to Russia by Germany of British and American goods which gave Germany this ascendency. The British exporters are farsighted and practical. They realize that no country can

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compete with Germany in the trade of Russia for geographical and other reasons, and they deem it the part of wisdom to establish good relations with Germany so that as the German exporters regain their hold upon the Russian market it will be British goods which they will handle in supplying the needs of Russia rather than those of some other country.

The direct trade of the United States with Russia was never large, but the indirect trade through German hands was very large, and in certain lines, such as raw cotton, this trade must in time come back; but what the British exporters are most anxious to do is to increase the sale of British manufactured goods, and in some lines the Germans will find it more to their profit to exploit these goods than to push their own, this fact having been effectively demonstrated before the war even when Germany was at the height of her productive power.

Two paths now open before the Government of the British Empire. One leads to the bolder policy of a return to first principles, freedom of trade and a possible return to pre-war conditions after much travail. The other leads to a more quiet and peaceful haven through the adoption of a protective policy and a consequent relinquishment of all claims to vigorous and self-assertive leadership in international affairs. The most interesting question in connection with the future of the British Empire at the moment is therefore as to whether this veteran of many international bouts will continue in the ring or will be content to retire upon a competence already earned, surround the home with restrictive safeguards, and leave the more strenuous work of the international arena to younger rivals.

J. D. WHELPLEY.

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NOTES ON HUNGARY

BY ALFRED L. P. DENNIS

BUDAPEST is still a gorgeous city. Worn by the war, in turmoil during the Bolshevik revolution, and suffering yet from the hard period of economic and social reconstruction, its inherent characteristics nevertheless give to it the dignity and beauty which belong to one of the great cities of Europe. The two cities Buda and Pest which are divided by the Danube but which are linked by numerous bridges offer the mere tourist a contrast which grows less significant as the tourist lingers on and tries to absorb the live forces which are now at work in this dual capital.

On the left bank of the Danube rise sharply the hills of Buda and beyond them from Mount Svab and Mount Janos a magnificent panorama stretches at your feet. Buda is the Government quarter. At the southern end the citadel which is built on the site of an ancient Turkish fortress stands as a sentinel high above the entire city. Directly opposite the main parts of Pest there rise sharply the royal castle and the executive offices of the Government. To the north opens in less rugged fashion a system of beautiful parkways, while in the middle of the river below there lies the lovely little wooded island of Margit.

Pest, on the right bank, is dead flat, stretching out well beyond the railway stations to the park of the City Grove. As you drive from the railway station through one of the wide avenues you are curiously reminded of Paris. There are the cafés of the Boulevards with glimpses of gardens and tree-tops down the side streets. It is difficult to believe that you are in a town which for nearly a century and a half was the westernmost land fortress of the Turks. Here in Pest are the chief banks, the Bourse, the shops, and the new Houses of Parliament. Here, too, lives the bulk of the population—nearly a million—of whom almost seventy per cent. are Magyar or Hungarian. Outside of Budapest, where the percentage of Jews is naturally lower, the total of Magyars is now about ninety per cent.

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Budapest, however, is not Hungary. Before the Treaty of Trianon Hungary was "one of the most compact countries of Europe, rimmed by mountains and traversed by a master river." The Danube turns sharply to the south near Budapest and thus emphasizes its significant rôle as a great stream whose middle reaches are of such international importance. The rest of present-day Hungary is for the most part a great central plain stretching from the foothills of the Carpathians on the north to points in the low basins of the Danube and the Tisza in the south. Large sections, the most fertile portions, of this southern plain are now included in Yugoslavia. The eastern and mountainous part of pre-war Hungary, Transylvania, is now annexed to Rumania; the northern part which is also rough country is now included in Slovakia and is thus under Czech rule; while along the western frontier Austria has been assigned certain districts. To the southwest the mountainous tract which formerly gave Hungary its only outlet to the Adriatic Sea is today in the hands of either Yugoslavia or Italy.

Thus Hungary has been partitioned in such fashion as to deprive the state of important regions which have long been integral parts of the ancient Kingdom. In this way Hungary has suffered proportionally much more than Germany. These tracts were, furthermore, of great economic importance. This is not the place, however, to argue the justice or injustice of the Trianon Treaty. Certainly it has not smoothed the path to a real peace. Signed in June, 1920, it was negotiated at a time when American influence was scant in its moderating power. The state was just recovering from its experiment in Bolshevism, and business and economic conditions were at their nadir. Furthermore the shock to a proud nationality was profound and, psychologically, its effect was enormous.

The political and social background of Hungary thus deserves brief notice if we are to measure the effects of these changes and observe the results of the treaty which now seem to be emerging. In the earliest stages of Hungarian history the value of the Carpathians to the north and east as a real geographical barrier was great. Such a frontier gave opportunity for the development in the central plain of a settled civilization which, under King Ste-

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phen, definitely linked itself both by religious and cultural bonds with Western Europe. Thus Hungary was not one of the Balkan States but became the easternmost of western countries. Later the further development of national institutions did not sweep away local and domestic units of administration. These were to serve in the long struggle against the Turks and later against the Austrians.

The services which Hungary thus performed were of profound value to Europe at large. As Count Teleki well says:

> With sound political reserve it kept its independence free from both the German and Byzantine Empires and from mighty temporary nomad Powers. Hungary's fame made the Mongols concentrate their main attack on her and she imposed respect and caution on the advancing Turk for more than a century and a half. She saved the flourishing but politically divided Italy of the Renaissance, the pride of our civilization, and perhaps we could even say that there would have been no room for theological discussions in Switzerland or Germany if the Turkish avalanche had not been stopped.

Then came the great attack from the southeast. The Turks, who were coming to the climax of their power, finally inflicted on Hungary a tremendous defeat at Mohács in 1526. The way was now open to Budapest which became a Turkish fortress. The central plain of Hungary was Ottomanized with such effect that the vestiges of this Turkish occupation still remain with serious results to this day. To the east Transylvania continued a precarious existence as an independent region, while on the west and north the Hapsburgs began to lay hands. These three parts of historic Hungary thus continued till the final defeat of the Turks. The peace of Karlowitz in 1699 largely freed Hungary from Turkish rule. At the same time it introduced in effective fashion the growing power of the Hapsburgs.

The national spirit of Hungary had not been extinguished by Turkish oppression, though culturally and economically the country had suffered severely. The result was the acceptance of Hapsburg rule subject to limitations. The ruler of Austrian territories was also to be the King of Hungary, but his abdication or removal from the throne at Vienna would at once restore the elective monarchy in Hungary. The right to reject legislation was repeatedly exercised by the Hungarian Parliament which in its

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jealousy of Austrian influence chose to refuse many beneficent reforms. Modern racial problems received great stimulus during the eighteenth century when the population of Hungary increased by well over two hundred per cent., largely by immigration of foreign elements. Gradually the administration of Hungary was centralized at Vienna, thus furnishing reason for the abortive rising of 1848. Nineteen years later a compromise was arranged that lasted till 1918. Foreign affairs and defense were still left to Vienna, but self-government of a sort was now in Hungarian hands.

With the period of the World War Hungary was swept into the attack on Serbia and later to resist the threat of Russian invasion. As the collapse came the nation was eager for peace and quickly accepted a temporary republic under Count Karolyi, a great landowner and a pronounced Liberal. His government was, however, a failure and through its feebleness cleared the way for the audacious *coup* which set up a Hungarian Soviet in March, 1919. This was marked by hideous atrocities and by economic chaos. Its chief was Bela Kun, a Jewish labor official, who was soon acting under orders from Bolshevik Moscow. I venture here to quote from my *Foreign Policies of Soviet Russia:* "The direct incitement to change came from the treatment accorded to Hungary by the Allies. The lack of spirit which permitted Communists to seize power was due to Hungarian despair and to the weakness of Karolyi himself." Karolyi, who had sent for Bela Kun, did not actually sign the resignation which was published over his alleged signature. "But he got out; and the world went on without him." Thus he and his party showed themselves to be failures. At present they are indulging in the art of propaganda to stir up Radical opinion in their own behalf.

With the end of the Bolshevik revolt in August, 1919, there came a period of reaction and revenge which some have called a "White Terror". The excesses of these months were natural but regrettable. Their extent and duration have been much exaggerated. Naturally also the *émigrés* have fomented press attacks against the present stable government of Hungary. Most of these attacks are under the date line of London, New York or Vienna. Quite generally I disregard such propaganda as appears in some

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of our metropolitan dailies and magazines. It is the product of a lost cause and it is for the most part false.

From this hasty review of Hungarian political development it is apparent that the Turkish wars and occupation inflicted a marked and definite loss on Hungary. The stupidity of many Magyar leaders in the eighteenth century placed Hungary in leading strings to Austria till in the World War the direction of policy was at Vienna and not at Budapest. The vain endeavors of the late Emperor Karl to restore his royal fortunes by an appeal to Hungary were destined to fail. Even the leading Hungarian magnates begged him to withdraw from his mad enterprise. The constitutional right of any Hapsburg to sit as King of Hungary is vitiated because he no longer rules at Vienna. The result is that though he may be elected monarch in Hungary, such an event would not be due to any pre-war constitutional right. The Hungarian throne is now vacant; and it may be filled only by the elective choice of Hungarian representatives. Here, however, we tread on controversial ground.

This Hungarian Government which was set up during the latter part of 1919 and the first part of 1920 has now certain strong qualities which recommend it, and also certain faults. In the first place it exercises real power—"The first business of a government is to govern." The chief of state acting as Regent is Admiral Horthy, who with all of his decorations and in quarterdeck style acts at least as the figure-head about whom have rallied the forces of law and order. In the second place the fact that Count Bethlen continues as Premier is a source of strength. He is a man of rare ability who combines with a capacity to compose difficulties and differences a fine degree of energy and a lack of nerves. The Cabinet has recently been reorganized but is on the whole of the same type as before. It is roughly Right Center, though Count Bethlen may be deemed of the Center.

The third element of strength lies in the vigor with which the prosecution of reactionary conspirators has finally been undertaken. The "Awakening Magyars", a noisy but uninfluential party, included at first many respectable people. Latterly its propaganda and its actions have been guided by an extremist group. Naturally much has been made of its activities which

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lend themselves to headlines and extravagant despatches. During my stay in Hungary I was unable to discover that the organization exercised any appreciable influence. All men of sense, of whatever political party, warned me that the "Awakening Magyars" was a group of no political power.

If we turn to criticize we must first of all strip ourselves of any hard and fast prejudice in favor of republicanism or democracy. They may be slowly in the making in Hungary. But the prejudice and the power of centuries are against them. There is no substantial middle class with Liberal feelings exercising an influence in political affairs. Outside of the cities there is no secret ballot and consequently the influence of the landed aristocracy is considerable. The policy of these magnates has not been always for the best, though some notable reforms during the last hundred years have been carried through by their efforts. Some of the gentry and aristocracy are not great land owners but many of them have the prejudices of their class. Thus the proposed redistribution of land has dragged; but it is through such measures that the stability and progress of the Government must develop.

Socially the ruling class is probably the most charming in Europe. Even the common peasant is a likable person. Nowhere can you find greater courtesy and kindness than in Hungary. I recall what was to me a unique experience. I found a porter at the station in Budapest who had helped me with my tickets and baggage but who refused to take a tip. He said (in German): "You are an American and I don't want anything from you, because it was the Americans who saved our children." Later I persuaded him, much against his will, to accept a small amount. Thus the work of the Red Cross later bears fruit in a genuine friendliness to wandering Americans. Withal the stolidity and obstinacy of the Magyar race stands out. It has taken the hard pressure of necessity gradually to wear down the bellicose hatred with which they faced the harsh terms of the Treaty of Trianon. Those terms are not as yet willingly accepted but men no longer watch hopefully for the opportunities which the "next war" might offer. Instead they are getting to work and are casting about for the introduction of foreign capital to promote the de-

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velopment of industry. This is at present the main necessity for Hungary—that and rigid economy as to public finance.

However, the reactionary desire to compel the restoration of lost territories and a natural sympathy with the fate of national minorities now under alien rule continues. I recall the first night I spent on Hungarian soil in a railway carriage at Satoräljaüjhely, a small frontier station on the borders of Slovakia. There in the station-master's garden is a crude device. The garden is very primly planted with old fashioned flowers; in its center is a rough sort of grotto surmounted by the double cross of Hungary. Below is the inscription in Magyar—"*No! No! Never!*" This mark of defiant protest to the terms of the Treaty of Trianon was set up only a few years ago. So you also find on post cards and maps the outlines of old Hungary enclosing the frontiers of present day Hungary. Always are the words—"*No! No! Never!*" Thus there are incitements to an older national pride and to the ultimate recovery of lost territories and peoples perhaps with the restoration of monarchy. Who knows!—But the main facts now are the revival of industry and the development of sound finance. In these economic questions the international aspect of Hungarian problems becomes at once apparent.

The first steps in the rehabilitation of Hungary were taken in 1923. Then, in view of the apparent success of the scheme to assist Austria, it was proposed that a similar plan should be launched for Hungary, under the direction of the League of Nations. I have before me the essential documents, many of them containing information of an extremely technical sort. At this time, however, it will be possible only to touch on certain particular aspects of the plan and chiefly by way of comparison to indicate the interesting progress that has been made.

To quote from one of these documents:

> The new Austria is essentially a financial and industrial country. More than three-quarters of its population derive their living from finance, trade, and industry; less than a quarter from agriculture. The greater part of both her food supplies and her raw materials requires to be imported from abroad. The effects, therefore, of the loss of the external purchasing power of her currency were particularly rapid and disastrous. In Hungary the proportions of those engaged in finance, trade, and industry on the one hand and agriculture on the other are reversed. The great majority of her people live on the land, and in

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the prime necessities of life she is more than self-supporting. This fundamental difference, combined with other causes, retarded the fall of the Hungarian crown. In September, 1922, when the fall of the Austrian crown was arrested, the Hungarian crown possessed 32 times its value. For a long time it was hoped that Hungary could recover by her own efforts. But the wastage and disorganization caused by the war and the revolution, the liability to an unassessed reparation debt, the weight of other external obligations, the political and economic relations with her neighbors, and the continuance of an administration formed in more prosperous days, drove her inevitably down the same slope on which Austria had fallen more rapidly. Her receipts from taxation became less and less adequate for her expenses; her crown lost in value.

Furthermore "an improvement in the political situation was an essential preliminary of combined international action". People must get rid of the notion that Hungary is a perpetual "menace." They must understand that under careful supervision corruption is now the exception in Hungarian life. Such ideas are, I know, prevalent among prejudiced minds both in the United States and in England. The energy and honesty needed to assist the financial reconstruction of Hungary are now fortunately combined in the charming personality of Mr. Jeremiah Smith of Boston, Mass., who with an ever ready smile has grappled with his difficulties as Commissioner-General of the League of Nations for Hungary.

As a promise of the effective coöperation of the League it was possible to employ the services of Rumania, Yugoslavia and Czechoslovakia, and furthermore to enlist to serve as a committee a group of the most distinguished European international financiers. As the result of prolonged negotiations a report was adopted whose principles may be summarized as follows:

I. The stoppage of inflation with a view to the *stabilization* of the Hungarian crown, this being assisted by:

II. An independent *Bank of Issue* enjoying the monopoly of note issue;

III. The *balance of the budget* by June 30, 1926, so that thereafter current expenses will be met by taxation without recourse to either inflation or loans;

IV. A *reconstruction loan*, secured by specific Hungarian revenues, to cover the deficit till June, 1926, so that inflation may be stopped without waiting till the budget is balanced, which could probably never be achieved while inflation was still in progress;

V. A control through a Commissioner-General appointed by, and solely responsible to, the Council of the League, for the purpose of ensuring the due execution of the whole programme.

The success of the scheme so outlined requires:

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VI. Satisfactory *political relations* between Hungary and her neighbors;
VII. Suitable arrangements with regard to her *external obligations*, particularly relief credits and treaty charges.

And to be ultimately successful, the scheme requires to be supplemented by
VIII. *Economic restoration and development* and all the measures required to assist it; in particular, commercial agreements with neighboring countries.

To this end a loan was needed which was estimated at two hundred and fifty million gold crowns. This would meet the deficits during the two and a half years ending June 30, 1926. Under the circumstances Hungary signed on March 14, 1924, a protocol providing that she would loyally fulfil the obligations of the Treaty of Trianon.

The Bank of Issue was established by law and the capital of thirty million gold crowns was paid in. The National City Bank of New York deposited over six and a half million gold crowns while other foreign banks subscribed smaller amounts. Thus it was necessary for the Hungarian Government to underwrite only 11,850,000 gold crowns, of which considerable portions have already been sold. The pledged revenues of the State which included Customs, Tobacco Monopoly, Sugar Tax and Salt Monopoly, have risen between May 30 and November 30 from 188,403,000,000 paper crowns to 350,747,000,000 paper crowns. The results, by the reports available in January, are that the total foreign trade of Hungary during the first ten months of 1924 amounted to 1,002 millions of gold crowns (550.4 imports; 451.6 exports), as compared for the same period in 1923 of 611.5 millions (353.6 imports; 257.9 exports). Altogether this represents an increase of 63.8 per cent. in the total volume of foreign trade, of which the increase in exports reaches 75.1 per cent.

Prices still continue high, however, and are over the average for France, Austria, and Italy. They are lower than those in Switzerland, Great Britain and the United States; and the costs of living in Budapest are considerably less than those in Washington, D. C. As for the budget, which is now to be given every six months, from the figures available the estimates for July showed net expenses as 30,559,386 gold crowns and net receipts as 18,689,110 gold crowns, leaving a deficit of 11,870,276 gold crowns which of course had to be defrayed from the international loan

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which was floated about that time. The estimates for December showed a marked difference, however, for instead of a deficit there is a surplus of 4,126,605 million gold crowns. This has been made possible only by the cordial coöperation which exists between the Hungarian Government and Mr. Smith.

He very wisely has until lately deferred dealing with the thorny problem of the pensions accorded to State employees and with the over-staffing of certain branches of Government service. On this point in his report for June, 1924, Mr. Smith says:

> The question of the State employees is a difficult one and likely to remain so. Its importance is shown by the fact that, out of a total annual expenditure of 351.6 millions of gold crowns provided for in the first stage of the reconstruction budget, 210.8 millions of gold crowns, or substantially 60 per cent. of the total expenditure, is for pay of personnel and pensions, and this does not include the pay of the personnel in the State undertakings. In spite of the expenditure of these amounts, the State employees are not well paid on account of their excessive number, which is due partly to tradition and partly to the necessity of taking care of those State employees in territory lost by Hungary under the Treaty of Trianon, who preferred to return to Hungary rather than to become nationals of another country.

A start has been made, however, in the attempt to improve the plans by which the railways are managed; this branch of administration has been very costly and considerable reduction in the number of departments and simplification of administration is possible. Perhaps one of the most important administrative reforms has been the rigid separation between receipts and expenditures of government moneys established with the assistance of the Hungarian National Bank. This is described in Mr. Smith's report for June:

> All receipts are collected through the Postal Savings Banks (*Postsparkasse*); they cannot be drawn upon for expenditures of the Government but are remitted daily to the National Bank for account of the State, thus furnishing an exact daily record of the Government receipts. Each month the Ministry of Finance instructs the National Bank to open a special account for each of the different Ministries with the Postal Savings Banks and each Ministry is credited with its monthly appropriation provided for in the budget and draws on this account for its payments. While the decree necessarily contains many provisions relating to details, the fundamental principles are those just stated. By this method there is a complete separation of the receipts from the expenses of the Government, and the books of the Hungarian National Bank, which is independent of the Government, contain a daily record of all receipts.

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Underlying all these reforms there is the practical appreciation that national psychology plays an important part. Thus the May report to the League of Nations concludes with the sentence: "There is no reason apparent why the execution of the Reconstruction plan should not produce the expected results and instill in the Hungarian people that spirit of confidence and hope for the future which is one of the essential features of the plan". How seriously the expression of that psychology was affecting the development of Hungarian commerce can also be seen in Mr. Smith's report for September. He concludes with justice:

> Before the war Hungarian industry and commerce had a free market within the borders of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy, where there was a population of over 50 millions with no internal tariffs or any system of prohibitions, restrictions or licenses. Today, the Hungarian home market is limited to a population of 8 million people inhabiting about one-seventh of the territory of the old monarchy. In addition to the loss of free markets, Hungary, like other countries, has suffered from artificial obstructions to trade and commerce, such as absolute prohibition of imports and exports, retaliatory tariffs, regulations requiring import and export licenses (frequently issued only for limited quantities), and restrictions on dealings in exchange, some or all of which have been adopted since the war by many different countries, including Hungary herself, in the belief that they would protect the currency or improve economic conditions. It is evident that if industrial and commercial establishments, designed for a much larger country, are to regain anything resembling their former trade, they must secure larger markets than they now enjoy. The system of "prohibitions, restrictions and licenses" is now largely abolished, so far as Hungary is concerned. The prohibitions on export have been almost entirely removed, and the requirement of import licenses for the introduction of goods into Hungary, and their issue for only limited quantities, has also been very largely abolished. This is the result of a series of steps taken by the Hungarian Government during the last few months, the scope of which was largely extended in September and the early part of October.
>
> Though goods may now be imported without obtaining import licenses in most instances, they are subject, as a rule, to the duties of the new tariff law. But notwithstanding this, the abolition of the greater part of the post-war system of prohibitions, restrictions and licenses is an important step in advance. Negotiations for commercial treaties are progressing, and the conclusion of these will mark another step in the direction of establishing wider markets and freeing trade and industry from some of the economic effects of the war.

These commercial negotiations can only be summarized. An agreement was first signed with Austria in 1922. This, how-

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ever, is to be revised in view of the new Austrian tariff. It is quite understood that these negotiations will take some time, for the rates in the Austrian tariff have been put high for bargaining purposes. The general basis will, however, be the exchange of foodstuffs from Hungary for manufactured goods and machinery from Austria. Trade with Yugoslavia has also been satisfactorily promoted by an exchange of notes giving most favored nation treatment to the importation of goods by both nations. An agreement was signed with Rumania in April, 1924, on the same basis. As regards Czechoslovakia a temporary arrangement as to tariffs was signed in March, 1923, but this is now subject to revision as the negotiation of a new commercial treaty has been undertaken. The exchange of foodstuffs from Hungary for textiles and timber from Czechoslovakia will be the chief gain, though there are Hungarians who favor delay in these arrangements as they think they foresee an industrial crisis in Czechoslovakia due to over production. This they imagine may secure better terms for them.

Such negotiations, however, require also the greatest possible production on the part of Hungary. The map of the new Hungary, therefore, must be studied to see what new policies are possible for her and also to discover in what ways her future economic development depends in part upon the international coöperation of her neighbors. To measure the losses which Hungary endured by the Treaty of Trianon I quote from Count Teleki's lectures at Williamstown in 1921. Count Teleki was formerly Prime Minister of Hungary; his chief claim to fame rests, however, on his practical studies of economic geography. These have recently won for him a place on the Commission to settle the boundary dispute as to the northern frontier between Iraq and Turkey. In compact fashion he says:

> Maimed Hungary retained in 32.2 per cent. of her territory 41 per cent. of her former population. It retained an excess (in comparison with population) of: arable land, 42.9 per cent.; vineyards, 68.7 per cent.; wheat, 45.7 per cent.; rye, 62.9 per cent.; barley, 47.3 per cent.; swine, 51.7 per cent.; horses, 46.7 per cent.; industrial factories, 47.8 per cent.; and 54 per cent. of her swamps. It is short in the following, having retained only: meadows, 25.1 per cent.; gardens, 25 per cent.; pastures, 30.5 per cent.; woods, 14.3 per cent. (oak, 32.2 per cent.; beech, 13.7 per cent.; pine, 2.6 per cent.); oats, 32.2 per cent.;

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corn, 35 per cent.; potatoes, 39.1 per cent.; cattle, 34.7 per cent.; sheep, 27.6 per cent.; coal, 40.6 per cent.; iron, 6.5 per cent.; salt, bauxite, gold, silver, copper, antimony, pirite, manganese, 0 per cent.

Such figures indicate clearly the need of increased crops both for domestic consumption and for export. Intensive agriculture and the further development of coöperative farming are important. For this irrigation is essential and particularly the regulation of water power. The larger rivers which flow across the central plain of Hungary now all have their sources in foreign countries. Disastrous floods can be prevented only by the coöperation of these foreign Governments. In belated fashion an international commission has been set up to deal with such problems; but much remains to be done. The development of canals and waterways is also an important element in the general programme.

This regulation of water power turns also on the rapidity with which deforestation is carried on by these other neighboring countries. For since these streams are not fed by melting snow or by glaciers the regulation of water supply can only be provided by storage dams and by careful and scientific forestry which will preserve standing such timber as is necessary. Furthermore the lack of fuel in present day Hungary, the acquisition by foreign States of coal and iron mines, and the seizure of huge railway stocks, chiefly by Rumania, at the time of the Bolshevik revolution, have all combined to render the problem even more difficult.

However, Mr. Smith's energy is a real asset for Hungary. No less important is the spirit with which the Hungarian Government under the wise direction of Count Bethlen has faced its task. I quote from Baron Korányi, till recently Minister of Finance, who has now resumed his post as Hungarian Minister at Paris. He said at the end of June, 1924:

C'est avec un jeune élan que la Hongrie se met a l'oeuvre de sa renaissance. Une nouvelle Hongrie surgit. Les bases viennent d'en être jetées.

ALFRED L. P. DENNIS.

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THE CALL TO PATRIOTISM

BY BISHOP WILLIAM F. ANDERSON

AMERICAN democracy is at the cross-roads. Is our government to meet its Waterloo in connection with the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution? If certain influential classes of our citizens continue to make war upon the Constitution no man knows what may happen. Lawlessness is the acknowledged peril of democracy. If the disregard of a law affected one statute only, the consequences would not be so serious, but when the Constitution of the United States is brought into wide contempt it is time for the lovers of law and order to sound the alarm. It is perfectly apparent that the American people do not at all appreciate the seriousness of the situation. If the prediction had been made ten years ago that we would have national prohibition at the time when it came, there would have been a feeling of general incredulity; but it has now been written into the Constitution by legal process and is as much a part of the Constitution as any other article of that sacred document. So that the issue as we now face it is not merely that of temperance or prohibition. It is a much larger issue. It is the question of the maintenance of the law and the support of the Government. The real question is whether a free people, having secured an enactment touching a moral issue, can enforce the law which they have enacted. If they cannot, then popular government breaks down. No utterance upon this subject has been more heartening or more to the point than that of Chief Justice Taft. During the years of its development the proposed prohibition amendment did not command his wholehearted support for reasons which he held conscientiously. But when it was written into the Constitution he declared that to be the end of the argument for all law-abiding citizens. This position is as sound and as inescapable as any principle of law can possibly be. There are those who regard the matter very lightly, and from many quarters of acknowledged influence there has been

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an effort to laugh it out of court by ridicule. There are many others who look upon it as a purely domestic affair pertaining only to our own country. The fact is that here is an issue with a world-wide setting of tremendous significance. This will become easily apparent as the following propositions are considered:

First, during the last fifty years or more there has been a world-wide movement in all civilized lands looking toward freer government. It is one of the notable features among the countries of Europe since the outbreak of the War, where more than a score of kingdoms have fallen. In every instance, there has been an insistence upon a larger participation in government affairs by the rank and file of the people. This has been equally true of the nations of the Orient. China has been feeling after it, inconclusively to be sure, and yet very persistently, for a number of years. So, too, is India. And the papers have been commenting recently upon such a movement even in Turkey and countries of the Near East. It is not too much to say that it is a world-wide movement.

Second, the movement is traceable to the example of the United States more than to any other single influence. It is pathetic, how people in all parts of the world look toward America as God's Country. Our own nation has furnished the example of the largest experiment the world has ever seen in popular government. Travelers in the Orient tell us that Abraham Lincoln is the patron saint of the growing generations of those countries as truly as he is the patron saint of the growing generations of our own country.

Third, in the eyes of other nations American democracy is on trial, and the test which other nations are making of the efficiency of our Government focalizes upon the Eighteenth Amendment. If by any possibility America were to fail in this forward movement, the verdict all over the world would be that American democracy had failed. Discriminating men in various parts of the world consider that our achievement in government is still in the experimental stage. It is for the United States to answer the charge by demonstrating the efficiency of our government. If we were to fail it would mean the turning back of the wheels of progress as regards government of the people, by the people and for the people, for hundreds of years in all parts of the world. The

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destinies of many peoples are wrapped up with the integrity of the enforcement of this Amendment to the Constitution. No enactment of our National Congress has attracted such wide attention and elicited so much world interest since the Emancipation Proclamation.

Two or three classes of people among us are especially blameworthy. I have in mind, first of all, those who are entrusted with the enforcement of the law. For such men to make a fiasco of law enforcement is a crime against all federal authority and all good government. Happily, there are indications that many leaders are becoming aware of the situation. It was especially refreshing to read this sentence from the inaugural address of Governor Fuller, of Massachusetts:

> Violation of the prohibition amendment constitutes one of the gravest problems of the present day. As chief executive, it is my purpose to have the laws of Massachusetts enforced regardless of every consideration save that of justice.

Every law-abiding citizen of the Commonwealth should rally to this call of its chief executive. The people of this country are growing quite impatient of the alarming lawlessness which is rampant in so many places. There are unmistakable indications that the time is near at hand when the demand will be insistent for leaders of moral backbone who will require the "enforcement of the law regardless of every consideration save that of justice", in the language of Governor Fuller. It is noteworthy that Governor Smith called upon the people of New York to make Sunday, January 25, a day of prayer in their homes and churches in behalf of law and order. It is worth while to observe the exact wording of his proclamation. The picture of the Governor of the Empire State calling the people to prayer in the interests of the better enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment is one of the most unique and interesting scenes which American politics has furnished in this generation.

There is a widespread feeling that the Federal Government should take this matter very seriously. The destiny of the nation is in it. The Amendment was adopted by Constitutional process and every step must be taken to secure its conscientious enforcement. Anything less than this will make us the laughing stock of

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the world and democracy will speedily become a byword among the nations.

I have been amazed that so many sources of publicity have been so lacking in the appreciation of the vital interests of this perilous situation. There are, of course, exceptions. All honor to them! I mean to include in this group of offenders only those who have been at fault. I do not classify them. They classify themselves by their known attitude toward the law. We do not like to think about it, but one cannot help asking the question, "How largely is the press of this country still under the domination of the interests of the old liquor traffic?" I have sometimes found in the public press sentiments positively seditious. More than once I have put aside the morning paper with a feeling of disappointment and sometimes of disgust that no man was found in its management who would speak a brave word for his country's honor and safety. If we continue to sow to the wind we are sure in due time to reap from the whirlwind a revolution which will imperil the very foundations upon which our Government and its institutions are builded.

There is a class of would-be respectable citizens who treat this whole matter contemptuously as though it were a joke. Some of them belong to the so-called higher social classes. Their practices are vicious in a degree which it is difficult to characterize. By this course they are creating a class hatred which is detrimental to every interest of good government and good order. By these practices they have made many of the laboring classes feel that there is a discrimination in the law in the interests of those who have sufficient social standing to defy the law. The situation calls for courageous and heroic treatment. Such men are breeders of bitterness. They are sowers of sedition: they court the fires of a thousand hells upon our beloved America. They are our most undesirable and our most dangerous citizens.

The Eighteenth Amendment of course is not 100 per cent efficient. What law is? Take the law against murder. One man in every 12,000 in the United States dies by the hand of a murderer—in Great Britain, one man in every 456,000. But that the law is making remarkable progress is the testimony of such expert economists as Mr. Babson and those who know the facts in the

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case. In view of the situation, what are we to say about the bootlegger and those men who connive with him for the defeat of the law? There is but one answer. The bootlegger is a traitor to the United States Government and to popular government of every form in all parts of the world. The same is true of the newspaper management which apologizes for him and the man who aids and abets his nefarious business. Our Government upon occasion when the case has required it has treated in a very straightforward manner those who have been traitorous in spirit and practice. It would be a very wholesome thing if the public were to see the situation in its right light and were to deal in peremptory fashion with those who undertake to overthrow the Constitution.

I believe the time is not far distant when there will be a sentiment among the law abiding citizens of this country to see this matter in its true light and to deal with it accordingly.

I am not speaking now primarily as a prophet or as a reformer. I am speaking as a patriot, as a man who loves his country and who believes that its Constitution should be maintained and the majesty of its laws held sacred by all who enjoy its protection. I prize our heritage as American citizens next to the Christian revelation. This condition holds a unique opportunity for the moral forces of the Republic. Our country was founded in a period of high moral idealism unsurpassed in the history of the world. Its Constitution was the crystallization of the best thought and aspiration of the age which gave it birth. From that day until this day in every hour of crisis and peril the churches have proven the backbone of the nation. It is now time for the people who believe in law and order to rally to the nation's need in an hour of lawlessness and peril. True patriotism takes root and comes to fruitage in earnest moral conviction. It was this which gave solace to the burdened soul of the immortal Lincoln, who thanked God for all the churches. More than once this nation has been adjudged a Christian nation by high legal authority. As it is so in theory, let the moral conviction of all the churches heartily unite to make it so in fact.

WILLIAM F. ANDERSON.

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MORE LIGHT ON LORD MORLEY

BY BRIGADIER-GENERAL JOHN H. MORGAN

THE personality of Lord Morley, the last but one of the great Victorians, seems to exercise an extraordinarily captivating effect on a generation to most of whom he can be little more than a name. He being dead yet speaketh and every word of the oracle appears to be treasured as though it were a pearl of great price, as indeed it is. In a recent book I have partially lifted the veil which enshrouded the personality of this, one of the most retiring men of his time, inaccessible to all but his most intimate friends and, in some wayward moods, not always accessible even to them, with the result that many of the reviewers have suggested that I should go further, one of them, indeed, in *The Scotsman*, suggesting that it is "incumbent" on me to write yet another book on the same lofty theme.

I have no intention of responding to the invitation. Material, indeed, I possess in abundance, but it is biographical material and, so far as I am concerned, Lord Morley's ban on a biography is decisive. But to that book, which was an appreciation suffused with personal reminiscences, I can add a chapter of recollections, the harvest of a further quest in my records, and here it is.

I have emphasized elsewhere that Lord Morley was what he has said of Mr. Gladstone, "at heart a solitary man". He had one intimate companion of his own age and generation, and with the death of that companion he never had another who occupied quite the same position. That companion was Mr. Joseph Chamberlain.

The friendship with "Mr. G.", as he always called Mr. Gladstone, was of much later date; indeed it was extraordinary how suddenly, like some political afterthought, it developed. The link which forged it was, of course, Home Rule and Gladstone's conversion thereto, though I suspect that a common interest in ecclesiastical history did something to weld it. Men, unlike women, are not, as a rule, jealous of one another's friendships, but Mr. Gladstone, an overwhelming personality if ever there was

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one, questioned, if he did not resent, his new lieutenant's long-standing friendship with his—Gladstone's—great political antagonist. "He never could understand," Lord Morley remarked to me, "my friendship with Joe, and he used to say so." It was a subject on which Gladstone and Morley had to agree to differ. Chamberlain's long and tragic illness, ending in death, was an irreparable blow and deprived Lord Morley of the companion of most of his pleasures and all his Continental holidays. Henceforth he travelled alone—a kind of transient embarrassed phantom in the capitals of Europe—Paris, Berlin, Rome—a solitary visitor brooding wistfully over the monuments of the past. Only a year or two before the War he visited Berlin and visited it so quietly that the public, so interested in the almost pompous mystery of Lord Haldane's celebrated "holiday", never even knew that the most eminent of his colleagues had been there. "I saw no one," he told me afterward, "except the correspondent of *The Times*." "I went to Rome," he said on another occasion, "but I soon came away—there were only two people I wanted to see: the Pope and the Vicar-General of the Jesuits, and I saw neither"—a curious and significant illumination of that obverse side of his character which lured the great Agnostic, by an inexorable attraction, to communion with princes of the Church. The attraction was often felt and always resisted, although its influence is apparent enough in all those passages in his writings where he deals with Ignatius Loyola, with Calvin, and with the great pontiffs of the Middle Ages.

To a very eminent Scottish divine, Dr. Whyte, who, strongly counter-attracted by Morley's personality, once ventured to pay a call on him at his house in Chelsea, he said: "You are the first of your cloth to cross this threshold." Those were, indeed, days when the name of John Morley was anathema to most of the clergy and to a great many of the Whigs. "Atheist" and "Jacobin" were the terms which the more timid and intolerant of them applied to him. "There goes St. Just," said Lord Thring on one occasion, pointing after him; "he would cut all our heads off." Mr. Chamberlain in his Radical days was not more abused.

All that, of course, he lived down by his trenchant honesty of conviction, until the day came when, on his elevation to the

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House of Lords, he was received by the Peers as one of themselves, many of whom, indeed, on both sides of the House, notably Lord Curzon and Lord Rosebery, had long been numbered among his intimate friends. He was not insensible, in his dryly humorous way, to the charm of the translation. "What on earth do you want to go there for?" Mr. Asquith[1] asked him when, with increasing deafness and physical languor, he found the task of attendance in the House of Commons too arduous and raised the question of his translation to "another place". But in his old age the austere dignity of the House of Lords had an undeniable attraction for him.

"I've been keeping good company of late," he remarked to me with a smile just after his elevation to the Peerage, "I think my fellow Peers welcome me *since they have discovered I can govern India*"—a characteristic estimate of himself as a powerful autocrat. He loved to wield the sceptre. Never, indeed, did he enjoy himself more than when, with the patents already made out for the creation of hundreds of Peers, in the constitutional crisis of 1911, he got up as spokesman of the Government and, in magisterial tones, put the Lords to their election: whether they would agree with their adversary quickly and pass the Parliament Bill into law, or submit to the inexorable exercise of the prerogative.

Once, when as Secretary of State for India he had to go down to the House and announce a fateful decision as to whether a punitive expedition should be undertaken against the Zakka Khels, he was asked by Mr. Austen Chamberlain how the responsibilities of high office compared with the attractions of a literary life. His reply was, not for untold publishers' royalties would he exchange the satisfaction of saying "Yea" or "Nay" in great affairs of State for the solitude, the nervous exhaustion, the introspection of the life of letters.

His judgments of men, as I have recorded them, have been acclaimed, and rightly, by reviewers as proving that he was, in these matters, a shrewd and penetrating observer. But he was not infallible. I think he underestimated Lord Kitchener, of whom he once said, "A stupid face". Still more questionable was his esti-

[1] Since the above was written, Mr. Asquith has followed his old friend into the House of Lords, and is to be known as Earl of Oxford and Asquith.—EDITORS.

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mate of Dilke. On someone praising him in my presence, he said: "Industrious, I grant you, but a shallow-minded man if ever there was one." And his judgment of Lord Grey's intellect was certainly unduly colored by his dissent from his policy. On the other hand, he could as a rule rise above a momentary personal annoyance. When Mrs. Asquith published his letter of resignation, under somewhat peculiar circumstances, he was greatly annoyed, but his annoyance was completely subjugated by a visit from the enterprising authoress. "After all," he said, "she is what Meredith said she was—a *bon camarade.*"

Morley's tenderness of heart was one of his most engaging characteristics, but this great apostle of Pity—and it was for his divine compassion that he almost idolized Victor Hugo—could be an inflexible minister of Justice. I recall a conversation on the subject of capital punishment which began with the almost intolerable tragedy of the last chapter of *Tess of the D'Urbervilles.* "When Matthews was Home Secretary," he remarked, "he used to be positively ill for hours when he had to consider the advisability, or otherwise, of a reprieve. Now when I was Chief Secretary for Ireland I had four such cases to deal with and they did not cost me a sleepless night." They were, however, clear cases of guilt. And Morley was no sentimentalist. He had none of that morbid tenderness for the criminal which forgets the crime.

I have said elsewhere that his three great heroes among nineteenth century statesmen were three great "realists": Disraeli, Cavour and Bismarck. But, in spite of a continual bias towards Disraeli—one of his literary ambitions was to write his biography, he had other and competing preferences—witness the following:

LORD MORLEY: Do you agree with the view now generally expressed that Peel was a mediocrity?

J. H. M.: No.

LORD MORLEY: You are right. The three great statesmen of the nineteenth century were Peel, Cobden and Mr. G.

And for "Mr. G." he had an open and confessed "adoration"—I use his own expression—not untempered by criticism. There never was a Chancellor of the Exchequer more passionate for economy than Gladstone, even in the smallest things, and Morley used to relate with approval many instances of his vigilance. If

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the Foreign Office weekly bill for telegrams showed ten shillings above the average, Mr. Gladstone used to send a note across to ask if anyone had been sending private telegrams at the public expense.

When he was Lord President of the Council, Lord Morley once showed me at the Privy Council Office a handsome pair of silver snuffboxes of the time of Queen Anne and a pair of silver snuffers of the period of Charles II, adding: "But for Mr. G. those would be my perquisites when I quit this office. Every Lord President used to claim them as souvenirs, but Mr. G. came to hear of it, and put a stop to a practice consecrated by centuries of usage. Where public economy was concerned nothing was too small for him."

Morley was, indeed, himself a careful economist in his own affairs, for he had known what it was to live by the sweat of his brow. He had no private means and the fortune he left—some £60,000—was the harvest of his own earnings, prudently invested by the advice of a certain great City magnate who was one of his personal friends.

Although a most hospitable man and a very good judge of wine, he lived with a certain austere simplicity; his establishment though comfortable was not large and he never maintained a car or kept a butler. His elevation to the Peerage made no difference in this respect: "We middle-class people disguised as Peers" was how he once classified himself, and he lived like a member of the upper middle-classes whose household is distinguished by good taste, choice engravings, a good library (it was the one palatial feature of his house), a very small retinue of woman servants, and a chaste simplicity. He was the recipient in his old age of some testamentary benefactions which did as much honor to the donors, Lord Armitstead and Mr. Carnegie, as to the donee, but the bulk of his fortune was the result of his literary work and, considering that he never was a "popular" writer in the sense of a "best seller", he was, financially speaking, remarkably successful. Yet the only book of his (with the possible exception of the *Recollections*) which had a really large sale was his *Life of Gladstone*.

The success of that biography was, indeed, instantaneous and

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phenomenal, and he once told me that its sale had reached 160,000 copies, adding modestly: "I suppose it is the only book of mine that will live." Modestly, and quite wrongly. His little book on Burke is, and will remain, a classic, and the same is probably true of the famous Essay on *Compromise*. The fate of the others is more doubtful, but so long as there are people who love a style which is "a pure well of English undefiled", they will surely always be read by the elect.

Many writers of late have commented on what they call Lord Morley's "vanity". Vain he certainly was about small things, such as precedence of place on ceremonial occasions; no man, even the greatest, is without weaknesses. But that vanity certainly did not extend to his own literary work; there never was a writer more modest in his estimate of his writings. When he heard that I had been invited by the Editor of *The Nineteenth Century* to write an appreciation of the *Recollections* he wrote:

> I am downright glad that you care to have my book and care enough about it to think it worth an "estimate" or "appreciation". There is no man whose estimate will interest me more, for I know no other man whose competence and range of knowledge are so wide and well-practised. Perhaps this very thing makes me *quake* a little, but then I recall your great indulgence to me on many a past occasion and then I quake no more but possess my soul in patience till January.
>
> I wish we could renew our old talks and hope very confidently that we shall. But just now the winds the other day caught me by the larynx and I must cultivate silence for a short season. (28th Nov., 1917).

I have said that he was a realist in politics, which is only another way of saying that he had little faith in an idealist interpretation of history. Towards the end of his life, indeed, he had little faith in Progress itself and still less in the working of a moral order in the world. During the War I spoke on one occasion of a "Nemesis" in history. "Is there one?" he replied, to which I answered "I mean a moral judgment in history." "I know it's unfashionable among my friends to say it," he retorted, "but I doubt if there is one. And, more often than not, it's a vicarious punishment, if there's punishment at all. It's not the sinner who is punished but his innocent offspring, whether you're dealing with nations or with men. One generation sins, another generation suffers for the sin."

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On one occasion the conversation diverged to the Jews:

LORD MORLEY: Are you an anti-Semite?

J. H. M.: No. But I always feel they are different. There's something inscrutable about them.

LORD MORLEY: Ah yes. After all, they are Orientals. Minto said to me the other day "The—(naming a high Oriental potentate) is charming, supple, distinguished: But I feel I never know what he really thinks."

He was, as I have remarked elsewhere, shrewdly critical of Mr. Lloyd-George but, characteristically enough, he did not subscribe to the common criticism that he was too autocratic a Prime Minister in his ignoring of his colleagues in great affairs of State. Morley himself, indeed, when Secretary of State for India, was extremely averse to taking his Council into his confidence—one of them told me that no Secretary of State had ever consulted his Council less and that he had a habit of acting first and asking their opinion afterwards. The following is thus entirely consistent with his own course of action as a Minister:

LORD MORLEY: Curzon doesn't seem to carry weight. Why?

J. H. M.: Because Lloyd-George ignores him. The Prime Minister has usurped the functions of the Secretary of State. The Foreign Office is kept in the dark.

LORD MORLEY: But in a crisis no Cabinet as a whole is ever consulted. I never knew one that was. After all, at such moments as these, LL-G. is right in keeping all the threads in his own hands.

(30th July, 1920).

None the less Lord Morley, with a very human inconsistency, took an entirely different view when it had been his turn to be ignored, and nothing moved him to such wrath as the secret diplomacy, as he called it, of the three Ministers, Haldane, Grey and Asquith, whom he regarded as partly responsible for the sequence of causes which led to the outbreak of the War. As is perhaps pretty well-known, Lord Haldane wrote during the War and circulated privately among his friends a kind of political autobiography, some portion of which, but by no means all, has since been published under the title of *Before the War*. Lord Haldane circulated it to me, after having previously shown it to Morley, and, when I had read it, the latter asked my opinion of it. My opinion does not matter; the interesting thing is Morley's own. "The severest thing I can say about it," he commented, "is that it's

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new to me. Why wasn't I told these things before as a colleague?"

Morley, whose acquaintance with French literature and French politics was peculiarly intimate, had known Clemenceau well, and of many stories of the most combatant of French politicians here is one which exhibits him in his most "tigerish" mood:

Clemenceau is a man who can hate. He hated Gambetta. I was dining with him at the Café de Paris on the night the news of Gambetta's death was being cried on the Boulevards. When he arrived—late—I said to him "Have you heard?" "Ah," he said nonchalantly, "I suppose you mean the death of Gambetta. It is not an event; it's only a piece of news."

One night in the appropriate *milieu* of the Senior (United Service) Club, of which he was an honorary member, we had a long talk about Napoleon and Wellington. It was an evening not easily to be forgotten, for it was barely a year before his death and, helping him into his coat (with characteristic kindliness he had first insisted on helping, with trembling fingers, me into mine), I was struck with a pang of apprehension at his emaciated arms, the emaciation of extreme old age, and at the frailty of his figure —in startling contrast to the brilliance of his talk at the table only a few minutes earlier. It was as though the mind, like an imprisoned spirit, was already poising for its flight from the fragile tenement of clay.

LORD MORLEY: I have been reading up Napoleonic literature. Do you remember Joseph Bonaparte's melancholy description of Napoleon: "My brother is not a great but a good man"? Surely a momument of fatuity of judgment! Napoleon is as great as he ever was. But Joseph's remark would not have been so foolish if he had limited it to Napoleon's work as a *statesman*. It was not creative. I should call it "good but not great." And Wellington spoke truly when he said Napoleon was not a gentleman. Tell me, Does Wellington's military reputation still stand high?

J. H. M.: Surely yes.

LORD MORLEY: Ah, I'm glad. Of him as a soldier I cannot speak, but I like his magnanimity. He knew how to be moderate in the hour of victory.

That evening, with its foreboding of deepening shadows, was the last time I saw him, although we corresponded almost to the end. I was rarely in England and, owing to my serving abroad, never except on leave and short leave at that. A few months before the end I wrote to him telling him I was home on leave, and

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received in reply a letter the handwriting of which was graceful and flowing, as his handwriting had always been, but the tracery bore painful marks of extreme effort:

> It has been a true pleasure to me to hear from you. I wondered if I had been at fault for our long intervals of silence. If so, my only excuse is that I have [been] physically languid and even my plainest duties fall back. Now when shall we meet? Where? Would Friday here at 7 be possible? Or Saturday evening? If not, then propose something, S. V. P. I should never forgive either you or myself if we did not meet—Yours always, M."

But the gods had willed otherwise. A critical situation suddenly called me back to Berlin. I never saw him again.

JOHN H. MORGAN.

London.

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EMILY BRONTË: THE PROBLEM OF PERSONALITY

BY AUGUSTUS RALLI

EMILY BRONTË is among the great ones whom it is said that we do not know, and the curiosity that seeks to know more of a writer than his works reveal has been condemned as unworthy. We are told that since he has expressed his mind, and so given his best to the world, we should not hunt after mere personal details. That this objection sounds more plausible than it is, and the modern instinct to make biography intimate is not a mistaken one, is the task here set before us to prove.

Let us realize in the beginning that art is a social virtue, that the ultimate reward of all success is social success, and that man is incomplete till he has expressed not only his mind but his personality. The supreme fact of life is personality, and its expression can be attained only by contact with men and women. To win battles, sway senates, discover new lands, write immortal verse: beyond all these, beyond even the mind's satisfaction in exercising its powers, is the approval of such as have done like things, is admission sought and won into the Paradise of this world—the kind glances of fair women and brave men. Disraeli's social success pleased him as much as his political, and there have been great men without personal magnetism, such as the American General Grant, or Jenner of vaccination fame. An aristocracy of pure intellect will never possess the earth, and the unkempt man of genius no longer excites admiring wonder. While man inhabits the earth he consists of body as well as mind; the ascetic ideal that despises the body as a clog to the spirit is rejected; and the modern culture of the body implies that it is a means of expressing the soul. Did not Leonardo da Vinci say that one of the two most wonderful sights in the world was the smiling of women?

Plato commended the spoken above the written word, because

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its meaning is strengthened by change of voice, glance of eye, movement of hand; and we need only revolve in our thoughts a few homely instances to be assured how vain it is to dispart mind and body. A letter cannot compensate for an absent friend, and a bore is a person whose utterances may be foretold. A twice-told tale will weary, and words that passed almost unnoticed may return and rankle in solitude, and again dissolve like a dream when the speaker is beheld once more in the flesh. A child prefers a story told rather than read from a book, and the very word "lecture" is evilly associated. Gloom envelops a company when a person adopts the lecturer's tone, speaking in a manner once removed from the personalities of his hearers, solving the problem by the help of ready made wisdom instead of that generated by the immediate contact of minds. A great orator creates the illusion in each member of his audience that he is spoken to directly; and a letter writer of genius never loses contact with his correspondent, whether his theme be objective or subjective; whether it be Cowper analyzing his religious melancholy, or Horace Walpole describing the Gordon riots.

The conclusion is that mind and body express each other, and we do not know our fellow creatures by one alone. Because of the few surviving details of his life we do not know Shakespeare, though through the mouths of his characters we have his thoughts on every subject in the world and beyond. Much of the cloud of darkness surrounding Chatham has been dispelled by the discovery of his latest biographer, Mr. Basil Williams, that he was exceptionally grateful for acts of personal kindness. Modern critics like Mr. T. S. Eliot and Mr. J. Middleton Murry affirm that every mental process has its equivalent in the world of sense; indeed Mr. Eliot says that *Hamlet* remains obscure because Shakespeare failed to find something in the outer world corresponding to the hero's disgust at his mother's conduct. It pleases us to think that the essence of the immortal biography is contained in Dr. Johnson's stentorian call to his servant Frank for a clean shirt, when Boswell had pleaded successfully with Mrs. Williams and the road to the Wilkes dinner party lay open.

The lack of objective correlatives places Emily Brontë among the unknown. Yet the task must not be abandoned, even if we

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make only the slight advance of realizing more fully the difficulties that beset us. If personality is the force proceeding from united soul and body made objective by the difficulties which stay it or which it overcomes, we can learn something by inquiring into the nature of the difficulties. We think of Cowper succumbing in his struggle with the wish to believe; FitzGerald self-banished from a world he found too hard; Swift finally baffled in his desire for power and place and retiring to die like a poisoned rat in a hole—to use his own phrase; Charlotte Brontë vainly seeking love as a refuge from hypochondria: and in consequence we know much of all these. Then we turn to Gibbon or Wordsworth, both of whom realized their personalities objectively—the one in his history, the other in contemplating nature and giving to his thoughts enduring form. Again, we have a middle class such as Byron and Carlyle, who achieved great fame but remained miserable—the one because of his lost social reputation, the other through imperfect faith and despair at the condition of the world.

With Emily Brontë there is a break between the operations of her mind as her books reveal it and the few biographical facts that have come down to us. We know that she was the least accessible of the three sisters of genius in the remote Haworth parsonage. She refused all acquaintance beyond her family, and yet was passionately interested in the fortunes of the people about her. As Charlotte says: "She knew their ways, their language, their family histories; she could hear of them with interest, and talk of them with detail, minute, graphic, and accurate; but *with* them she rarely enchanged a word." At school in Brussels she spoke to no one, and although, with Charlotte, she spent her weekly holiday at the house of an English family, she remained throughout impenetrable to friendly advances. Heger remarked upon her capacity for argument, unusual in a man and rare indeed in a woman; adding that hers was a stubborn tenacity of will which rendered her obtuse to all reasoning where her own wishes or her own sense of right were concerned. Mrs. Gaskell described her as reserved in the least favorable sense of the word; that is, indifferent if she pleased or not. When she went as pupil to Roe Head and teacher to a school near Halifax, she succumbed to homesickness, and her year's absence in Brussels was nearly

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cut short for the same reason. She loved liberty, she enjoyed passionately the lonely moors, and she loved wild animals because they were wild. Even in the small home circle she had a preference, and we doubt if she responded fully to the affection Charlotte lavished upon her. Charlotte described her as intractable, and observed that to advocate one side of a cause would ensure her adoption of the opposite. She began to write poetry without confiding in Charlotte, and was not pleased by Charlotte's chance discovery of her manuscripts. Perhaps her sister Anne, with a lesser mind, had a more receptive nature, and made a better companion to a woman of genius. To the end of Emily's short life the two played the game of make-believe which they called the *Gondal Chronicles*. No summary of facts should omit such harrowing details of her death scene as the silence she opposed to questions as to her state, and her refusal until too late to allow a "poisoning doctor" to come near her.

With every wish to estimate Emily favorably, it is hard to do so with the foregoing facts in mind. Exclusive family affection is not a commending trait, and one who persistently declines friendly advances is apt to forfeit human sympathy. In her last illness, had she no thought for the moral sufferings of her sisters when she refused to answer questions or see a doctor? And yet it is only fair to recall Charlotte's saying that she was full of ruth for others though without pity on herself. If we turn from Charlotte's direct sayings to her fictitious and therefore suggestive ones, we are equally baffled. Shirley Keeldar was supposed to represent Emily in happier circumstances, and yet, while external things such as the rich dresses she wore are much dwelt upon, we are not helped in the ultimate object of our search—a human soul made more beautiful on earth by the body.

There is enough to stimulate but not satisfy the imagination. We can picture the pleased expression on her face in solitude when anticipating her sisters' home-coming, the smile with which she greeted them, the especial look she reserved for Anne when they found themselves alone. On the reverse side we can picture the despair in her eyes when one after another came the harsh reviews of *Wuthering Heights*. But still we lack the actual collision of soul and sense with the outer world to make the vision real.

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Life is greater than art, the artist's mind surpasses his work, and the crowd of men, indifferent to art, never desist to seek God in their fellow creatures, though they may know it not. The example of Emily Brontë suggests two problems especially prominent at the present day: personality and hero-worship. Carlyle taught us that hero-worship is the adamant below which unbelief cannot fall; and that if you convince a man he is in the presence of a higher soul his knees are automatically loosened in reverence. Lately Marcel Proust remarked that some people think of society as an Indian caste in which you take your place as you are born, but in reality all is due to personality: the humblest can become the friend of princes, and there are many princes whose acquaintance no one desires.

Carlyle preached the doctrine of work; he predicted a commonwealth of workers, and advised the man who had no work to hide himself; yet he privately admitted true good breeding to be one of the finest things in the world, and remarked the care of well-bred persons to avoid all unpleasant topics in conversation. The two are contradictory, for the effect of strenuous work—other than artistic—is to materialize, and good breeding can only thrive in the soil of leisure. The kind of character developed by the Victorian professional and business man is an answer to those who plead the dignity of work; and the modern desire for education in late life is an attempt to restore the balance of the mind which every profession inevitably disturbs. The duty of work is to overcome difficulties; the powers which it develops are the combative or competitive; whereas the right use of leisure is to promote the growth of the soul—and the greatest soul is that which has the greatest power to love. Good breeding implies that the material struggle has been concluded generations back, that there is no need to compete with others for means of living and so acquire the habit of preferring things to persons. That a leisured class by attaining a certain mental outlook becomes the symbol of a more perfect life, alone justifies its existence in our distracted modern world, and makes the sight of luxury side by side with poverty at all bearable; and the toiling millions still feel an instinctive respect for those who dress finely and bear themselves graciously and do no work, despite the Communist orator.

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That leisure and accumulated wealth are daily put to the worst uses is a truth we will not stay to consider in our search for the conditions in which personality may develop. Something has been said of good breeding, but as the highest beauty lies in expression, and the world soon tires of perfect features that lack it, so the long-solved material struggle does but prepare the ground by eliminating gross desires. We return to Proust's saying, and also remember that Becky Sharp climbed the social ladder to be ultimately bored. The soul uses the refined body to suggest a higher beauty; for man seeks God in his fellow creatures, and it was a doctrine of the neo-Platonists that a beautiful person could not be wicked. Hence are those stories eternally fascinating which tell how gods or angels have come down to live with men.

Thus the world labors to produce a race intermediate between God and man: the body on which generations of leisure have worked as with a chisel, the feelings—when not blasted by pride—responding to the sorrows of the lowest, the mind touched by those arts and philosophies which add thought to beauty. And to become a member of this race is the crown of all earthly effort, including art. Keats and Shelley were two of the most intense lyricists of all time, yet each laid aside his art before the close of his troubled life because the world would not listen. Surely this tribute of art to life proves that man's deepest desire is to be approved by man. And what exists scattered in the mass of men is brought to a focus in this selected intermediary race. Each carries with him the memory of a human friend transfigured, and all moral codes and material considerations shrink to nothing by contrast with the immediate presence of man. He may be thought insincere, for he neither argues nor contradicts, never speaks a distasteful truth, promises what he cannot perform, and will discard a friend for an unlucky word. Yet through this over-value of mankind we see dimly on the outer edge of society something of heaven on earth, of the reign of love. But always the law holds good that heaven reveals itself through the earthly beauty of line and color: and so we end where we began with Leonardo's saying of the smiling of women.

To the opinions of Carlyle and Proust which have been the

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props of this argument we now add a third. Professor Bradley described the tragic hero as intense rather than extraordinary—as one who thought and acted in a manner little removed from the average person but more energetically. We admire Antony and Cleopatra, for instance, and contemn the politic Octavius and his impeccable sister. The modern craving for personality has displaced the balance too far from mere good breeding to the region of despotic will and tempestuous passion. Never has the lot of undistinguished people been harder, nor the bore more severely let alone. In old days the human race was united by the subconscious thought of the brotherhood of man; but now, in our eagerness to see the vision before the coming of night, we apply widely the mordant remark of Charles Maurras against literary egoists, that not everybody has a soul.

Having rejected the theory that an author's work is his best biography, but convinced that the writer of a great book has a great soul, and that to learn how this soul moved among us in its earthly vestments is to learn something of heaven, we pass on to glean what we can from Emily's books. And they also strike us, as did her life, by other-worldliness, by excess of soul over body. She has been called primitive, a descendent of giants and Titans, and so on, but this is not the emotion that *Wuthering Heights* conveys; she is on the hither side of civilization, not before it begins but where it ends, and what Carlyle called the dim waste that lies beyond creation appears. The wild scenery of Wuthering Heights, the lonely moors impassable in winter, the stony track that leads off the main road to the deserted farm, where the slant of the stunted firs and thorns shows the force of the north wind, the rude furniture of the dwelling, the hard manners of its inmates—all point to something far withdrawn from the world we know. We are on the pinnacles of the moral world, with its restraints and conventions out of sight; the scene is laid in a spot that has not changed since creation, and that symbolizes the end of civilization; and there is nothing primitive in the souls of those who act out their destinies in these abandoned tracts.

As we approach the stern tale, something of at least the outlying parts of Emily's mind will be revealed. As common traits of the characters we may cite intellectual vigor and sarcas-

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tic speech, such as we might expect to find in the Yorkshire farmer or land-worker, out of whom Heathcliff was idealized: the effect of a keen brain and little education, solitude, hard weather, rough work. When old Mr. Earnshaw dies late at night, the messenger dispatched for the doctor and parson returns with the doctor and says the parson will come in the morning. Heathcliff says sneeringly that Isabella Linton married him thinking he was a hero of romance, and at first none of his brutalities disgusted her. "I suppose we shall have plenty of lamentations now!" exclaims Catherine when Edgar at last realizes the mortal nature of her illness. Catherine again is under no illusions as regards her lover; she warns the infatuated Isabella that Heathcliff is a pitiless, wolfish man, not the kind who conceals depths of benevolence beneath a stern exterior. The above saying of Heathcliff leads to a further common trait of Emily's characters: their self-consciousness. Catherine speaks of turning her fits of frenzy to account; Linton Heathcliff admits he has a bad nature and cannot be scorned enough, and is too mean for the younger Catherine's anger; and many other instances spring to the mind. It is the trait which makes Shakespeare's characters psychologically real and individual: from Richard III, where it shows rather crudely, to the most consummate examples of his genius: Hamlet, Iago, Falstaff.

Like Shakespeare, Scott, Jane Austen, like all the most creative artists, Emily's characters become objective and self-moved; the one point of contact with her personal nature is sarcasm. But it is a sarcasm bound up with intellectual vigor: the power to foresee clearly, while others, blinded by mere wishes, are dimly groping after truth. Keen untutored brains struggling with hard conditions might foster its growth in her models, but with Emily the cause was excess of spirit reacting on her own powerful mind, making this earth too small a point to see realized the thoughts she drew from the infinite. The note of Charlotte's writings is regret; Charlotte would have been happy in a full family life, in society, in contact with any persons who treated her kindly. The tragedy of her life was enforced solitude; whereas Emily, if she ever had worldly desires—and we gather from her poems that she had—conquered them once and for all. No doubt she grieved deeply

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at the immediate failure of *Wuthering Heights*, and she resigned further literary work, yet the fact remains that the balance is shifted too heavily on the side of soul for us to see her as a glorious earthly figure.

Charlotte describes nature as one who loves the joys of this world; the beauty of her landscapes in dawn or sunset is heightened by the suggestion from her own mind that another day has passed, and her hopes are unrealized, and death will come. Also, the love that she describes, though transcending time and space, is not entirely strange to earth. Most of us when first reading *Jane Eyre* in childhood knew that we were falsely told in the concluding chapter that Jane married Rochester; we felt instinctively that the inner truth of the story was thereby violated, that the poor human institution of marriage was a small thing to two such souls wandering in eternity. And yet for a short spell they might have been happy on earth: Jane Eyre and Rochester at Thornhill, Lucy Snowe and Paul Emanuel in the schoolrooms of Villette. It is otherwise with Catherine and Heathcliff who, as children on the moors, had just a foothold in time, but cannot be imagined living together as man and wife even in the extra-conventional world of the story. But if their love is not of earth still less is it of heaven, and we must search for the true region where their souls have scope.

Many writers have attempted to depict a world beyond this, and none have succeeded like Emily. Haeckel, in the midst of foolish generalizations, did arrest our thought when he asked if we realized what we meant by eternity, and pointed to the profound legend of the Wandering Jew. Yet the desire to persist at least beyond this world is ineradicable, and Emily speaks in accents that convince us a further sphere exists. It comes to us in Mr. Lockwood's dream, and not Clarence's dream in *Richard III*, not the witches in *Macbeth*, not the raising of Samuel by the Witch of Endor, have so true a ring of an actual experience of the soul. The keynote of the dream is subtly struck when sour old Joseph tells the younger Catherine that she will never mend her ways but go right to the devil like her mother before her. It is followed by the discovery of the writing in the old book which affects us strangely because we know that the writer has passed behind the

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veil. Then comes the dream: the tapping of the branch on the lattice; the ice-cold hand which seizes the dreamer's; the sobbing voice, "Let me in . . . I'm come home. I'd lost my way on the moor;" the child's face looking through the window; the reiterated cry, "It is twenty years . . . I've been a wait for twenty years;" the effect on Heathcliff of sliding back the panels. . . .

What are the symbols that Emily uses so skilfully as to make us believe that this once-removed world exists? In the first place we have the rude setting of the story, the point in life where all joyful social intercourse has ceased, and human relations are just preserved. It is neither primitive nor return to barbarism, but the end of a world, the dropping one by one of the refinements of life till the soul is naked. The austere moors, the bare dwellings typify it; the coming of a stranger brings it home to us, like one of Shakespeare's underplots which reflect the main action and add a meaning. Such was Hindley Earnshaw's wife who came from no one knew where, without name or fortune, the "rush of a lass" far advanced in consumption, but who was so delighted with the old farm house that she would have nothing changed for her comfort, whose gay heart never failed her till within a week of her death. Catherine said well that she had no more right to marry Edgar Linton than to go to heaven, and her dream taught her how miserable she would have been in heaven. The Linton family does seem an alien presence on the moors, and the interior of Thrushcross Grange, into which Catherine and Heathcliff gaze spell-bound, with its crimson carpet and crimson-covered chairs and white and gold ceiling, so remote as almost to be unreal. Here again we see Emily's soul stronger than that of Charlotte, who described such things with a tinge of regret that she too did not live in splendid places and wear rich fabrics. Heathcliff's brutality is neither that of the savage, the boor, nor the over-civilized man driven mad. When he strikes the younger Catherine he does the easiest thing to gain his object, because nothing else is worth while in a perishing world. The manner of his death typifies this world from which life is visibly receding.

But if the soul is thus stripped naked, all the more urgent is its craving for love. It has attained the extreme point of earth, it reaches forward into the abyss beyond, it even exchanges mes-

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sages with those whom the abyss has swallowed, and always it cries for love. Because of this we feel that the new world, a corner of which is mysteriously revealed, is more good than evil. That much evil remains—above all the sense of sin for earthly deeds—we do not dispute, but that love continues and will eventually triumph over sin, is the last conviction. Catherine's unrestrained childhood, the passionate dispositions of the Earnshaw family, Heathcliff's rough caresses which bruise the arm of his dying love—all these are symbols of the ultimate recovery of the spirit. Edgar Linton finds comfort in books after his wife's death, Hindley Earnshaw, in the same condition, becomes a gambler and raving drunkard. Because the soul is a real thing its conflict with gross matter is terrible: such was Hindley's unreasoning persecution of Heathcliff as a boy. While on earth it may appear worsted in its conflict with evil, but Emily has power to convince that the decision is elsewhere. The device of the Greek chorus has been a favorite one with playwright or novelist; it here finds an unparalleled exponent in the character of Nelly Dean. Catherine confides her spiritual affinity with Heathcliff to be met with the retort: "If I can make any sense of your nonsense, Miss——." As with Thersites in *Troilus and Cressida*, or Apemantus in *Timon*, her very blindness to the wonderland of Catherine's soul must flash something of its glory upon the dullest reader.

Turning from her novel to ask whether her poems will supply the image of an earthly-heavenly creature, again the answer is negative. The balance may be shifted a stage back towards earth, but is still not equal. One cannot but hear the cry of the heart in *Remembrance*, but there is no means of knowing the proportion of real and ideal. Let us however recall a few of her best pieces and brood over their distinctive charm. Such are *The Linnet*, *The Prisoner*, *The Lady to Her Guitar*, *How Clear She Shines*, *Often Rebuked*, *The Outcast Mother*, *The Old Stoic*, and the poem already mentioned. Take the last stanza of *The Linnet:*

> Blow, west wind, by the lonely mound,
> And murmur, summer streams—
> There is no need of other sound
> To soothe my lady's dreams.

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And this from *The Lady to Her Guitar:*

> It is as if the glassy brook
> Should image still its willows fair,
> Though years ago the woodman's stroke
> Laid low in dust their Dryad-hair.

And place beside them these lines from Wordsworth's *Highland Reaper:*

> A voice more thrilling ne'er was heard
> In springtime from the cuckoo bird,
> Breaking the silence of the seas
> Among the furthest Hebrides.

And this stanza of Mr. De La Mare's, the effect of snow on fields at break of day:

> It hangs the frozen bough
> With flowers on which the night
> Wheeling her darkness through
> Scatters a starry light.

Differ as may the poet of fairy-land from the poet who, beginning with the beauty of nature, thereafter includes man, and so rises to believe in a divinely ordered universe, they are one in this: their vision of beauty has brought them peace on earth. It is not so with Emily who, though rivalling them in beauty, is at peace only with nature and not with man. The greatest poets carry with them an ideal world which is proof against intruders: thus William Blake, greater of course as mystic than poet, met and saluted the Apostle Paul in the Strand. Emily falls short of supreme greatness in that she is muted by a trespasser in her imaginative Eden. The earth must be delivered from man's presence before she can recognize it as Godlike; she is inspired by night,—especially winter nights, when human activity is suspended for many long hours, or starry nights which suggest remote worlds where perhaps sin is not,—by the barest tracts of the moors where no house can resist the wind, by snow which muffles human footsteps and masks human traces, by time and death which defeat man, and make his mightiest happenings—his battles and empires, his material progress, the voices of orators, even the cry of sufferers—a momentary break in the eternal silence.

In this shrinking from her fellow creatures, in their power to shatter her bright world by their mere presence, lay Emily's

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weakness. Yet she is stronger than Charlotte, who depended utterly on others, and whose consistent regret for lost happiness sounds in her every page. Had we biographical means to know whether this trait was inborn or developed by circumstances, much of the mystery of her personality would be solved. She confesses in her poems to a fleeting desire for fame, and such a stanza as this from *Remembrance* has an authentic ring:

> But when the days of golden dreams had perished,
> And even despair was powerless to destroy,
> Then did I learn how existence could be cherished,
> Strengthened and fed without the aid of joy.

But so have many of Shakespeare's sonnets, over which the battle between evenly-matched commentators has swayed backward and forward for generations. Suffice it that if from the internal evidence of her novel and poems we have realized more clearly what she was not, some slight advance has been made toward conceiving an image of her personality despite a forcedly agnostic conclusion.

AUGUSTUS RALLI.

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AMY LOWELL AND THE ART OF POETRY

BY ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

ONE, perhaps the most useful, function of criticism is not unlike that of the little ribbed wheel set between the barrels of a pair of artillery binoculars: to hold in focus an object which, due to its own or the observer's motion, tends to slide into the blur at one end or the other of the visual field. Interpretation is almost always vain. We can never, for example, know anything worth knowing about the *Chanson de Roland*. But we can at least get it into the circle in which alone our eyes are capable of seeing. We can endow it with the apparent vivacity of our own recognition. We can save it from becoming an acknowledged historical fact in the haze back of the last horseman. And the same thing is true in a measure of the work of living writers. Time moves for the living at a much more rapid rate than ever it moves for the dead, and the mainspring of modern chronometry is notoriously apt to unwind itself overnight putting decades between us and work which yesterday we saw without effort, clouding with the authority of tradition books which a moment ago we could see and value for themselves.

Something of this sort has happened to Miss Lowell in the three or four years since *Legends*, her best book and one of the great books of American poetry, was published. In 1921 her work was immediately under our eyes. In 1924, although the importance of her work had not diminished—on the contrary its reputation had greatly increased—her poetry had begun to slip out of the visual field. The binoculars no longer caught it with precision. A new generation had intervened.

A literary generation—in Anglo-Saxon countries at least: in France they occur by the calendar and subscribe to their own reviews—is neither a cyclical phenomenon nor one which the census need trouble to record. It is usually nothing more than two or three young men who don't know each other and don't want to,

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whose writing is marked by no formal common characteristic, whose artistic methods may be as different as those of the authors of the *Lyrical Ballads*, but who possess in common a certain way of looking at their own shadows, which way of looking at their own shadows is not that of their immediate predecessors but rapidly becomes, at least so far as the cast of the eye is concerned, that of their immediate followers. The new generation in English and American poetry is Mr. Eliot and perhaps Mr. Cummings, but first and foremost Mr. Eliot. It is an introspective, self-conscious, sensitive, doubtful, deeply stirred generation, a deflected generation compelled to difficult utterance, a passionate generation afflicted with that *maladie du siècle*—"*ne pas vouloir être dupe.*" It is a generation which, forsaken by God, has discovered in the void itself. It is a generation provenly capable of poetry. But it is not Miss Lowell's generation.

This new inclination of the mind observes things sidewise from across the street or obliquely from some angle of remote time. Its world has the distortion of an object suddenly and intelligently seen after long contemplation. And its penetration of that world is in lines and curves and surfaces which do not, and never were intended to, declare—there is nothing to declare—but which by displacing however slightly the horizontals and perpendiculars of ordinary experience achieve an overwhelming significance. Miss Lowell on the other hand comes at things full face. She walks around them and looks at them. She recognizes them. She knows their names. They belong in her world and she in theirs, and it is a sane, balanced, homogeneous world in which success is desirable and failure undesirable. I do not mean to suggest that Miss Lowell is always sane or ever merely sane. She has on occasion jangled her world as completely as the most zealous practitioners of the disassociationist manner and produced poetry into the bargain.

> Gluttonous hands tear at apron strings,
> Reach at the red side of an apple,
> Slide under ice-floes,
> And waltz clear through to the tropics
> To sit among cocoanuts
> And caress bulbous negresses with loquats in their hair.

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But these interludes are "Gargoyles" or "Grotesques". They exist in the ordinary air against familiar backgrounds. And they *are* interludes. The real occupation of the poet is with the relations of people to each other and to themselves on a planet which a convention of the Republican Party would have no difficulty in calling by name. She does very convincingly live "within a daylight world lit by the sun". And the persons, including herself, of her poems resemble much more the mortal figures of classical poetry than the back drops of Léger or the curtains of Picasso with which Mr. Cummings's persons have sometimes much in common.

It is not surprising therefore that a point of focus catching *The Waste Land* of Mr. Eliot no longer precisely caught Miss Lowell's *Pictures of the Floating World.* Readers of poetry, their attention fixed upon something new and very different (Mr. Eliot's *Ara Vus Prec* did not have its full effect in America until *The Waste Land* appeared), were inclined to make of Miss Lowell a reputation, worse still a great reputation, and to think of her poetry as a mere function of her name. Her poems were no longer the most important things about her books, nor her books the most important things about Miss Lowell. She was accepted, admitted with Mr. Robinson into the distant counties of fame, and then taken almost altogether upon credit. And so far as Miss Lowell was concerned this was as unfair a proceeding as could have been devised. It was not an unnatural proceeding. Miss Lowell is one of the great personalities of our time and one of the great aristocrats of literature. No one who has heard her talk will ever forget it. But it was an unfair proceeding nevertheless. For Miss Lowell's great achievement as a poet lies precisely in the fact that her poems are the most important things about her. She has succeeded in creating poems which owe her nothing but their creation, poems which are not the publications of her heart nor the revelations of her philosophy, but finalities, entities, existences. Her distinction is that she has practised poetry as an art. And it is the recognition of that fact which should keep her work in a living perspective, and in all times and seasons safe from mummifying fame.

The difficulty is to secure the recognition. It is not that Miss

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Lowell's poetry is thought undeserving of the term, but that the term is thought undeserving of poetry. When you say that poetry is an art you are supposed to speak a bit pedantically and in a metaphoric sense. When you insist you are thought to be mad. For all the world—or rather all heirs of the English tradition—know that poetry is not an art at all. On the contrary it is a sort of oratorical utterance more or less allegorical which falls into the rhythmic speech of ecstasy, of exaltation, because its import is too awful for ordinary language. And poets are not artists but prophets or seers whose "messages" are the only circumstances of importance about them. So Shakespeare is great for his knowledge of the human heart, and "the quality that has preserved the tragic glory of the *Iliad*", according to no less an authority than Mr. John Jay Chapman, "is the huge enveloping piety behind it." Or if one prefers a slightly more sophisticated statement, it is explained that poetry is a means of communicating or exciting emotion, and that the best poem is the poem that stirs up the most emotion in the reader. Both statements are wrong and both are fatuous, for both are instances of the apologizing and extenuating zeal which wrote the *De Continentia Virgiliana* and which can no more endure today than it could in the Middle Ages the conception of art as an end, as a goal, in itself. But while the first justification of poetry, being put forth with all the cold-blooded ardor of Puritanism, is the more obstinate, the second offers a more convenient yard stick to the professional reviewer and is thus more often met with. Few poets whose work is clean and sure—Mr. Wallace Stevens is an excellent case in point—have escaped the impeachment of some sedulously sensitive reviewer who, not having been made to feel the emotion which he has been accustomed to associate with the subject, has at once concluded that the poem failed.

Emotion has its place in poetry as it has in painting. But its place is not that which the sensationalists give it. So far is it from being true that the test of a poem is its power to excite emotion that the exact contrary is the case. The test of a poem is its power to withstand emotion. The bad poem is the poem which has not crystallized, which remains raw emotion exciting emotion in the reader by its own excitement. The good poem is the poem

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which, whatever its origin, its raw material, may have been, has undergone the inexplicable metamorphosis, has *become*, has taken sensuous form, has turned into something as tangible as the Venus de Milo herself at the end of her long corridor in the Louvre. Perhaps the material of poetry is emotion, perhaps it is personal and not æsthetic emotion. But if that is so the part played by emotion is that of the black cat in the fairy tale which, killed, turned into the fairy prince. To make anything out of the beast you must first get rid of it. The poem which results, if it is a poem, will not declare the emotions out of which it was made. Nor will it *stand for* them. Instead it will be a new thing which was perhaps originally an attempt to express them but which is now a poem. And that poem is all that concerns the reader.

The point is so vital to an appreciation of Miss Lowell's poetry that I feel justified in insisting upon it, frequently and forcibly as others have insisted upon it in the recent past. The difficulty is obviously to make people understand that a poem is, in no mystical manner of speaking, a sensuous object, as real, as sensible as the bronze inkwell there on the desk. So many authoritative names are connected with the misuse of poetry for mere communication, mere expression, so many elderly Wordsworths exhibit their moral excellence in the anthologies, that it is all but impossible to come at the question at all. And the question is obviously one of form. So long as people talk about form in poetry as though it were a matter solely of metre, or metre and rhythm, or metre and rhythm and rhyme,—as though, for instance, a sonnet were a "form",—just so long form and content in poetry will be different and separate things, and poems will be discussed as though they were means of communicating elevated thoughts, and earnest young men will get perennially excited over the possibility of writing a first rate poem in free verse, a question of no importance to anyone but the technicians, and, at this date, of little enough importance to them.

But it is easier to say what form in poetry is not than to say with any hope of inclusive accuracy what it is. Poetry is an art existing in time but not in time only. Its structure is the line of a succession—something like the musician's melodic line—but the units of the succession are three dimensional. Its form, in other

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words, is no such metaphysical anatomy as the pattern of a thought. Anything but that. There is a substantiation of thought in sense. The very words of poetry are so used that the words as sounds, as shapes, absorb and contain their meanings as symbols, tend to *become* their meanings, to such an extent that untranslatableness into other words even of the same language is one of the classic tests of poetic style. And the form of the poem as a whole results from the relation to each other in time—rhythm here being what proportion is in the visual arts—of words or groups of words which have undergone such a metamorphosis, of thought which has precipitated, crystallized, of images perceptible to the sense—by which is meant perceptible to the whole body as an instrument of sense and not to the eyes alone. But those who can feel the sensuous reality, the finality, the all but tangible existence of a great poem, have no need of definition. And the rest of the world will go on in spite of reproof or remonstrance peering and peeping through the words of poetry at the emotional experience of the poet, or his message, or his understanding of their emotional experiences, as though they had before them the verbal knot-holes of prose; they will go on denying that poetry is an art—or rather that a poem is a work of art, for in art there are no rules but only instances—and they will end with the moral edification or the titillation of the emotions which is the vulgarian's complete reward. For those who try to see through a poem usually succeed. But the poem remains as blank to them as glass.

And the poetry of Miss Lowell will be glass, colored glass but glass nevertheless, to those who merely read it, who are incapable of seeing it, touching it, sensing it. While to those who are capable of experience it will give the intense experience of great art. It is throughout, in its failures as well as in its successes, the work of a conscious and controlled intelligence. ("Those," says Croce, "who claim unconsciousness as the chief quality of the artistic genius, hurl him from an eminence far above humanity to a position far below it.") And its heights are those which only the artist and never the philosopher in verse or the peddler of emotion can achieve.

This quality of artistic intention, this passion to make, to per-

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fect, is evidenced as much in Miss Lowell's experiments with rhythm as anywhere else. In so far as these experiments raise questions of technique they do not concern us here. It is neither in spite of nor because of *vers libre* that Miss Lowell is a poet. But as illustrative of her attitude toward her medium they are of the first importance. They indicate in a way nothing else can her sense of words and combinations of words as material out of which an imagined form may be created. In her failures, as in the failures of artists in other media, this sense takes the shape of a desire for "effects". So in *A Waltz by Bartok* she reproduces a waltz rhythm at the expense of writing a poem. In her successes she subdues herself to what she works in, maintaining from the inside as it were an artistic purpose and a perfect control over her material which gives her patterns, old or new, conviction and firmness and a kind of necessary rightness for which there is no adequate term. There is nothing labored, nothing calculated, nothing interlineated or overwritten. One would say, as undoubtedly Miss Lowell would say herself, that the impulse had brought its own form. And yet there is an intensity and a perfection which only the refining and controlling intelligence of the artist can give. One of her early lyrics, one which, but for a hundred others, would seem her most beautiful, will illustrate the point:

White and Green

Hey! My daffodil-crowned,
Slim and without sandals!
As the sudden spurt of flame upon darkness
So my eyeballs are startled with you,
Supple-limbed youth among the fruit-trees,
Light runner through tasselled orchards.
You are an almond flower unsheathed
Leaping and flickering between the budded branches.

The experimenting, essaying, testing concern with the possibilities of her art is the characteristic which will most impress anyone who will read Miss Lowell's books in the order in which they were written. You are as far as possible here from the poet who publishes his collections one after the other much in the manner of a small boy rubbing match after match on the window pane in the

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vague hope that somehow or other one of them may catch fire. On the contrary you are examining the successive periods of the work of an artist who is attempting with one combination of forms and then with another to compel her material to an expression which she cannot foresee but which nevertheless she feels to exist and which, achieved, will constitute her statement of the world.

Miss Lowell's first book, *A Dome of Many Colored Glass*, which appeared in 1912 when she was thirty-eight, was in no sense of the word a remarkable book. It was not the kind of first book to lend support to the theory, so characteristic of the general attitude toward poetry, that a poet is at his best in his youth and that time can only take away. But there are glimpses of a purpose, of an intention, even here. "The Road To Avigon" is more than the germ of Miss Lowell's dramatic method: clean sharp images in rapid sequence suggesting with the movement of a hand or the fall of a leaf a significance which is all the more telling because it remains implicit in the action of the piece. The poem on Huysmans has the same quality. And there are flashes of the Imagist technique: "a butterfly still upon a flower winking with its painted wings", snow fields "white, stained with long, cool, blue shadows", and a few attempts to present color combinations by the naming of shades of color without edge or outline, which are interesting both because of her later brilliant successes in this regard and because success so long eluded her. Even in her second book we find

> Carmine. Madder. Blues
> Tinging dark browns to purple. Silvers flushed
> To amethyst and tinct with gold—

a wash of colors which, applied to no precise body, no outline, succeeds only in confusing the eye.

Sword Blades and Poppy Seed appeared two years later. It is the fashion among Miss Lowell's critics to say that with this book she arrived. Nothing could be farther from the truth. With this book she went a long way forward but she did not arrive. She was in revolt—perhaps more consciously than actually—and what she was in revolt against was her own earlier book objectified in the influences which had played upon it. And poets in revolt against their own work have not yet arrived. But there are

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grand beginnings. For one thing she has learned, if indeed she had not always known it, the use of detail in the realization of a person or a scene. A name, a characterization, and the thing has come to life. There is something mysterious about the rightness of the stroke. One recalls the effect of a single name—Mont St. Michel, Dol—in the *Lais* of Marie de France. One remembers, however far beyond, the miracles, the

sì che il piè fermo sempre era il più basso

of Dante.

Again she has carried farther her use of suggestion, her power to make the images of the poem signify, to compel the matter itself to speak. It is the quality which Occidentals most value in Chinese poetry, but whether Miss Lowell owed it to her knowledge of Chinese poetry which must then have been forming, or whether she came to it independently, is a question which Miss Lowell herself would probably find it difficult to answer. "A London Thoroughfare, 2 A.M." shows it under almost perfect control, and for that reason among others I should be inclined to hit on that poem as the first identification of Miss Lowell's genius. For the rest, the book contains three examples of Miss Lowell's power to subject dramatic action to the discipline of poetry without failing either in her poetry or in her story, and two of the earliest successful applications of *vers libre* to the conversational idiom, a usage for which *vers libre* is ideally fitted and in the manipulation of which Miss Lowell is amazingly at ease.

In 1916 and 1918 appeared *Men, Women and Ghosts* and *Can Grande's Castle*, both volumes of dramatic pieces, the first narrative, the second more nearly scenic. Which is not to say that *Men, Women and Ghosts* is not also presentational, for Miss Lowell's feeling for the objective reality of words raises even her purely narrative pieces to the level of sensuous poetry. "Pickthorn Manor," perhaps the most successful poem in this book, will illustrate the point. The story turns upon a psychological aberration, a confusion of personalities due to emotional associations, which in prose would with difficulty convince. But here conviction is unnecessary. The background is so realized, the movements are so palpable, that you are charmed into that "neg-

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ative faith which simply permits the images presented to work by their own force, without either denial or affirmation of their real existence by the judgment." It is not the reasonableness of the players but the reality of their world that takes you. And so powerfully has the poetic imagination worked upon their world that one almost feels a transference of the drama to earth and trees. The struggle seems to lie between the clear, breezy, blossomy loveliness of the spring orchard and the dark remindful Manor House with its draughty candles. And the river at the bottom of the garden "curdling, crinkling, and the snow purfled upon its wave-tops" bides the events.

It is ridiculous to leave the book at that. "Patterns," "The Cremona Violin" with its representation of music as perfect in its way as Proust's description of the "*petite phrase de la sonate de Vinteuil*", "The Cross-Roads", the brilliant solution of the problem of color in "The Fruit Shop", which is at the same time a recreation in two pictures of a complex society, "The Hammers", practically the whole book. But the folly is implicit in any attempt to compress Miss Lowell's books to a few pages of comment. They are too full of poetry. One has no choice but to snatch here and there and rush on.

But how rush through the four poems of *Can Grande's Castle?* The manner of these pieces is, so far as I am informed, peculiarly Miss Lowell's. I do not refer to the fact that they are written in polyphonic prose, although that construction adds to their present tenseness, to their presentation. Neither do I refer to their epic quality, to their objective creation of their own universe, a characteristic in which they resemble Hardy's *Dynasts* more nearly than any other modern poem (compare the overland trip in "Sea-Blue And Blood-Red" with Hardy's fleet maneuvers, and consider the power of the "Bronze horses," motionless in movement, running timelessly through time, to create as Hardy creates a world, a cosmos). Rather I have in mind a quality of ensemble, of pattern in movement. Take for instance the poem of the horses. What you have here is not a drama, nor a story, but a ballet in words, a ballet of the Fokine period, a ballet of armies and empires in which the décor is not only written in but becomes part of the action. Phrases of color, of line, repeat and

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develop themselves as they would be repeated and developed by a great chorographer. Line and color are made significant, made to speak. So Rome is as angular as the marching movement of the Legionaries: Constantinople is curved, suave, circular as a dance of ungirt women. If, as seems possible, the ballet is the successor of defunct Grand Opera, this as yet unnamed method of Miss Lowell's succeeds to the narrative epic. It is her great achievement. And if it is not the greatest invention of an American, American art has pinnacles we have not suspected.

Legends does not come next in order of time (it was published in 1921), but since it is the further development of this method it may conveniently be considered here. I find it almost impossible to write of this book without dissolving into mere exclamation. "Memorandum Confided by a Yucca to a Passion Vine" is simply superb. It is complete utterance. There is nothing more that can be said. The rising of the moon at Cuzco is one of the unforgettable experiences of a life time. In a world of metal, of thin gold and clashing silver, of clear metallic sound, of suns rising "with one deep bell-note of a copper crashed gong", the figure of a dance unfolds. And the dance is beautiful and terrible as the *Sacre du Printemps* is beautiful and terrible, more colorful perhaps, perhaps less centripetal, but equally intent. Nothing else in the book seems to me as fine and yet almost all is fine. "A Legend Of Porcelain" has moments of greatness, "Many Swans" is deeply and inexplicably moving, "Witch-Woman" in its action equals the "Memorandum" but only in its action. And all these poems with the possible exceptions of "The Ring And The Castle" and "The Statue In The Garden" have the movement, the rhythm appealing to eye as well as to ear, of the ballet. And the best of them, the "Memorandum", is the expression toward which Miss Lowell's poetry has moved.

To return from *Legends* to *Pictures of the Floating World* (1919) is therefore to descend. This is a book of lyrics written since *Sword Blades and Poppy Seed.* And Miss Lowell's great success in her chorographic form has reduced her lyric verse to a second place. There is no poet in America or England who can equal her at her best in her own field. But there are poets in both countries whose lyrics must be preferred to hers. And yet

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even here Miss Lowell's range forces a qualification of any such concession. A poet who can write the poem "Sunshine":

> The pool is edged with the blade-like leaves of irises.
> If I throw a stone into the placid water,
> It suddenly stiffens
> Into rings and rings
> Of sharp gold wire.

and the poem "William Blake":

> He said he saw the spangled wings of angels
> In a tree at Peckham Rye,
> And Elijah walking in the haying-fields;
> So they beat him for his lies,
> And 'prenticed him to an engraver.
> Now his books sell for broad, round, golden guineas.
> That's a bouncing turn of Fortune!
> But we have the guineas,
> Since our fathers were thrifty men
> And knew the value of gold,

and "Grotesque," and the naïve "Merchandise," and "the willow lights of the water" have lawful claims which even the author of the "Memorandum" cannot altogether suppress.

And the book is of the first importance for its bearing upon a problem of poetic theory with which Miss Lowell's name has been associated, the problem of Imagism. The manifesto of the original Imagists is well known and contains, as has been often remarked, nothing new nor unfamiliar. It was a shifting of emphasis based upon the recognition of the simple fact that a poem is a work of art and not an edited epigram. But some of the original Imagists and practically all their thousands of disciples have taken the name by which they distinguish themselves seriously and devoted themselves to picture making. With the result that they do not write poetry. Coleridge long ago observed "that images, however beautiful, though faithfully copied from nature, and as accurately represented in words, do not of themselves characterize the poet." The relation of words to objects in the external world is not mathematical, not necessary, not logical. It is emotional. A man cannot "know" a tree but

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he may feel it in more senses than that of touch. And he feels it as a man. It has no significance to him in its own world but only in his. In a certain sense its significance to him is always symbolic. The attempt therefore of the contemporary Imagist group to present the external world in its own terms is naïve. The problem cannot be solved artistically and is not worth solving in any other way. The result will always be what it has always been, the still-life picture. In the sense of the word in which these people are Imagists Miss Lowell is not an Imagist and never was. Her power to transfer objects into words is merely a function of her power as a poet. She achieves the poetic statement. She never permits her verse the gesture of the exclamatory forefinger indicating nothing. And if the imitation of her technique has strewn the museum cases of minds incapable of poetry with the glass flowers of fraud, she is not to blame. To take her own version of the words of Li T'ai-po,

> From old days until now people who can really see with their eyes are few,
> Those who understand and speak of a clear river as being bright as silk.

There remain two books, *Fir-Flower Tablets* and the *Critical Fable*. The *Fable* contains some of the shrewdest critical strokes of recent years and at times attains the level of poetry, notably in the section on E. A. Robinson. But it is chiefly valuable for its illumination of Miss Lowell's conception of the poetic rôle and inversely of her own work. *Fir-Flower Tablets* on the other hand is easily one of the most important of her books. It is a volume of translations from the Chinese, principally from the Chinese of Li T'ai-po. But nowhere in the book does one come upon that spurious air of similitude which in portrait painting produces the impression, even upon those who do not know the original, that the picture is an excellent likeness. These translations are poems. They are as much Miss Lowell's as they are Li T'ai-po's.

Since 1921, if we except the *Critical Fable*, Miss Lowell has not published a book of poems. And 1921 was the year of *Legends* which might well constitute the pinnacle of the most ambitious poetic career. It is not remarkable, therefore, that the books promised by her publishers to follow her *Keats* should be awaited

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with very considerable eagerness. Her energy, her productiveness are so amazing that no one seriously supposes she will glean over the old fields. But what can she do? She has carried her technique as near to perfection as it can be carried without vitrifying. What is left her but to go back? Nothing, it would seem, but to go forward in a different direction. The reviewing of unpublished books is of all vain occupations the vainest. But enough of her later verse has been seen to make it clear that she has found a new idiom, that she is working in technique toward a new directness, a simplicity of statement which, by stripping the phrase of its weight and detail, permits the poem as a whole to take more complicated form; and that in her own experience she has begun to substitute for sensation as an approach to reality the less immediate but more flexible means of speculation. And yet she has not sacrificed her power to present sensuously, which is to say that she has not sacrificed her power of poetry. Abstraction itself is opaque, substantial:

> I would have flung my kerchief to him to bind upon his helmet,
> But kerchiefs fall obliquely through backward centuries.

Any attempt at this time to "place" Miss Lowell, either in relation to the poetry of her own day or in relation to the tradition of English poetry, would be fantastic. The fertility and energy of her own creative faculty no less than the profound changes now taking place in the body of English poetry would very shortly demonstrate the inadequacy of the conclusion. But it is neither too early nor too late to point out the fundamental quality of her work and to insist upon it in the teeth of the devouring and omnivorous fame which, in a world of literary reviews, lies in wait for even the best of poets. It is a quality which appeared first in her first book, which is mature in her last, and which will leave her greatest work (work which we may or may not yet have seen) secure in that kernel of poetry which, because it is neither concerned with the communication of the symptoms of emotion nor with the revelation of contemporary truth, escapes for its handful of generations the familiarities of time. It is the quality of art.

ARCHIBALD MACLEISH.

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THE GREAT THEME

BY MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE

It came to her suddenly at the opera, at a performance of *Pelléas and Mélisande*. I could see that she was greatly moved. Even my slow perceptions took in the tension of her emotion. She was always so, a little creature of fire and feeling, seeing more than the rest of us, hearing more, of course, with her musician's ear—suffering more, too.

Her eyes were blazing as I put her cloak about her.

"Get me home, Uncle Bob! Quick! *Quick!*" she breathed.

On the way home her eyes, very wide and dark, stared straight before her.

"Poor little girl, you are worn out," I said.

"Don't speak! *Don't!*" she cried.

At the house, as soon as the door was open, she fled past me up the steps to the music room, and in a moment I heard the strains of her violin. I followed. I was troubled. It sometimes seemed to me that the mysterious overtones of the universe had chosen to meet in her, and she was so frail, so high strung.

At the door of the music room I paused. She was standing by a tall shaded lamp, the light pouring over her brilliant face, dark hair and eyes, over her bare neck, and her crimson frock—No! It was more as though an effulgence poured *out* of her, as though she herself were a focus of light. And her music—it was like nothing I had ever heard before. I seemed to see pictures as she played—a waterfall, waves of wind in a summer wheat field, tall white lilies; and then suddenly, miraculously, there before my very eyes I saw the surf breaking around old Thunder Head, with an angry sky above, as I have seen it a hundred times in a storm.

"Do you see it, Uncle Bob?" she cried across the music.

"Why, it makes me think of Thunder Head," I said uncertainly.

She laid her violin down, and caught her hands together laughing excitedly.

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"It *is* Thunder Head! The melody of Thunder Head. I've found it! I've found it at last!"

A rush of excited tears overcame her.

"Try and tell me what it is, dear," I begged.

She drew a deep breath, struggling, I knew, to control herself, and coming over took my hand.

"Uncle Bob, darling, it is this," she said, speaking very simply as one tries to explain a difficult thing to a child: "Everything has its soul—*everything!* People of course, but everything else as well—birds and sunshine, wind, flowers, everything. And one thing about the soul is melody, of course there is more—ever so much more! But that is one thing, to a musician such a great thing. See!"

Like a flash of light, she turned to a vase of dark red roses, and taking one held it out to me.

"There! You can see it, of course, and you can feel it and smell it, and if you wanted to, you could taste it. And *now* I will give you its melody as well—listen!"

She caught her violin up again, and stepping back looked at the flower intently, her head a little turned to one side as though listening. Then her bow went feeling across the strings, weaving out a theme, it seemed to me compounded of perfume and sunshine, and the earth wet with summer rain. I do not know how, but I was sure that what she played was the flower made audible.

"There are colors beyond what we can see," she said, "and so there are sounds and harmonies beyond what we usually hear. I've known it for a long time—known that everything had its hidden music. In my dreams whenever I saw anything, I always heard its melody, too. But when I waked it was gone. But tonight, suddenly, the walls went down, I met my dreams face to face! And now I shall *never* lose them again!"

Her whole being seemed to me wrapt and glorified in a transcendent revelation.

"The melody of all the world!" she whispered. "One has only to think of things to hear them—*really* hear them! Sunsets, dawn, spring flowers, willows blowing in the wind—I hear them all! They are all mine—my sisters and brothers! When your

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ears are once opened, you know that the whole world goes by to music."

I was frightened about her. She looked so strange, so removed. Was she slipping away from me into a world where I could not follow?

"It is late," I pleaded. "Try to get a little sleep now."

"Sleep!" she cried. "One does not sleep when one has had a gift from the gods!"

I shook my head. I am a plain man, and am afraid of gifts from the gods.

She was not down in the morning when I left for my office, but when I returned at twilight, the house was full of her strange music. I found her playing for old Léon Ribot, who had given her her first lessons when she was almost too little to hold her violin. The old man was quite frankly in tears.

"What is this, Monsieur?" I said. "What is this strange music?"

He did not answer me immediately, but rising, he went over, and taking her hand, kissed it very solemnly and reverently.

"I do not know what it is," he said. "It is not for a sinful man like me to know, but it is inexpressively beautiful, ah, beautiful! And the pictures—it may well be that it is what the little one thinks, the music of the souls of things, the harmony of all the world."

In the days that followed she was very serene and happy. All the overwrought excitement of her first knowledge had left her. She took the revelation like one returned home from a distant country.

"I always knew it was there," she said, "and now I have found it."

Once only, she cried out to me suddenly.

"But there are times when I am frightened—oh, frightened by it!"

"Why, little girl?" I asked.

She came over to me and drew my arm tight about her.

"I am afraid some day I shall hear the Great Theme," she whispered.

She shrank from publicity, but old Ribot brought his friends

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to hear her, and the news of her wonderful music got abroad somehow. One day at the club, Pennell asked me about it. I could not well avoid explaining, so I did so as best I could, although I knew well enough that it was useless to expect him to give a moment's credence to her curious belief.

"Of course you know," he said, "that these fixed ideas are rather a bad sign. Have you had a doctor?"

I was startled, and confessed that I had not supposed it a case for medical advice.

"Well, perhaps not for the average man," he said; adding, "I should like very much to see her myself."

The idea of my little niece with her dreams and her visions, being subjected to his scientific scrutiny was distasteful to me, but I have a great respect for him as a psychologist, and he had alarmed me on the score of her health, so I consented to his coming. I also gave permission for him to bring one or two of his colleagues with him.

They came the next afternoon, Pennell himself, and his two friends, Professor Kuyper, and Foster Winslow. They were all of them very familiar with the freaks of the human brain. Pennell and Kuyper were typical men of science, but there was something different about Winslow. He seemed to me more imaginative. His hair was white, but his face, in spite of its thoughtfulness, was still young, and held a curious, wistful look. She was attracted to him at once.

"I think *you* will understand," she said.

She took up her violin. She was very young, almost like a beautiful child. Her face assumed that curious listening expression that it had caught of late, and after a moment she began to play. I knew at once that it was the autumn mountains, a medley of color, with the blue sky above, and swirls of feather clouds moving across it.

Winslow's face whitened suddenly. "The *sky!* Why it's the sky!" he cried out.

"Yes," she nodded back at him, her bow still weaving out the melody.

He watched her startled, fascinated. "October mountains," he whispered just above his breath. "Red maple trees, oaks,"

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then more sharply, "hickories! Yellow hickory trees with the sun on them! Cloud shadows driving down the hills! Golden-rod!" He followed all her playing, naming the pictures like a man in a dream.

"But it's wonderful—*wonderful!*" he cried, when she ceased playing. "Don't you see them?" he demanded of the others. They shook their heads. "But you *must!*" he persisted. "It's not imagination, it's—why it's the actual things themselves!" He was very much excited.

"I knew you would see them," she told him. "People have their melodies too: shall I play yours?" she demanded suddenly.

There was an amused assent from the other two men. She regarded Winslow for a moment in silence. He returned the look half quizzically. I think his reserve and pride were fighting to subdue the startled emotion that her music had evoked.

She began to play. It was a cold theme that she wove, all question, no emotion, no spirit in it. When she ceased he laughed. It struck me there was a note of relief in his mirth.

"Yes," he said, "I suppose that critical attitude of mind is what the middle years bring to most of us."

"But that is not your *real* self!" she cried with sudden vehemence. "That is what you want the world to believe of you! Now I play what you really are."

He made a sharp gesture of protest, but she had plunged into tumultuous music. This was a soul in torment, imprisoned, yearning for freedom. The melody of a passionate quest, the groping of one searching madly for something which was lost. It was poignant, terrible, a spirit overtaken by the dark. Always that frantic quest, that sense of something lost, of bewilderment, and of hunting through the dark. It was terrible.

At first when she ceased I did not dare look at him. She had laid his soul before us in all its naked emotion. But at last I glanced toward him. His face had lost all color, but it was lifted above self-consciousness. He had risen, and his eyes burned into hers, fired by an overwhelming excitement.

"Oh, forgive me!" she faltered.

The other two looked on in bewilderment. It was all beyond them. Winslow took a step nearer to her.

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"Play what I have lost, what I am looking for," he commanded hoarsely.

A white terror ran over her face. "What you have lost?" she stumbled.

"Yes, *God!*" he answered.

There was silence after the tremendous word. She stood clutching her violin fast, her eyes wide and frightened. He stretched his hands out to her imploringly.

"Ah, *give* it to me!" he cried. "I have searched and struggled to find Him! God! How I have searched—all my life long—for Him!"

She shrank back from his terrible pleading, fearful and trembling. But presently as she cowered there, a beautiful courage and power came over her. All her terror slipped away. She drew herself up, she was calm, and transfigured with a marvelous shining loveliness. I seemed to see light all about her. She smiled at him.

"I will try," she said simply.

She raised her violin, but paused suddenly, her eyes on me. With light steps she fled to my side, and kissed me. "Good-bye dear—*dear!*" she whispered. Ah, if I had only understood then! But I did not.

She stepped back to her place, and drew the bow across the strings.

How can I say what she played? It was the melody, the instinct, the yearning of every heart. It was the breath of the universe. It was the secret of one's soul gathered upon the breast of the Great Whole. It was life, it was power above anything we had ever dreamed of, joy beyond expression. Oh the love of it! The passion, the fear, the wild exultation—No, I cannot describe it.

With a muffled cry Winslow fell upon his knees.

She ceased; her violin slipped to the floor. She raised her arms high above her head. For one moment she stood very slim and tall, her face thrown back flooded with splendor, then she pitched over, dead; gone like a flame of light blown out.

The doctors said it was heart failure, but Foster Winslow, and old Ribot, and I, we do not say, but we *know* what It was.

MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE.

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CONVALESCENT "CHILDREN'S LITERATURE"

BY MONTROSE J. MOSES

WHEN I think of all that children's literature has had to suffer at the hands of educators, when I think of the fads and fancies that constitute its history in the past, I am rather proud of the persistent attitude of the nursery regarding its loyalties. For you may cram into the head of a child all the things that constitute education, but it is a difficult matter to cram into the child's heart all the things that constitute culture. It simply cannot be done. For the youngster is a ruthless critic: and the standard is a simple one: whether he is having a good time. E. V. Lucas was right when he claimed that this was the test of all juvenile literature. You may think he is having a good time over *Foxy Grandpa*, but it is *Mother Goose* that lives; you may think she loves the *Oz* books, but it is *Alice in Wonderland* that persists. Given the best things, the child will prefer the best things, and there is ample evidence of that fact in watching children's literature.

I wish our public instruction recognized it, would join the library in a more persistent crusade for the better book, would vivify all instruction by using the real book rather than the cut-and-dried text book. Our children are graduated into life without knowing their mythology, their Bible, their full heritage of poetry —all so eagerly offered in beautiful editions at the libraries; all so eagerly devoured by the child at moments when he feels he is not being instructed, but is being regarded as a human being. What a slashing and cutting and stooping to the child level has been going on in children's literature from early days! *The New England Primer* slapped us into piety, the *Moral Tale* shaped us in prim manners, the *Book of Etiquette* trained us in the code of courtesy. And then came a host of grown-ups who pruned our fairy tales, clipped our imaginations, petted the sensitive child,

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and told everything in words of one syllable. Children's literature became lifeless.

But the good things persisted. The nursery would not allow them to die. The school might forget all about the ballads, but the youngsters did not; the teachers might drum *Excelsior* and *Evangeline* into fagged minds, but there were still anthologies of golden poetry beyond the dreams of school boards. A certain amount of mental priggishness pervaded education. If teachers accepted *Robinson Crusoe* and *Gulliver's Travels* and *Pilgrim's Progress*, they did so snobbishly, because these were written by Defoe, Swift and Bunyan. I imagine they smiled condescendingly at certain nursery favorites until they were told that *Goody Two-Shoes* was written by Goldsmith and *The Three Bears* by Southey.

How amusing it is, the grown-up belief that there is something inferior in the creation of literature for the young. Did not Queen Victoria smile sneeringly when she learned that the famed mathematician, C. L. Dodgson, *alias* Lewis Carroll, had written *Alice in Wonderland?* Did not the French Academy try to keep out LaFontaine and Perrault because they wasted their time writing fables and immortal fairy tales? The form that is good enough for Thackeray to create *The Rose and the Ring* in, the form that attracted the critical judgment of Ruskin, when he came to write *The King of the Golden River*, is good enough for me.

We are just beginning to wake up to the fact that the glory which is children's literature trails through the centuries as crystal clear as any other strain in human creativeness. Our books of folklore are witness to this—so are our ballads, so are our nursery tales. When stories were told around the early campfire, the child was there; when the skald sang in ancient castle, the child was there; when the ballad-monger cried his wares along the byways, the child grasped his penny to purchase the chapbook. While history was being made, the popular songs which, many of them, found their way into *Mother Goose*, were chanted in the nursery. Through the clear crisp night of Christmas eve, the fresh voice of the child made live "God rest ye, merry gentlemen!" The *Arabian Nights* slipped into the nursery; the fables of the court found truest audience in the nursery. All things that were

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virile and imaginative flourished as nursery passports, but all the mental tortures and atrophies remained—in the class-room.

There was a blessed time in the history of our ancestors when the child, considered the foreshortened man, and dressed as such, while tortured mentally and spiritually, was left alone in the library of his elders. Being taught Latin and Greek, he was interested in the Latins and Greeks, and hence devoured Plutarch; being brought up in fear of the Lord and the broomstick, he revelled in the stories of the Bible. Being of the Miltonic and the Bunyan tradition, he understood allusions without footnotes. He was more cultured though he knew fewer things. But his vocabulary was just as long. He might not have known the words, automobile and aeroplane, but he understood salvation and damnation.

Then came the democratization of our life, the doling out of education over a wide area, the levelling of mental requirements, the age of machinery and the newspaper—and economic law which dragged many children out of the nursery and made of them economic entities. Then came the emigrant with his imperfect English; then came material progress, and the growth of current events. The gold of the nursery was hid for a time.

But, thank heavens, excavations are taking place rapidly—to the honor of the American library—and something important is occurring. There was a time when Froebel seemed to say that children could not enter the Kingdom of Heaven until they had gone step by step through his many gifts, and when kindergarten books were enough to make the child run to cover. They were illustrated with wooden pictures, and teachers knew nothing of Kate Greenaway and Randolph Caldecott, those monarchs of the pen and brush in the nursery. But suddenly they realized that Froebel's principles could just as well be illustrated by good pictures as bad, that there was a text higher than the statement that the hen laid an egg in a hat—which a hen never does. And so there is a general improvement in kindergarten literature. Education generally is awakening to the fact that the school curriculum must take cognizance of the best that has been and is being written for children. Education is becoming alarmed over the weakened condition of the imagination of the average school

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child. Education is beginning to understand that the Bible is a source-book for the richest stories and the best poetry the world has ever known. So that I think it only a matter of a few years or days before in every school the child is taught that the joy of the story is what keeps literature alive, and enriches the life of mankind.

When the summing up is made of all the difficulties that children's literature has had to face, I would hate to be on the side of theory. I want to be on the side of the child himself. Remember that Maria Edgeworth once advised all parents to go through juvenile books and blot therefrom words and paragraphs improper for youth. Think of such literary inquisition! Only within very recent years, W. D. Howells, re-reading *Tom Brown's School Days*, suggested that there be deleted from its pages all references to beer drinking! What could have been in the mind of the dear old Archbishop of Dublin, who, pleading for the expurgation of *Mother Goose*, pointed to "Old Father Long-Legs wouldn't say his prayers" as introducing religious intolerance into the nursery, shook his benign head over the greediness of "Little Jack Horner", reproved the thievery of "Taffy was a Welshman", and raised his pious hands over the destructiveness of "A was an Archer"!

It is that attitude which has resulted in the flooding of our shelves with the "just as good" books, those which in the minds of educators are suitable for juvenile consumption. The children have given us no indication whatsoever that they wanted it. Did not a librarian confess that a boy came to her with a simplified *Robinson Crusoe*, and asked for a harder one? I entirely disagree with Mr. Howells, when he hoped that "the time would come when the beast-man will be so far subdued and tamed in us that the memory of him in literature will be left to perish". There is an educative value to "Fe, fo, fi, fum". You will recall that when Lamb wrote his *Ulysses*, Godwin objected to certain expressions in the manuscript, and asked Lamb to rectify them for the sake of the squeamish mothers of that time. And you will recall Lamb's fearless reply that there was only one correction he would make because it was disgusting; but that, as for the others, they were but lively images of shocking things. To him the terrible was rather fine.

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The right of the child nature to free development has not yet been generally accepted. It has had a difficult time since the doctrines of Rousseau were formulated. The right of the child to something has been argued day in and day out through succeeding generations. Give him God, cried Cotton Mather:

> Children should not only know that the Chief End of Man is to Glorify God, and Enjoy Him for ever; they should be asked,
> "Whether they fix upon this, as Their Chief End?
> "Whether they desire the Help of God, that they may Glorify Him?
> "Whether they had rather Enjoy God, than have all the Enjoyments in this world?"

Give him Sunday-schools, cried Robert Raikes:

> The children were to come after ten in the morning and stay till twelve; they were then to go home and return at one; and after reading a lesson they were to be conducted to Church. After Church, they were to be employed in repeating the Catechism till after five, and then dismissed, with an injunction to go home without making a noise! (The exclamation point is mine.)

Give him books and tracts for the poor, pleaded Hannah More. We have not been able as yet entirely to escape the temptation to squeeze childhood into shape. But, left to themselves, I believe children practise what is inherent in them. The Puritan may have frowned upon dolls, but a stick of wood for some youthful Priscilla had the golden tresses of a princess; and I believe churchgoing for the Puritan boy—through the woods with Indians lurking nearby—was as much an adventure as a book by Tomlinson and Altsheler. I have talked with school children about their likes and dislikes in poetry; and, if the teacher has hammered hard, the replies have come a pale reflection of her stereotyped remarks. But a recent poll of certain grammar grades as to what books were liked best will show that when children are left to themselves, with the only criterion of judgment whether things interest them or not, their choice is not bad: *Little Women*, *Sara Crewe*, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, *Black Beauty*, *The Birds' Christmas Carol*, *Robinson Crusoe*, *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*, *An Old Fashioned Girl*, *Grimm's Fairy Tales*, Longfellow's *Evangeline* (the only title showing school influence), *Alice in Wonderland*, and *Little Lord Fauntleroy*.

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This is not a trite selection; you will note that it does not contain one of the many series then published—series spun along in endless volumes. It contains the tried and the true in the nursery, those books which have persisted because of the loyalties that have descended from generation to generation. We speak of certain books as recent literature for the young, but they have stood their test, and now stand as ancients to the wireless telegrapher boy or the radio girl. *Little Women* (1868) is fifty-seven years old; *Alice in Wonderland* (1865) is sixty; James Otis's *Toby Tyler* (1880) is forty-five; Noah Brooks's *The Boy Emigrants* (1876) is forty-nine; and *Uncle Remus* (1880) is forty-five. Even among the younger tales, we must count *The Jungle Book* (1893) as thirty-two; *Sara Crewe* (1888) as thirty-seven; *Little Lord Fauntleroy* (1886) as thirty-nine, and *Huck Finn* (1884) as forty-one. Children are by no means fickle in their loves.

Within recent years our libraries have gone on the only principle that will eventually lead to victory. They are beginning to see results from their persistent campaign, which has stretched over many years of unflagging devotion to the *best* written for children in all ages. When they first began their crusade, there was an appalling indifference among parents as to what their children consumed. When they first began, the art of story-telling was dying out. When they first began, the schools did not believe in anything outside the prescribed rut of reading. When they first began, the publishers were on the highroad to the publication of the cheap and tawdry; the old time writer for the young was passing away with Frank Stockton, J. T. Trowbridge, Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge and Noah Brooks, and the newer writer was approaching the field with a false idea of condescension and the economic necessity of writing quickly and from a formula. The libraries have changed all this, and I think they should be proud of their work. The publishers, through their encouragement, are issuing good books, and reissuing, in forms to ravish the eye and whet the imagination, *classics* of all kinds; the writers are heeding the warning cry, that children demand the best of the human spirit; while illustrators are revelling in the untrammelled freedom of the scene in children's books, and are vitalizing the classics in color.

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Inferiority, therefore, will not go in the nursery: the best or nothing will live. You can make the veriest urchin in the street believe in King Arthur if you afford him the opportunity; you can glorify Queen Mab in the most practical world, and somehow make the young feel that she is not unrelated to wireless, X-ray and radio. The argosies of old can be yoked to Captain Scott and Stefannsson. I am not asking for literature that unrelates one to life. This age has been made practical preponderately because educational theory has made education preponderately practical.

My library is filled with the most inspiring editions of the best that has been written for children. I have not consciously gone forth to collect them. Being a reviewer, they have been sent me, and they represent the conscience of our American publishers. The material is at hand; the children are at hand and willing. What then is the lacking element? The educator.

He crops up everywhere. I noticed it only recently. *The Children's Bible* was sent to me for review. Two Biblical scholars had essayed to simplify the Old and New Testament "in the language of the child". Here were ridiculous changes, more complicated, less direct, less poetic in feeling than the Bible itself. It is always so with the retold story. Take any Shakespeare narrative—even Lamb—and you will find the thought more intricate and the language more verbose than the original, and the manner of telling the story less lucid. So with the Bible: in the language of the Bible or nothing, say I; unless the story is to be told by word of mouth, when you can suit the language to the audience. Have you ever tried to simplify the Lord's Prayer? This *Children's Bible* may be all right, but it is a conscious stooping to supposed child language. Can we accept this, and in the same breath agree that Hilda Conkling's spontaneous outpourings of poetry are in a language peculiar to the nursery? "I want to go to the moon," said my little son to me. "How?" I asked. "In an aeroplane." His smile showed the ease with which it could be done. "But I don't want you to leave me," I pleaded. "I won't," was the reply, "I'll take you along." "But why do you want to go to the moon?" I asked. "To be nearer the stars." That is poetry, and in God's language. Heaven truly lies about us in our infancy. And so, alas, do the mistaken notions of the

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educator! I'll send my boy to the Bible stories told in Bible language.

You need only to have the schoolmaster say the ballads are necessary for the spirit of boyhood, to bring them into fashion again. You only have to take Alexander the Great and Pericles out of the school readers and make Plutarch a school reader instead, to have Plutarch read again. Imagine how little time needs to be spent to whet young appetites for the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. Don't tell me that the present-day spirit is more practical, for what was it sent our men across seas but the same spirit that haunted the waters of ancient Greece? Carl Sandburg, with his guitar, sings the ballad of Jesse James, the outlaw; the modern audience laps the melody from his hands. I think that Jesse James some day will go under cover with Robin Hood; we are adding to the accumulated heritage of the ages. But if Jesse James, why not *Chevy Chase* and *The Jew's Daughter*? Place before youth the Arthur Rackham edition of *Some British Ballads*, and afterwards turn him loose with *Percy's Reliques*.

But instead, what have I seen among the educators—retold ballads, with the omission of what was considered to be savage cruelty! Just as in the editing of the fairy tales, Little Red Riding Hood is no longer eaten by the wolf. And mind you, such educative gentleness in an age when the movies make us callous to danger, and tune us to an excitement that shatters youthful nerves. But I must say that publishers are not as keen to issue such pabulum as they once were. From 1844, when *The Quarterly Review* deplored "the way in which Froissart is cut into spoon-meat and Josephus put into swaddling clothes", until the time when the library undertook the rescue of children's literature, there was an influx of rewriting. *Don Quixote*, by Cervantes, was unknown, but *Don Quixote*, by X. Y. Z., was to be had at small cost to the pocket, but at large cost to the imagination. I should like to follow the influence of the screen picture of Robin Hood, championed by Douglas Fairbanks. I should like to see what Tony Sarg's marionettes are doing toward reinstating interest in Don Quixote. The more the merrier of this kind of propaganda. And I do not believe that the future merchants of our country will be any the worse for it.

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Fashions change and manners change, and there is a long cry from the Fauntleroy curls to the Buster Brown haircut. But I do not believe the heart of childhood changes. The librarians do not seem to think so in their selection of stories for the story hour. It is all in the way of treatment, whether the hero be Alexander the Great or Richard Cœur de Lion or Joffre or Foch or Pershing. It is all in the art employed in the narration of the life of Joan of Arc or of the Angels of the Marne.

I am inclined to believe that, given the artists, there is as much material for poetry and ballads and fairy tales and legend and hero stories and sagas as there ever was. And the crusade of the American library has at last touched the writer, and made him enthusiastic and brought him nearer his juvenile audience. He speaks now, not according to rote, but as he would to that rare audience which always inspires the artist to finer work. He no longer believes that writing for children means clipping his wings; he is beginning to think that in appealing to children he is killing two birds with one stone, for he is appealing at the same time to a grown-up audience. The grown-up who fails to read Carl Sandburg's *Rootabaga Stories*, or Hugh Lofting's *Adventures of Doctor Dolittle*, is depriving himself of a wholesome treat. And merely because the title, *The Bird Nest Boarding-House*, sounds infantile is no reason why the satire of the text by Verbena Reed and the excellent wit of the Herford drawings, are not for older folk.

Titles are deceptive. Recall that a child once asked for Ibsen's *A Doll's House* on that score. It is my opinion that *Alice in Wonderland* is quoted almost as often as Dr. Johnson in the Parliaments of the World, and *he* is regarded as the most oft-quoted man in literature.

The grown person who has failed to read *The Jungle Book* and the *Just-So Stories* is to be pitied. The boy who has failed to read the story *007* is equally to be pitied. I emphasize these opposites, because there is such a slight line separating child interest from that of the grown-up world. Would there have been a sufficient audience in the theatre to keep alive *Peter Pan* for five years, if there had not been a larger following than the nursery? I am, therefore, almost tempted to say that, outside the question of sex, there is scarcely any differentiation to be made between

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the book for children of certain ages and for the grown-up. The boy is a scientist and is interested in all things his father eagerly reads. In his books he demands an up-to-dateness his father requires in the morning paper. That is why boys' stories are reportorial. And among girls there are many stories their mothers eagerly devour: *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm, The Lost Prince, An Old Fashioned Girl.* The differentiation of juvenile from adult literature, outside of the sex element, is one of complicated style alone: it has nothing to do with the content or the art. How little there is about Henri Fabre that is not suitable for young readers! How much there is in the "Life and Letters" of many people suitable for the nursery, if only properly culled—mind you, not changed, but merely selected and arranged. Was there any thought as to whether Roosevelt's *Letters to his Children* was a juvenile or an adult work? I think not. One of the handicaps to children's literature has been the stigma under which the young have labored for these many years: "You are a child," is said with the adult finger pointed deprecatingly, as though it were an additional deadly sin from which youth could only possibly recover after a series of educational treatments. In the words of David Blaize, I should like to say to all such, "You are not real, you are only grown-up!"

Blight art with that condescending pat that it is for childhood, and dead wood is the result. Unfortunately, the school has discovered that there is such a thing as educational dramatics. Everything is turned into dialogue for the spontaneous expression of juvenile actors. The market is flooded with innocuous dialogue. Only think what the dramatic instinct really means; what it is required of a dramatist to do in order to make spring to life a story, to make spring into action a situation, to make breathe alive a character. And then read some of the dialogues given us under the guise of children's plays! We are going through the slough here as we did years ago with kindergarten literature. Plays are written to illustrate a principle. "Let the children dramatize it themselves and cultivate self-expression." That is play and not drama. It is make-believe under direction, whereas I want the make-believe of the nursery, where there does not need to be any instruction. Some day, if we keep after the subject

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long enough, writers will wake up to the fact that there are ideal theatre-goers in the nursery, who would love to see a drama well-written and well-acted. Then we shall have a Children's Theatre, largely filled with grown-ups, because plays for one will be suitable for the other. But now educational theory has the drama in tow and it is suffering.

It sounds as though I were disgruntled with the quality of children's literature now available. That is far from my mood. I think there has never been a time when we could face the problem more hopeful of results, with better material at hand, and in better form. All I want now is for the school to help and not hinder the progress toward a renaissance which will liven the imagination of the child, and give him more to cling to when practical necessities of life crowd in upon him.

So much I know: that there is a particular art to the child's book—an art high and noble and difficult of mastery. I am confident that the American publishers feel this, and the artists who illustrate. In consequence the writers are slowly catching the spirit too. But neither artist nor writer succeeds who condescends, who imitates. There is the fire of life in the paintings that N. C. Wyeth has been doing for children's classics these many years past, excellently maintained this season in his pictures for Bulfinch's *Legends of Charlemagne* and Stevenson's *David Balfour;* there is quaint, high imaginative stage art in Edmund Dulac's *Fairy Book.* Such work would be out of place in a child's book were not the best of juvenile literature capable of appealing to adult interest.

It thus seems to me futile to grade books for the young reader too rigidly, as they are being done by the educator. A story slips easily into the mind that stretches. I know a boy of five who delights in the delectable *Rumpty-Dudget's Tower* by Julian Hawthorne, which has been rescued from the rich past of *St. Nicholas* and put into covers for the first time. He vaults certain words too difficult for him—all words are not necessary for the sense—and sails away on the high current of his imagination. Weary-eyed, he palls over simple verse aimed at his golden head in such a typical example of condescension as Margaret Widdemer's *Little Girl and Boy Land,*—the very title casts its shadow on our souls,—so

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totally unchildlike in content and sweep of imagery, so hollow in comparison with Christina Rossetti's *Sing Song*, in which one finds imagery and music from a pen that cannot help being joyful in the child sense.

The whole trouble is that most writers believe there is a particular stage set for the young. Yet read George Macdonald's *Double Story*—fortunately reprinted this year—and it will be seen that he has something to write about in which he believes intensely; he has something to tell which he must make so impelling that children needs must follow him. But there is no stooping. When John Masefield penned his *Jim Davis* and *Martin Hyde, the Duke's Messenger*, he had stories to tell so moving to himself that I doubt whether he ever gave a thought to his vocabulary or to the problem whether his psychology would prove a stumbling block to a boy's interest: he felt rightly that interest would be gathered up in the sweep of the narrative. So it was when Stevenson came to write *Treasure Island*.

And it is that story to tell, that situation to depict with pen or brush, which quickly reveals whether the writer or the artist has sounded the true depths of children's literature. Contemporary criticism can only hope to designate whether something contemporaneous has the true ring of gold about it. It does not determine what is classic. Only age can designate the agelessness of a book. But I am inclined to believe that it must be a certain age: shall we say below fourteen?

MONTROSE J. MOSES.

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COMMUNION

BY JOHN HALL WHEELOCK

Sacred is the communion of man with man
Through speech: dearer than wine, dearer than bread
Is the low talk around the open fire
Or under the clear stars, whereby his heart
Is mingled with the heart of his own kind.
After the fret and turmoil of the day
The tired seamstress leans into the twilight
And in the alley with her neighbor shares
Grave nothings; while in billiard-room or bar
'Mid thunder of laughter the old joke goes 'round,
Or ribald story. Wherever two are met
There speech is, and the ancient fellowship,
Making us one, who are but wanderers
Upon a lonely way.

And therefore men,
That death itself may not divide them forever,
Have whispered to each other across the years,
In rune or rhyme, ballad, fable or myth,
Their passions and their sorrows; and a glory
Gathers about his memory who most
Has shared with us, out of his love, himself.
Blessed beyond all others are the heads
Upon whose front falls the immortal gleam—
In distant lands perhaps, beyond far seas,
From sun-washed islands or gray promontories
Lifted across the years to give us light—
Spirits at which our groping youth was fed,
The drowsy lips from which all dreams come down,
Makers of music, whisperers of secrets,
Though in the darkness of the centuries

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Hidden away—the hands folded, the heart
Quiet—still musical, still murmuring,
In many a legend, many a rustling page,
Sad songs and dreams that drift about the world,
The old incorrigible ecstasy—
Despite all death, despite all doubt, all doom,
Still passionate, still intimate with us,
And full of a fierce love.
And sweet it is
To sit, echoing spirit and singing spirit,
As friend with friend, by the wayside of the years,
Above the dust of time and circumstance,
And hear, in the lone hour of delight,
The sacred things that man has said to man
For comfort of his sad and wondering heart,
News from a traveler on the common way—
How lies the land, whether the hills be steep
Or valleys fruitful, where the waters run,
Or March hides the first flower—ponderings,
Praise of the road, doubt for the journey's end
Or of the purpose of the pilgrimage,
If there *be* purpose in the pilgrimage?
Questions, questions and reassurances,
Words that the generations past have worn
Upon their lips for love's sake, that shall lie
Trembling upon the lips we may not reach:
The immortal Legend, the old tameless Song,
Wherein to us—who all too easily,
Too often, and too easily forget—
The splendor, the unimaginable splendor,
Holy and stern, of all reality
In happy moments is revealed anew,
Hints of a meaning, echoes of the high
Sorrowful music to which all things move,
With all their warring voices, to one end
Violently. Amen—so *shall* they move
Till Time's lone harp fall silent, till the years
Slumber, and all be as a tale long told.

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SUN SONG

BY CONSTANCE LINDSAY SKINNER

I love you, Desired, with the man-strength of sunlight:
Gleam, gleam, my song, on the heart of the Woman
Like noon on the lily-pool.
The blue lake's melody calls through my reed;
O song from Love's shadowless water
Flow to the heart of the Woman—
Drink, drink, Desired!

Down the river of stars, past the moon-cliffs abloom
With the birches of dream, I sought for the Woman:
At the day's flood-tide I have found you!
Why have you hid in the mist of the birches
Like a young wind awaiting the dawn?—
Noon's fire sparkes the pool;
O shine, shine, my song, on the heart of the Woman!
As blue sky to the water, as shimmering air to the lily,
Out from the mists of your waiting I claim you, Desired,
With clear eyes and a love sun-strong.

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DARK WATER

BY JOSEPHINE PINCKNEY

Come, lean over
With awe-white face;
This is the dark pool,
This is the place;
Leaves well-locked
In a close embrace.

Feel the pulse of the earth
Where the husk is thin,—
The undisturbed growth
Of the life within;
Life—resistless, purposeful,
Unconcerned with beauty or sin.

Summer lies slumberous
Pressing warm-bodied against the earth.
Thin lines on dark water
Mark the slow, cumberous
Floating of turtles,
Lumbering bulks with little slit-eyes;—
. . . gods of the East
Driven by new creeds
Through earth's center to a new birth
In this bed of wampee
And rank water-weeds?

This kingdom is walled
With thick, curled ferns,
Lily-pads cast shade on soft mud below,
On shadowy doors where the mind discerns
Siva's priests as they come and go.
Or are they the life force itself
Manifest . . .

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Look! What is that unrest
In the big pads that stir,—
Tilting blank, green faces
To show disturbed, red throats,—
And lurch back to their places?

Sharp, briary vines
Maintain this seclusion;
Are these oak-oracles
With little twigs that titter
And jibbering leaves . . .
Is it illusion?
In dark water are housed the pale roots
Of misty iris that thread the farther shore
Like a strain of distant flutes,
Healing madness as heals the hellebore.

Come, lean and look!
Learn water divination,—
Listen with lifted head
To reticent trickles of silver;
Read the leaves, drifting laurel auguries,
Written to be read.
Through cypress-stained, translucent water
Passes the Sacred Fish.
O trebly blind who cannot find
In sharp bird-flights
Through breathless woods strange hints
Of doubtful rites. . . .
Or catch earth's mantic mood
When prophet-thunders mumble in the south,
And rainy vapors billow many-hued
From out God's mouth!

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NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

MISS LOWELL'S BIOGRAPHY OF KEATS

JOHN KEATS. By Amy Lowell. Two Volumes. Illustrated. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

To the two justifications which Miss Amy Lowell offers for the publication of another biography of John Keats may be added at once a third of which her readers may be more aware than is the gifted poet-critic herself—the appropriate and admirable qualifications which she possesses for her weighty task. Ever since it became generally known that she was engaged upon this book scholars have looked forward with confidence to a work of exceptional interest and importance. Their expectations are more than fulfilled.

"The unexpected wealth of new material existing uncharted and almost unexplored in the libraries of American collectors," is the first explanation which Miss Lowell gives in anticipation of the possible charge of undertaking an act of supererogation. American collections are, indeed, astonishingly rich in Keatsiana, and the assembling and ordering of all these documents had to be accomplished. A critic who was not also an artist might have chosen the less difficult task of publishing these new documents with nothing more than a running commentary, somewhat in the manner of Mr. Roger Ingpen's *Shelley in England*. Miss Lowell has wisely elected to incorporate all this material in a fresh survey of the poet's life. A review of her book may well begin with some account of the most important parts of this hitherto unpublished material.

First in order stands Miss Lowell's own magnificent collection, which includes several of the poet's letters. Some of these are mere scraps, but others (that of September 5, 1819, for example, or the lately discovered fragment of a journal-letter of February–May, 1819) are of much significance. Several letters which had been previously printed in shortened or garbled form are now printed, corrected and amplified, from the originals. Of such one

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may note Keats's letter to Taylor of August 24, 1819, which casts new light upon this period. There are various letters written by George Keats. There is a very interesting letter from Woodhouse to Keats, written to encourage the poet after the appearance of *The Quarterly's* cruel review of *Endymion* and revealing very pleasantly Woodhouse's loyalty, his interest in literature, and his intense faith in Keats's genius. Again from the pen of Woodhouse is a memorandum on the poet's method of composition. Woodhouse (of whom we shall hear again) was a sort of literary adviser to the firm of Taylor and Hessey, Keats's kind, confident and faithful publishers. He was an indefatigable collector of all sorts of documents and memoranda on the poet and his work; and though it is evident that Keats was at times a bit bored by his persistent yet flattering curiosity and, being bored, sometimes gently "pulled his leg", he still appears at the distance of a century as on the whole the most loyal, disinterested and worthy of all the poet's friends.

Miss Lowell possesses and now prints parts of a memoir written by Taylor recording a conversation with Richard Abbey after Keats's death. Abbey was the guardian of the Keats boys and girl. He bitterly opposed John's decision to abandon his profession for the sake of poetry. He stubbornly attempted to keep Fanny Keats apart from her brothers, whose influence he considered harmful. His prejudice extended from the children back to the parents, especially to the mother who had appointed him guardian. The conversation recorded by Taylor is a gross and slanderous characterization of this poor woman, whose temperament had enough of waywardness to lend a color of truth to Abbey's charges. The manner in which Miss Lowell teases out the threads of truth from this tangled skein of prejudice and falsehood is a fine illustration of her abilities as a literary historian.

It might have been thought that all that could be told was known of the pathetic last phase of Keats's life; but Miss Lowell prints a number of letters written by Dr. Clark, who attended him in Rome and was present at his burial; a long letter from Severn to Taylor, dated January 25, 1821; and another from Severn to the same correspondent written just after Keats's death. I have mentioned but a few of Miss Lowell's documents. She prints a

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letter from Haydon containing a new version of the famous dinner party at the painter's studio when Keats, Wordsworth and Lamb were present. She possesses Keats's volume of Spenser in which many passages of *The Faery Queen* are underscored by the poet. All these marked passages are reprinted in an appendix. She has made excellent use of her holograph manuscript of the *Ode to Autumn* to trace, by study of the corrections and additions made therein, Keats's method of composition. Two pages of this manuscript are reproduced in facsimile. In the midst of such plenty one should avoid the appearance of greediness; but one regrets that it was not possible to reproduce the entire manuscript, as Mr. Ingpen did in the case of Shelley's *Adonais*.

Of the other American collections that of Mr. J. P. Morgan probably stands first. From it Miss Lowell draws a letter from Keats to Haydon; and a most interesting letter from Taylor to Hessey recounting a meeting with Blackwood. Taylor, one is glad to learn, gave the publisher of *Maga* in no measured terms his opinion of that periodical's scurrilous and indecent article on *Endymion*. Far more important than either of these documents is the Woodhouse Commonplace Book. Through Miss Belle da Costa Greene Sir Sidney Colvin obtained transcripts of a good deal of the material in this notebook, but Miss Lowell, who has had free and unconditioned access to it, has gleaned therefrom much that is new. "Gleaned" is too weak a word for the garnering of such a harvest. There is no space here for details. I note, however, that, roughly, the first half of the volume is made up of a long series of original holograph letters (*not* transcripts but originals, bound together), chiefly to Taylor or Woodhouse from various correspondents. The answers to some of these letters are in Miss Lowell's own collection. Taken together the two records throw much new light upon many episodes in Keats's life. The latter half of the Commonplace Book contains, as a heading in Woodhouse's handwriting has it, "Poems, etc. by, or relating to, John Keats." These copies have to be used with caution. Woodhouse, for all his loyalty and enthusiasm, possessed no delicate literary instinct and was so rash as to introduce "corrected" readings into some poems. Some of these readings have passed into the text of Keats; Miss Lowell rightly discards them.

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She also relieves the Keats canon of one or two bits of verse which Woodhouse or one or another of Keats's editors had accepted as genuine. The most remarkable hitherto unnoticed item in the Commonplace Book is a long fragment of a play, *not* in Keats's handwriting, which Miss Lowell is inclined to attribute to him. This, which Miss Lowell calls "the *Gripus* fragment," is a portion of a farce written in blank verse. It is, of course, not in Keats's own manner but, the biographer argues, may well have been written in 1819 in emulation of Reynolds's farce, *One, Two, Three, Four, Five*, of which it contains forcible reminders. If so, poor as it is and rendered worse by the confused state of the manuscript, it is nevertheless of pathetic significance as recording Keats's endeavor to write something pleasing to the popular taste at a time when he desired desperately to win a livelihood that would enable him both to straighten out his financial affairs and to marry Fanny Brawne.

And then there are the F. H. Day and L. A. Holman collections. Miss Lowell has been more fortunate than was Sir Sidney Colvin a few years ago. Mr. Day and Mr. Holman made the condition of Sir Sidney's use of their material that he publish an *édition de luxe* of his biography specially illustrated from their Keatsiana. This Sir Sidney's publishers could not possibly carry out in war-time and he was obliged to forego the privilege of access to these stores. No such condition, so far as I know, has been exacted of Miss Lowell. From the Day collection she derives a hitherto unreproduced drawing of John Keats found in one of Tom Keats's note-books; a letter from the poet to Jane Reynolds containing a copy of the Ode to Sorrow in *Endymion;* an unpublished memoir of Charles Brown which explains much that was previously obscure regarding his relations with Keats, especially during the period of the poet's illness; and other items for the record of which space is lacking here. Nor is there room to note what is drawn from the Holman collection, the F. B. Bemis collection, the W. A. White collection, and other American sources. It may be noted that by collating information from various sources Miss Lowell has been able to give the first lucid and detailed account of the financial difficulties of Keats's last year and of the posthumous settlement of his debts.

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A gentleman who desires that his name be not disclosed possesses a number of letters from Fanny Brawne to Fanny Keats, mostly written after the poet's death. These have not been printed in full, but a few have passed through Miss Lowell's hands and she has apparently seen transcripts of the rest. For their authenticity she vouches. They support the sympathetic and novel interpretation of Miss Brawne's character and of the part which she played in Keats's life, which is one of the most noteworthy aspects of this new biography. Of this matter I have more to say later on.

So much for the new material; I have given but an indication of its wealth and scope. Miss Lowell has also made use of much information brought to light so recently that though in print it has appeared in no previous biography. A catalogue of these items would be manifestly out of place here. One may mention two or three things. Professor Rusk's interesting discovery of a letter from John to George Keats printed in the Louisville *Western Messenger* was first recorded in this REVIEW a year ago. The letter is reprinted by Miss Lowell by permission. She adds another letter of the same period, likewise recording experiences of the tramp through Scotland and drawn from her own collection. Professor Rusk had noted the connection between the letter which he discovered and the sonnet, *Bright Star*. Upon this matter, too, Miss Lowell is able to shed more light. To another American scholar, Mr. C. L. Finney, she is indebted in her discussion of the influence of Drayton's *Endimion and Phoebe* upon Keats's *Endymion*. The close resemblances between the two poems have long been noted; but Colvin came to the conclusion that these were due to coincidence only, on the ground that Keats could not have known Drayton's poem. Mr. Finney argues, and Miss Lowell has reinforced his arguments, that Keats might have seen one of the two surviving copies of *Endimion and Phoebe*. The moment the possibility of actual contact with the book is established, Sir Sidney's argument for mere coincidence falls to the ground and the assertion that Drayton provides the source of Keats's poem is warranted. Miss Lowell made use of a chapter in Mr. Finney's unpublished Harvard dissertation; since her book went to press that chapter has been published separately in the

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Publications of the Modern Language Association for last December.[1] Her study of the inspiration of the Triumph of Bacchus in *Endymion* owes much to a paper, still unpublished, which Professor J. L. Lowes read before the same Association in 1922.[2]

It is time to turn to Miss Lowell's second reason for undertaking her book. All previous biographers, she rightly declares, have belonged to the nineteenth century, in attitude if not in fact: "the twentieth century has been silent in regard to Keats." Disclaiming any pretension "to speak as the universal voice of an era," she speaks "merely as one voice existing in that era". A more representative voice it would be hard to find, or one to speak more sympathetically and understandingly.

Twentieth century knowledge of medicine is of service in the history of the poet's life. Miss Lowell has taken expert medical advice. The first faint symptoms of tuberculosis are now traced some months earlier than had previously been believed. The tone of some of the letters to Fanny Brawne (which was once a basis for the long-since discredited charge of "unmanliness") are explained as due to the suspiciousness which is now recognized as one of the secondary symptoms of tuberculosis. Miss Lowell has done excellent service in relieving Keats's reputation from the

[1] I have had the opportunity to read the proof-sheets of an article which is appearing in the issue of the *Publications* of the M. L. A. (March) that is current along with this number of the REVIEW. This article is entitled *Two Early Reviews of Keats's First Volume* and is by Miss R. D. Cornelius. It was read "by title" at the meeting of the Association at Columbia University last December. Miss Cornelius has discovered a notice of the *Poems* of 1817 in an issue of *The Champion* newspaper published during March, 1817. It is the earliest review of Keats known. Internal evidence proves indisputably that it was written by Haydon and its discovery sheds new light upon the relations of the poet and the painter. The other review is in *The European Magazine* for May, 1817, and is signed "G. F. M.", initials which certainly indicate that George Felton Matthew wrote it. Both reviews are favorable. One regrets that Miss Lowell knew nothing of this discovery at the time that her book went to press; one regrets, too, that Miss Cornelius was not aware that Miss Lowell's biography was in preparation; otherwise she would surely have given her the benefit of advance information in order that the biography might be as complete as possible.

[2] Miss Lowell is inclined to doubt whether Keats's "Triumph" owes much to Titian's "Bacchus and Ariadne"; and in general she minimizes the influence of works of art upon his poetry. In her discussion of the "magic casements opening on the foam" she quite ignores Claude's "Enchanted Castle." But Keats comments in detail upon this picture elsewhere, both in verse and in prose; and its atmosphere seems to me to harmonize more closely with that of the famous lines in the *Ode to a Nightingale* than do the passages in Diodorus which Professor Lowes pointed out to Miss Lowell and from which Keats may indeed have obtained certain suggestions. In the *Ode to a Grecian Urn* he was, she thinks, inspired by no actual urn but by some portions of the frieze of the Parthenon. But the "leaf-fring'd legend" of the *Ode* seems to me somewhat remote in spirit from the great Panathenaic procession of the frieze.

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disagreeable suspicion, first roused by that very hostile biographer W. M. Rossetti, that an allusion in one of his letters to the use of mercury as a specific is an indication that he suffered from syphilis. Rossetti did not know that a century ago mercury was employed for no less than nineteen diseases, among them pulmonary disorders. A health-history of Keats, compiled from his letters and all other contemporary evidence, was submitted by Miss Lowell to two distinguished Boston physicians, who affirm that the data therein contained are indicative of tubercular trouble.

The psychological aspect of the biography is, like the medical, modern; and Miss Lowell's knowledge of this very modern science stands her in good stead in dealing with diverse subjects. It aids her in her pursuits as a source-hunter; it helps to form her æsthetic judgments; it affords a firm base for her characterizations of the members of Keats's circle and of the poet himself. Bearing in mind the fact that her treatment of each of these three topics is the work not only of a scholarly critic and a shrewd and sympathetic woman but of a student of psychology, we may consider each topic in turn.

Source-hunting is in some hands the idlest of pedantic occupations. The chaser of parallels is a poor sort of creature, and most *quellen-studien* result merely in the conviction of the poet who is on trial for petty literary larceny. Miss Lowell has small patience with this sort of thing. She finds it of little consequence that certain verbal echoes go to show that Keats, when writing *The Eve of Saint Agnes*, recollected some of the romantic "trappings" of *The Mysteries of Udolpho*. The moment, however, that a problem of sources carries with it a problem of psychology her interest is aroused.[1] She has profited from many conferences with Professor Lowes whose studies of Coleridge's poems have thrown such a flood of light upon the workings of the conscious and unconscious imagination in the production of poetry. With more space at command I might give many instances of the results of her investigations. In the sonnet on the Elgin Marbles,

[1] She is not absolutely consistent, however. In one place she remarks of certain lines: "I think it futile to seek their sources, for I doubt if Keats remembered them himself." The unquestionable discovery of the sources of poetic inspiration which the poet himself did not remember sometimes illuminates wonderfully the processes of the poetic mind. This Miss Lowell of course realizes, and her remark is due to momentary forgetfulness or impatience.

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for example, she discriminates nicely between the lines that record the faultless original and spontaneous inspiration, welling up from the depths of the sub-conscious mind, and those other lines which are painstakingly constructed by means of conscious poetic carpentry. The famous simile of "stout Cortez" in the sonnet on *Chapman's Homer* she traces, following earlier commentators, to a passage in Robertson's *History of America;* yet curiously enough she apparently misses the mark in her comments upon that other equally fine simile of the

> watcher of the skies
> When a new planet swims into his ken;

for she is content to remark that Keats may have had Bonnycastle's *Astronomy* lying on his table, "although, considering that he has been walking home with the dawn stars paling over his head, he scarcely needed anyone's astronomy to father the thought of a planet." The thought fathered is, however, not of "*a* planet" but of "a *new* planet." Never until Herschel discovered Uranus in 1781 had any "watcher of the skies" had the experience of seeing a new planet swim into his ken, and I am confident that it is of this discovery that Keats is thinking. Somewhere, perhaps in Bonnycastle, perhaps elsewhere, Keats had run across the story; and the resultant magnificent simile lay within the far reaches of the sub-conscious until the first look into Chapman's Homer brought it to the surface. Another, and equally obvious, addition may be made to Miss Lowell's account of Keats's treatment of the Adonis myth in *Endymion.* After showing how he combined elements from Ovid, Spenser and Shakespeare, Miss Lowell proceeds to commend the "happy start of inspiration" by which he invented the spring awakening of Adonis after each year's tranced winter sleep. When noting this "invention" Miss Lowell had for the moment forgotten that this version of the myth was known to antiquity; it is, therefore, much more likely that Keats had heard of it than that he invented it. There is so much that is suggestive in Miss Lowell's study of sources that I am tempted to say more. Her pages on *La Belle Dame sans Merci* culminate in the very acceptable assertion that that poem is without autobiographic significance. She has

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found new source-material for the fragment of *King Stephen* . . . but I must leave this subject.

Miss Lowell's æsthetic criticism is constantly illuminated by vivid contrasts between the tastes and fashions of a century ago and the tastes and fashions of to-day. Her comments are instinct with a poet's knowledge of her craft and art; and her own experiences, as the acute reader will readily perceive, lie back of her analyses of Keats's method of composition, of the conscious and unconscious in poetic art, and in general of the workings of the poetic imagination. Her thesis (if so urbane and serene a book may be said to contain a thesis) is that "Keats was an almost completely modern man. Once grasp that idea, and a good many of his difficulties with life and with poetry become comprehensible." Now this is in a measure very true, for Keats does anticipate in his poetry certain characteristics of modern verse. But there is a constant subdued implication that Keats is the better poet for being "modern", whereas the truth of the matter is that the Moderns are the better poets for being Keatsian. Keats's passion for experiment may be a modernist, tendency, but he shares it in some degree with Wordsworth (in subject-matter) and to a great degree with Coleridge (in prosody), while Blake is the great precursor of both Coleridge and Keats. Miss Lowell writes admirably of the quality of Keats's realism, of that "reality and vividness of actual sight" which is found in his verse. She quotes, for example, the lines:

> Lo! I must tell a tale of chivalry;
> For while I muse, the lance points slantingly
> Athwart the morning air—

with the remark: "This is as vivid and reticent as a Japanese print." And of another similar passage she says: "To-day we should call it an 'image' and attempt no more with it. . . . But Keats knew nothing of 'images,' Chinese and Japanese poetry were unknown in their original forms in his day. A picture was not enough. It was not enough to suggest a tale of chivalry, he must tell it; and he had no tale to tell." It is noteworthy in this connection that elsewhere Miss Lowell cites with approval Haydon's remark that Keats "found no object upon which to direct his great powers." The observation is entirely just that

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many bits of landscape in Keats anticipate the methods of the "imagists" and are suggestive of the quality of Japanese prints. But there has been no solution of continuity between Keats and the Moderns. One recalls Tennyson's habit of recording impressions in a couple of lines or so of verse, lines later introduced into longer poems. Some of these tiny verbal sketches are quite as "imagist" in quality as are those of Keats. The same is true of fragmentary bits scattered through the overwrought detail of Pre-Raphaelite poetry. There is really nothing surprising in the resemblance between Keats and the Moderns.[1]

If I have left myself little room in which to comment upon Miss Lowell's interpretation of Keats's character it is because her portrait is so clear cut, subtle and convincing that I am not minded to mar it by any inadequate summary. She knows his weaknesses—*his juvenile vulgarity of expression but not of idea*; his jealousy; his laxity with regard to debts, and so forth; but she also knows his strength. Her book contains a remarkable series of character-portraits of the members of Keats's circle. The gradual alienation from Leigh Hunt is finely traced. She corrects the traditional view of Joseph Severn, whose great claim to remembrance is that he stuck to Keats to the end but who, although his love for the poet was undoubtedly sincere, in later years made capital of it, since it was his only claim to fame; for Miss Lowell recognizes the unpleasant truth "that what began as genuine admiration ended as advertisement." Her portraits of Haydon, Brown, Woodhouse, George Keats and the rest are extremely vivid and entirely convincing. Most welcome of all is her portrait of the greatly and unjustly maligned Fanny Brawne, who is pictured not at all as a frivolous flirt but as a woman of intellect and taste, devoted to the poet, faithful to his interests,

[1] Only in a foot-note do I venture to question one or two of Miss Lowell's judgments on matters of prosody. The line "How many bards gild the lapses of time" worries her. The rhythm is, she says, "utterly unlike the traditional five-stressed iambic" of the sonnet and "the merry little lilt" is quite out of place. The truth is that Keats, like Blake and Coleridge before him and Rossetti later on, has availed himself of the principle of secondary ictus, stressing the second syllable of "lapses" and thereby giving a dignity to the line in which there is nothing merry, lilting, or out of place. Two other lines—"Or the low rumblings earth's regions under" and "The dazzling sunrise; two sisters sweet"—also worry her. She thinks they are due to a mistake in writing, or else to Keats's ignorant mispronunciation of "rumblings" and "dazzling" as tri-syllables. But if the lines are read with due regard for the pause which takes the place of the missing syllable they are perfectly scannable. The effect is one with which various other poets have experimented.

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patient with his failings, bearing the grossly unjust suspicions which she realized were caused by his illness.

I pass in conclusion to one or two purely literary matters. Her new material and a more subtle study of the old have enabled Miss Lowell to correct the date of many letters, establish the date of various episodes, and offer a new chronology of the poems. One result of major importance is that she alters the chronological order in which the odes of the spring of 1819 were composed. Another, still more important, is her opinion of the relation of *Hyperion* to the so-called *Vision* (or *Fall*) *of Hyperion*. The *Vision* is generally held to be a revision of the earlier Miltonic *Hyperion*. Miss Lowell holds that the *Vision* was begun in late September, 1818, and subsequently abandoned; that *Hyperion* was begun in December, 1818, continued at intervals until April, 1819, and abandoned because Keats became dissatisfied with this Miltonic *pastiche;* and that, finally, Keats recognized that the *Vision* was in his own authentic manner and consequently resumed it in September, 1819, to abandon it because of illness.

A few of Miss Lowell's opinions are challenging. Her round assertion that there is no trace of allegory anywhere in Keats will not meet with universal acceptance. Her belief that he might have developed great powers as a satirist is, of course, incapable of refutation, for it is futile to dwell upon such "might-have-beens"; but Miss Lowell surely overestimates the promise as well as the performance of *The Cap and Bells.*[1] But even when she fails to carry complete assent to her opinions she is suggestive in the extreme; and I wish to take leave of her biography on no note of disagreement but to salute it in all admiration as a masterly piece of work.

SAMUEL C. CHEW.

[1] Miss Lowell comments upon Keats's use of the Spenserian stanza for comic and satiric purpose. For such an employment of what seems an inappropriate metre Keats may have obtained suggestions from the opening stanzas of *Childe Harold.* In this note may be set down remarks on two or three small matters. I do not know why Miss Lowell speaks of Haydon's portrait of Keats, introduced into the painting "Christ's Entry into Jerusalem", as "little known."—It is not at all strange that Miss Brawne calls her lover in her letters just "Keats." The familiar use of the surname was common a hundred years ago, as readers of Mary Shelley's letters or of Jane Austen's novels will remember.—Miss Cornelius's discovery, previously alluded to, proves that Haydon did have an advance copy of the *Poems* of 1817 and explains why Keats took a new sonnet to John Scott, the editor of *The Champion,* instead of offering it to Hunt for publication.

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COMEDIES OF THE RESTORATION

LIFE OF WILLIAM CONGREVE. By Edmund Gosse. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

RESTORATION COMEDY: 1660–1720. By Bonamy Dobrée. Oxford: The Clarendon Press.

THE contemporary revival of interest in Restoration comedy can scarcely be surprising to people acutely aware of the intellectual temper of the period in which we are now living. Something other than either scholarly or æsthetic appetite has been responsible for the belated revival, in the English theatre and more recently in our own, of *The Way of the World*, and for the resuscitation as reading matter of some of the plays of Etherege, Wycherley, Dryden, Vanbrugh and Farquhar. One suspects an affinity in temper, attitude and preoccupation between the two periods. Similarities between them are at least not lacking.

In his suggestive discussion of the conditions which influenced the character of Restoration comedy, Mr. Dobrée points out that the period was one in which polite society was engaged in deliberately and consciously living to the top of its bent. People, he remarks, were determined to enjoy their newly regained luxury and security after a period of war; nobody could foretell what the morrow might bring. It was an age notable for its curiosity in all fields of human concern; moral, political, scientific, social and religious. It was an age in which criticism flourished and investigation was pursued. It was an age which, in the field of social behavior, was remarkable for its willingness to experiment. It was an age intellectually convinced of the possibility of rationalizing human relationships and determined to attempt it in conduct. It was an age dominated by scepticism, the repudiation of tradition, and the desire to try new ways of living. In the best sense it was natural that this temper should find in comedy a subtle medium of expression, and that it should perfect comedy as an æsthetic form to a degree of artistry previously unequalled in English literature.

Superficially, in its general intellectual temper, our own period reflects that which produced the Restoration comedies. Yet in one important and perhaps fundamental respect there is a dif-

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ference in temper which outweighs and cancels all superficial similarities. The contemporary mind, as it finds expression in our significant contemporary literature, exhibits the same attitudes of intellectual curiosity, of willingness to experiment, of scepticism, disillusion and impatience of tradition. But—and here is the important difference—our dubieties perplex us; convinced as we may be that the only fixed absolute is pure relativity, we despise the conviction and would willingly change it for one small grain of positive faith. The Restoration mind, convinced of much the same thing, had the intelligence to make its dubiety a positive affirmation. For it there were no absolute certainties in life, and it courageously affirmed as its only certainty the impossibility of ever being certain. Again and again in the comedies of the Restoration we come upon this, and the expression is always affirmative. "Would anything but a madman complain of uncertainty?" asks Angelica in Congreve's *Love for Love*. "Uncertainty and expectation are the joys of life. Security is an insipid thing, and the overtaking and possessing of a wish discovers the folly of the chase." But our own day takes its uncertainty tragically; such works as Joyce's *Ulysses* and Eliot's *Waste Land* are negations, not affirmations of life, and negations which lament a loss of faith. For the Restoration writers, who were more profoundly rational than ours, doubt itself constituted a positive faith.

This capacity to evolve a positive philosophy by means of rationalizing its negations and its doubts, explains why the best of Restoration comedy speaks to us today with a force, vigor and conviction that we rarely discover in the literature of our own time. Our writers turn with facility to the production of satire, perhaps forgetting that indictment is itself only an expression of inverted and excessive sentimentality; and the vaunted freedom of our literature to "face facts" turns out too often to be only a liberty to face them without making use of them. Possibly that is why the spirit of comedy has deserted our literature, since it is of the essence of comedy that the facts shall not only be faced honestly, but employed to some significant end. At its lowest level Restoration comedy sank into farce, and its central average probably lies in satire. But its highest achievements rose to pure

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comedy of a singularly crystalline perfection, and they retain for us today an intellectual meaning as well as an æsthetic delight.

Mr. Dobrée, in a succinct conclusion to his volume, defines the achievement of Restoration comedy as a whole. It gave, he says, "a brilliant picture of its time rather than a new insight into man." That it did not rise to a more universal spirit he explains by pointing out that the writers "never came to the condition of seeing life whole, though what they saw they perceived very clearly. They loved it with Etherege, or, like Wycherley, snatched from it a fearful joy, or, like Congreve, tried in their dissatisfaction to distil from it something exquisite: they hardly ever related it, as Molière nearly always did, to a larger world; they did not try to construct something terrific out of it, as Jonson was able to do." Mr. Dobrée likewise remarks that their time forced these dramatists to be too critical and too moral, in the sense that they were forced to be too largely engaged with the immediate application of their ideas. Their moral vision was in no sense universal; the old moral vision had died, and the new scepticism was less a vision than an inquiry. "The dramatists of that day were almost necessarily forced to be content with morality as conceived by the *honnête homme.* Wycherley could never imagine, as did Goethe's Faust, that all experience whatsoever might be good: Congreve would never see that the art of graceful living might, by its very fineness, miss something fundamental in life, and destroy the directness he was eager to preserve."

These are serious limitations, and Mr. Dobrée acknowledges them to be so, but his keen critical insight enables him to see that such limitations carry with them compensatory advantages, and that the true artist is one who turns the limitations of his material or medium into positive resources. The potential advantage of the limitations to which the Restoration dramatists were subject lies in the fact that, lacking a comprehensive theory of life or a sustained emotional revolt from life, the creative impulse is "bent inwards upon thing, it will not be satisfied until the object made has complete validity within itself: it cannot afford to slip into life." And Mr. Dobrée points out that such lapses into realism as scarcely injured the structure of much

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Elizabethan comedy proved ruinous to that of Restoration comedy. The kind of perfection necessary to the Restoration writers required a conscious artistry and consummate craftsmanship, and it is remarkable, not that this perfection was so rarely achieved, but that it was achieved at all. As the two flawless and perfect masterpieces of the school, Mr. Dobrée chooses Wycherley's *The Country Wife* and Congreve's *The Way of the World*. Both of these plays take us, not into life, but into an æsthetically consistent world detached from the actual yet rising upon it. It is their peculiar virtue to offer us not nature, but nature carried over into art; not actual experience, but imaginative experience in which we are partly implicated, yet to which we also remain, in part, external. Only the finest art is capable of producing this effect of implication and detachment, and only the finest, therefore, succeeds in making available for us an experience at once more intense and more intelligible than any offered by life. It is the function of art to subject us, as life does, to experience. But the experience of art must make its significance explicit to us even while we are subject to it, and this the experience of life cannot accomplish. If this is the basis for our distinction between art and life, we can attribute to the best of Restoration comedy, despite its artificiality, its strict convention of form, and its alienation from a vision of life in any sense universal, a valid and enduring æsthetic truth.

Mr. Dobrée's volume provides a concise and exceptionally expert mediation between seven Restoration writers of comedy and a contemporary audience. It is criticism in the finest sense, and criticism founded upon a French rather than an English tradition. His aim is interpretation of the actual work of art in terms of its intention and its effect. Unlike many critics who happen also to be scholars, he conceives scholarship as an instrument rather than as an end in itself. He makes scholarship serve his purposes, but those purposes are critical and æsthetic. To turn from his delightful and lucid book to Sir Edmund Gosse's life of Congreve, now republished with additions and revisions after thirty-seven years, is to turn from art to scholarship. This biography is the one authoritative life of the dramatist in the English language. It remains useful as an accurate compilation

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of the known facts relating to Congreve's career,—unfortunately far fewer in number than we should like to possess,—but it offers no significant interpretation of Congreve's art, nor does it attempt to approach Congreve as an artist. But it makes evident the opportunity for a study of Congreve as a personality and as an artist, a study which might combine the erudition of Sir Edmund Gosse with the æsthetic intelligence of Mr. Dobrée. For, as man and as artist, Congreve is among the most interesting of English writers.

LLOYD MORRIS.

PROBLEMS OF GOVERNMENT

ISLES OF FEAR. By Katherine Mayo. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company.

SECURITY AGAINST WAR. By Frances Kellor and Antonia Hatvany. Two Volumes. New York: The Macmillan Company.

THE ROAD TO WORLD PEACE. By Oscar Newfang. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE ETHICAL BASIS OF THE STATE. By Norman Wilde. Princeton: Princeton University Press.

IT is to be doubted if the history of human government contains another parallel at all comparable in completeness and significance, in the care and culture of dependent races, with that between the British administration of the Egyptian Sudan and in a measure of Egypt itself, and the American administration of the Philippines. Time was when the work of Gordon at Khartoum was one of the wonders of the world, for the success of its altruistic beneficence in giving emancipation and enlightenment to a thitherto enslaved and degraded race. From that height of pride and admiration there was abrupt transition to an equal depth of shame and abhorrence when the perverted policy of an unimaginative idealist—strange creation!—permitted those achievements to be undone and the region to be delivered to a worse despotism of barbarity than it had known before. And then Nemesis compelled a costly and laborious reconstruction of the works which through criminal folly had been destroyed. For Khartoum sub-

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stitute Manila; for Gordon, Taft and his colleagues and successors; for the great betrayal of Gladstone's time, the wretched recreancy of the Francis B. Harrison administration; and for the later atonement of Kitchener and Cromer, the tasks now laid upon Leonard Wood. The parallel is complete.

It is with the dark and forbidding second phase of the drama that Miss Mayo deals. And she does so in a manner worthy of the task. She addresses herself to it not as a tyro but as an expert investigator of recognized authority; not as an agent of others—government, society, or what not—but on her own independent initiative and charge; and not with any preconceived notions or purposes, either to extenuate or to set down in malice, but as an impartial and open-minded searcher for the truth. It is thus, no doubt, that all such works should be undertaken and all such books written; but, equally no doubt, it is so seldom that they are thus done that even on that ground alone the present volume would stand unusual and all but unique. But still more unusual is it for the fine combination of technical thoroughness, literary and dramatic skill, and intensely vivid and vital appeal to human interest, with which it has been prepared. Above all, however, it is noteworthy for the immeasurable monstrosity of the evils which it discloses. As a token of these, the title was well chosen. What were once reckoned "summer isles of Eden" have become, in the haunting horrors of savage despotism, to the vast masses of their hapless people, literally Isles of Fear.

This is not the place, nor is the present writer the authority, to pass final judgment upon the political—not partisan—issues involved in this tremendous tragedy. But at least it must be pointed out that the evil and the ruin were wrought through a most egregious abandonment of national principle and reversal of established policy, such as we shall scarcely find paralleled in all our earlier history. There is no more necessitous principle in the basis of all government worthy of the name, than that responsibility and authority must always be commensurate. Yet the American Governor-General of the Philippines from 1913 to 1921, flaunting himself as a "mere figure-head", retained the former while abrogating the latter. There was never a sounder policy than that set forth by Woodrow Wilson when he declared that we

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could not give the Philippines self-government, but that it must, if ever attained, be worked out by the people of those islands themselves, through long labor and cultivation; yet through the irony of fate in his own administration those wards of the nation were incontinently pitchforked into self-government for which they were most pathetically unprepared, and which none desired but a ring of semi-alien and self-seeking politicians. The results of that appalling abnegation of government Miss Mayo sets forth, almost literally in characters of blood and fire, in a narrative which will not be refuted. "Confound him!" exclaimed one political controversialist of his opponent, "he doesn't play fair; he always looks up his facts before he says anything!" Miss Mayo has looked up her facts, and she gives them, every one, with explicit citations of volume and chapter and verse; and in doing so she has performed, for both this nation and its wards, one of the outstanding services of our time.

Investigation of another kind was undertaken by Miss Kellor and her collaborator, Miss Hatvany, into the ways and means of attaining for this nation and for the world security against war. It was conducted for a number of years, in many lands, and at first hand; and the resultant volumes constitute a truly encyclopædic record, exposition and, in a measure, discussion of all that has been done since the World War to prevent the recurrence of such a catastrophe. The first volume is almost entirely historical record, the most complete and informing record of which we have knowledge of the organization and operation of the League of Nations as an international machine for the maintenance of peace. All the various important international disputes which have arisen since the formation of the League are related in detail, and the utility or non-utility of the League in connection with them is made clear. A tabular recapitulation is graphically impressive. Thirty-seven disputes are enumerated,—suggesting that the world has been about as contentious since as it was before the war,—of which all but four were brought before the League in some way. In no fewer than fourteen of them there was resort to militant aggression, and of these only one, and that one of the least, appears to have been settled by the Council of the League, while five were settled by a council of ambassadors in quite the

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old-fashioned way. In fourteen more there was resort to political intervention, and of these settlement of three is credited to the Council of the League, while two were ended by the forcible military conquest of a single Power—also in the old-fashioned way—and five are recorded as not yet settled. Finally in nine cases there was that resort to law which theoretically there should have been in all, though in a majority of these the court was ineffective.

In view of such a record it is not surprising to find Miss Kellor lacking in optimism concerning the utility of the League of Nations and concerning the outlook for the maintenance of peace. This is chiefly manifested in her second volume, which is devoted to an analysis and evaluation of international courts which exist or might exist, and the various proposals for the outlawry of war; and in which she naturally gives freer rein to her own views and judgments than she does in the more purely narrative portion of her work. She sees what was perfectly evident to many of us five years ago, at the time of our refusal to enter the League of Nations, that there are essential and probably irremediable differences between America and Europe in their attitudes toward war and peace. "The differences are basic," she says. In abhorrence of war and in desire for peace there is agreement. So there is as to the theoretical desirability of substituting law for force. But "upon the points of contact to accomplish the abolition of war and the substitution of law there is divergence of opinion, and upon the methods to be pursued, frank antagonism."

Theoretically in spite of the League of Nations, as the advocates of that organization will doubtless say, but to the minds of others of us practically because of the existence of the League, Miss Kellor discerns that the military system is still the basis of security for the nations of Europe, and resort to arms is still regarded as the ultimate means of settling disputes. In fact, she sees preparations for the next war already in progress. Defensive military alliances are being formed; and there is always possibility of a defensive becoming an offensive alliance. States are shifting their diplomatic alignments. Racial, economic and geographical elements are reasserting themselves. The nations are obsessed with the notion that the only effective guarantee of security lies in disarmament, and since that cannot now be effected, the only re-

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course is to go on arming. No wonder that she sees "no indication of any relief in sight for the people from the intolerable burdens of fear and from the taxation and debt which weigh them down in their efforts to ensure safety by preparations for war."

Miss Kellor does not repudiate the League of Nations. On the contrary, she concedes its considerable utility. But she cannot perceive in it a panacea for the world's ills. She again makes clear the point which Warren G. Harding effectively pressed during his electoral campaign in 1920, that the political character of the League and its acquirement of executive and legislative functions must hopelessly disqualify it from serving as an impartial arbitrator and still more, of course, from exercising adjudication. Naturally, therefore, she looks, as the world should long ago have looked, to the earlier organization at The Hague. That tribunal is free from politics; it undertakes no legislative or executive functions. In the past, in years before the League was conceived, it was highly efficient for the peaceful settlement of various grave international disputes. It should therefore be upheld, strengthened and further developed—as the United States earnestly desired and strove in 1907—into a great international court of justice for the substitution of law for war. An international code of laws, an international system of jurisprudence, an international court of justice having jurisdiction over the crime of aggressive war—these are the means of bringing about that outlawry of war which all desire.

To my mind the gist of the whole matter is suggested in the confession of Lord Hugh Cecil, aptly cited by Miss Kellor: "The nations care everything for peace and nothing for justice." That is only too true, and the truth is damning. Instead of *Fiat justitia, ruat cœlum*, the cry is *Fiat pax, ruat justitia*—the most insane folly that can be conceived. For nothing in human affairs can be more certain than this, that peace based on injustice—on anything else than justice—is vanity of vanities. "In this, God's world, with its wild whirling eddies and mad foam oceans, dost thou think," demanded Carlyle, "that there is no justice? I tell thee again there is nothing else but justice!" It is the gravest defect of the Covenant of the League of Nations that it concerns itself too much with politics and too little with justice; even, as

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we have seen, incapacitates the League for being a true and efficient administrator of justice.

This fact Mr. Newfang practically concedes in his well-meant though, I fear, inconclusive attempt to mark out the road to world peace. He points out that the purposes for which the League was organized are, in the words of the Covenant, "to promote international coöperation," and "to achieve international peace and security". The establishment and maintenance of international justice is mentioned merely as one of the means by which these ends are to be attained. Now it is all very well to say "Let us secure peace by establishing justice." But it is vastly better to say "Let us establish and maintain justice, and then we shall have peace."

There is an admirable clarity in Mr. Newfang's exposition of the American objection to the League of Nations. Entirely apart from political friction, for which the President's unfortunate policy was largely responsible, he sees that the Covenant was rejected because it was unacceptable to the American people. His precise words are to be quoted, and remembered:

> The Covenant of the League is distasteful to Americans, because its form is that of an alliance of governments; and the American policy since the days of Washington has been sedulously to avoid every "entangling alliance". The purposes of the League are fully approved in this country, but its form is repugnant to the genius of American institutions. Until the League is developed into a form that is in harmony with our institutions . . . there seems slight hope that this country will become a member state.

That is exactly true, and is admirably expressed. But it is to be doubted whether so much can be said for the manner in which the League is thus to be developed, as set forth in the succeeding part of Mr. Newfang's book. He recalls our unsatisfactory experience with the old Confederation, and the way in which we sought and found national salvation in the "more perfect union" of the Constitution, and he conceives the strange notion that we object to the League because it too much resembles the "loose alliance" of the Confederation, but would be reconciled to it and would enter it if it were changed into something more like our Constitutional Union of States, with all its members subject to the authority and even militant control of a Super-State.

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That, I say, is a strange notion, partly because Mr. Newfang so clearly perceives that we object to the League because we object to entangling alliances, and partly because he believes that we shall not enter the League unless and until it is made to conform with our institutions. Certainly it is extraordinarily strange for him to argue that our objection to an entangling alliance would be overcome by the expedient of making it more entangling; and also for him to suggest that a satisfactory way of bringing the League into harmony with our institutions would be to make our institutions conform with the principles of the League! Indeed, he practically proposes that we shall abrogate the Constitution of the United States in favor of a "Constitution for the World Government". He would have every warship of any kind in the world "under the control of the World Premier"; and under that same super-state control he would maintain a standing army of five million men! If that, or something like it, is not done, he concludes, "the forces of disruption, destruction and warfare will destroy civilization itself and plunge mankind down to the stage of the numerous petty, fighting tribes that existed at the dawn of history." After that counsel of despair, I must revise my estimate of Schopenhauer. Was he not, after all, a somewhat too buoyant and visionary optimist?

A fitting epilogue to these various presentments and judgments of governmental problems is provided by Professor Wilde's volume on the ethical aspects of all the problems of the State. In this he writes more as an expositor than a propagandist, covering concisely though not necessarily superficially the range of political philosophy from Plato to Mr. Bertrand Russell—surely a sufficiently comprehensive *omnium gatherum* to satisfy if not satiate the most eclectic taste. The author confesses frankly that he propounds no plan for social or political salvation, and he fears that therefore his book may seem to have no excuse for existence. On the contrary, that very fact is one of the strongest possible vindications of its right to existence, and one of the most effective commendations of it to thoughtful consideration. Nor does his denial of any attempt at originality detract from its value. A common school arithmetic contains nothing that has been "original" since Pythagoras, and is quite void of "plans" or propa-

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ganda of any kind; yet all people—save perhaps our "advanced" educators—esteem it as quite indispensable. I should say that knowledge of the multiplication table is scarcely more essential to all who have to do with mathematical reckoning of any kind than knowledge of Plato and Aristotle, of Locke and Rousseau, of Spencer and Mill, is to all who would deal with the fundamental principles of statecraft. Because, as I have been insisting, justice must take precedence over peace in international affairs, the ethical concept of the State must take precedence over the political. Alike whether we are governing the Philippines, or rejecting the Covenant of the League of Nations, or participating in the Tribunal at The Hague, the supreme consideration must be to do justice, and ethics is, in the last analysis, the philosophy of justice.

WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON.

THE TRUTH AND NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON: A Critical Biography. By John A. Steuart. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS. By Oscar W. Firkins. Cambridge: Harvard University Press.

JOHN VISCOUNT MORLEY: An appreciation and some reminiscences. By John H. Morgan. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

WILLIAM CRAWFORD GORGAS. By Marie D. Gorgas and Burton J. Hendrick. Garden City: Doubleday, Page and Company.

To nothing is the scientific and realistic spirit of our time more hostile than to legends, and it is in the character of legend-smasher—not idol-breaker, by any means—that Mr. Steuart in his biography of Robert Louis Stevenson chiefly impresses one as a man of might. Sane criticism can hardly find fault with Mr. Steuart's essential sympathy, with his justice, or with the extent and accuracy of his information. But if a certain lingering personal dissatisfaction may be expressed, it can find a partial and conjectural warrant only in the fact that Mr. Steuart seems to be consciously out to destroy a myth.

The question of what is left when the mythical elements have

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been analyzed away, is thus of the first importance. What was the real Stevenson, according to Mr. Steuart?

"The essential dualism of man's nature was in Stevenson abnormally complex and confused." In his early twenties, he might have taken "Inconsistency and Volatility" for his motto. An "exuberant egoism" was one of his few consistent, or at any rate persistent, traits. But for all the exuberance, he was not nearly so communicative as he seemed. He had, in fact, in a high degree "the Scottish reserve, which is chary of confidences, especially in regard to matters of conduct or deep feeling". He appears to have been singularly in need of external guidance. Such balance of character as he had, he owed in large measure to the influence of Fleeming Jenkin. It was not until his intimate association with Henley that he made marked progress in the direction of "sanity, grasp, and precision of style". Nor were some of his most engaging traits really the spontaneous expression (as they have been made to appear) of a poised and beautiful spirit. His liveliness was often merely the result of a half-hysterical mood. He was no miracle of gaiety, but, like other artists great and small, he had his periods of crushing gloom: to commend the cheerfulness which he manifested under distressing circumstances is to give emphasis to only half of the truth. His love of playthings was in large part a self-cultivated means of distraction, "an anodyne, like dram-drinking".

In these pages, we very frequently see Robert Louis Stevenson as a lover of self and as a lover of make-believe—neither strong with the all-round strength of great souls, nor sincere with the sincerity of the great. Both his character and his writings seem to fall for the most part under the same censure. It was a lover of make-believe who entertained himself, during periods of invalidism, with the games of childhood, and the same lover of make-believe wrote *Treasure Island*. "It was one of his most engaging qualities that he always took his own doings, his own feelings, as things new and unique in the experience of the race. He was like a child to whom the common facts of life are matter for endless wonder and volubility." Childlike, then, in his egoism, in his instinctive reference of everything to himself, and in his disposition to make-believe. But not sincere or simple after the manner

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of children. Rather, there was in his character an excess of sophistication, oddly mingled with the more or less consciously childlike quality. Similarly, his early atheism appears to have been, after all, a kind of pose, and the pain it caused was disproportionate to the importance of any real issues at stake in the mind of the young Stevenson.

That mastery which gives wholeness to a work of fiction and which is the mark of creative genius is scarcely to be found in his writings. Slightness, artificiality, a questionable sincerity allied to seeming frankness, are faults not infrequently manifest and still more often to be suspected. Even Alan Breck is an artificial creation; he is not truly a Highlander. Quite characteristic is Stevenson's romantic quest for a Highland ancestor. In point of fact, he had none, and what seemed odd and foreign in his temperament he owed, as Mr. Steuart has proved, not to any Gaelic strain, but to an infusion of French blood.

If the defects of Stevenson as a man of letters are not offset by any such manifestations of power as might reconcile us to occasional failures, the faults of his character are equally difficult to excuse. Neither as man nor as writer can he claim the right to be judged as exceptional and as beyond the reach of the laws that govern lesser men. Thus the excursions into low life of the by no means immaculate Stevenson of reality—so different from the Stevenson of the legend!—appear as nothing other than instances of perverse wickedness.

Finally, the outstanding facts about Stevenson are these: Without generous and long-continued help, his life must have been a total failure. The sum of his accomplishment is not impressive, since only the unfinished *Weir of Hermiston* bears the marks of greatness. His unquestionable virtue is courage: "In the whole history of English literature," writes Mr. Steuart, "there does not shine a braver, more devoted spirit than Robert Louis Stevenson."

As biographer and critic, Mr. Steuart is decisive and competent. He has written a record of fact superior in fulness, impartiality, and accuracy to anything previously written about Stevenson—a record that will serve as a sheet anchor of truth for all future commentators. His analysis of Stevenson's character seems, if one

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makes allowance for the massiveness of those standards of morality and normality to which the biographer implicitly refers, unquestionably sound. Though the values set upon such works as *Kidnapped* and *David Balfour* may seem disappointingly low, still if we allow the comparison between Stevenson and a man of Sir Walter Scott's calibre to be just, we can hardly find fault with the conclusions.

That the Stevenson legend must now take its way to limbo, also seems clear. Having discarded it, Mr. Steuart has given us in its place the truth and nothing but the truth. The question, however, arises whether there are not in the legend elements of reality which the coldly chiselled facts do not reveal or reflect? Is the author of *Kidnapped* and *David Balfour*, not to mention *St. Ives* and *An Inland Voyage*, fully and truly represented in these pages? I have no means of answering this question except by reference to impressions made upon me by the books themselves and by those anecdotes of the author which mostly smack of the legend. Yet with no better warrant than this, I cannot refrain from recording my opinion as tentatively negative. Mr. Steuart, it appears to me, is too rigorous in his insistence upon what may be called the primary as distinct from secondary (more or less mimetic) human traits. In his impatience with whatever smacks of insincerity or artificiality he appears akin to Carlyle. For him every good thing in literature and life must be founded upon a rock. It would be a most solid and satisfying world, truly, if everything demonstrably rested upon so deep a base. I should say that the biographer is not merely one of our scientific and realistic moderns, but also a stern moralist of a type not so modern; and that in destroying the Stevenson legend, he has perhaps sacrificed in some part the atmosphere of a personality.

Mr. Firkins has thoroughly explored Howells, he has weighed and tested every ounce of literary ore to be found within the chosen area, and he reports his findings brilliantly. Indeed, it is a pleasure to discover that any discourse so doctorial in method and manner, so academically conscientious, as Mr. Firkins's treatise can be so entertaining. No botanist ever investigated the structure of a plant with more thoroughness than Mr. Firkins

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has investigated the structure of every one of Howells's stories. No biologist was ever more careful to avoid the appearance of advancing a thesis not amply supported by the facts.

The result of this extraordinarily persevering and skilful effort to tell the truth and nothing but the truth about a subject at once so comprehensive and so elusive as the whole output of a great writer is both interesting and valuable. Mr. Firkins possesses a rare talent for just this task. Whoever writes about Howells must always feel somewhat excessively the obligation to be no less gentle, no less honest, and no less subtle than the author of whom he writes. Even to read Howells is to some minds and in some moods, may one say, a trifle burdensome? Not at all because he is dull, for that he seldom is; but because he keeps not merely the mind but the conscience at such a stretch, requiring one to follow him into such subtleties of honesty, into such sinuosities of conscientiousness. If this be true of the mere reader, how hard must be the task of the critic! Yet Mr. Firkins appears to encounter no especial difficulties. He has caught the spirit of the master, and that so perfectly that in reading his book one sometimes feels as if Howells were criticizing Howells.

"Mr. Howells," writes the critic in the section of his book devoted to *Literary Friends and Acquaintances*, "treats himself with the satirical indulgence appropriate to an incumbrance from whom escape is inconceivable. He has no more self-love than can make itself thoroughly agreeable under the double easement of an alert self-mockery and an unbounded and unsated interest in others." So characteristic is this passage in its characterization that if the context were destroyed and the name erased, one could hardly help knowing whom it was meant to describe. The kind of truth that the novelist was himself so apt in discovering seems also to shine out of the following passage:

> Mr. Howells's proper humorous pose—if I may use the word without malice or offense—is a make-believe of a quite unbelievable helplessness and meekness which had prototypes in Goldsmith and Emerson and finds a later parallel in Mr. Crothers. When two of his selves begin to recriminate, I feel a double pang; I am not quite pleased that Mr. Howells should say nagging things, and I am altogether grieved when nagging things are said to Mr. Howells.

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Mr. Firkins is frequently illuminating in this rather intimate way. Even his consuming interest in technique does not reduce him, as such interest does most critics, to utter dryness. But he also knows how to be methodically severe. The following lines on *My Mark Twain* are enough to annihilate a less important book, so ruthlessly do they expose a genuine weakness:

> Mr. Clemens is obscene; in the Howells dialect, he is "Elizabethan". He is grossly profane; this is a "heritage from boyhood", an "impersonal blasphemy". He tells lies; this is being not "stupidly truthful". He feigns a belief in immortality to relieve an apprehensive wife; this lying is "heroic". He dresses spectacularly before a Congressional committee; this is a "magnificent *coup*". When he is not wearing a sealskin coat with the fur out, or hiding a matutinal dress suit under an overcoat, he is triumphing in the gaiety of an Oxford gown; this is having a "poet soul". . . . He is implacable even to the dead; but, in the last analysis, he remains "exquisite".

It is a curious fact that no critic has written wittier, sharper things of Howells than has Mr. Firkins, and none has implied and justified more praise. A captious critic, on unkindness bent and wishful for the reputation of cleverness, might well envy Mr. Firkins some of his pithier sayings. With difficulty I content myself with a single illustration of this point. Mr. Firkins is criticizing *The Coast of Bohemia*. "Ludlow," he says, "the successful artist and wooer, has plainly taken a degree in the Howellsian academy for the education of gentlemen; he is adequate, but savors of the establishment." Yet what a world of difference the context makes! Such remarks in Firkins's *Howells* are only a kind of left-handed compliments. Indeed the critique of the novel in question begins: "A failure in Mr. Howells, the never-failing, almost justifies itself as a curiosity"—a piece of praise which, considering the number of novels which the never-failing one produced, might seem almost fulsome.

On the whole, it would be hard to find modern critical writing that is more sensitive, exact, and well-balanced than Mr. Firkins has given us in this volume. Yet somehow one may read the whole book through without knowing much more about what Howells means to one than one knew before. For one thing, Howells's work does not easily lend itself to what is called "creative" criticism. One can scarcely imagine criticism of

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Coleridge's kind as successfully applied to it. Howells's writings, indeed, seem to furnish a sort of running commentary upon themselves. The commentator must be wary to avoid falling into a kind of ineffectual manner of insinuating slight criticisms or into an equally unprofitable habit of palavering about certain obvious virtues—a dilemma which Mr. Firkins has nobly avoided. The fact remains, however, that so far as appreciation is concerned, if one has read Howells, one hardly needs to read Firkins, or any one else, on Howells.

Furthermore, there appears to be in the effect of this work taken as a whole a fallacy, almost unavoidable considering the plan and method of the book—a fallacy, as it were, of composition or division. Taken distributively, nearly all the novels seem to be somewhat weak, but to possess marked excellences. The natural inference is that Howells as a novelist is somewhat weak, though he possessed certain notable virtues. The point is not that these virtues and defects cannot be arithmetically added, and that one is therefore left without an accurate estimate. It is rather that, if they could be summed, they would not yield an accurate estimate, because Howells the novelist is more than the sum of his successes and his comparative failures and any novel of Howells is more than the sum of its good and bad points. Thus while Mr. Firkins has produced a scholarly and interesting manual for the study of Howells, he scarcely creates a coherent or unified conception of the writer and his work. Mr. Firkins's criticism is scientific and pluralistic in spirit, and it has all the virtues of this spirit, including impartiality and an indisposition to sacrifice facts to ideas. That a fault is perhaps associated with these merits, I have already suggested; but if fault it be, it is due to aim and method, and not to a want of adequacy or skill.

That both criticism and biography should have a vital wholeness is a hard saying, and in biography, because of the refractoriness of its materials, the ideal is perhaps harder to attain. Nevertheless, it is true, as General Morgan says in his appreciation of Lord Morley, that if a biography is to have the unity, the symbolism, and the immediateness of a work of art, the writer must

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aim at a portrayal of character, "instinct with that volition without which there is no character, and all else should be rigidly subordinated, and, if need be, eliminated, to that one end."

General Morgan has written no biography,—the provisions of Lord Morley's will, strangely enough, forbid the attempt,—but he has produced a shapely study: character and significance really emerge from his memories and appreciations.

At some distance of time and space Lord Morley is in danger of being regarded primarily as "the honest man in politics" (invidious distinction!) or as the "scholar in politics", or at best merely as the thinker in politics. These phrases do not nearly describe him. He was, in fact, a much greater human being than his political repute or even his literary accomplishment would seem to mark him—a man, for example, of broader human guage than John Stuart Mill whom, as a rationalistic thinker, he resembled. It is the decisive merit of General Morgan's book that, without eulogy or special pleading of any kind, he convinces his readers of this thesis. Telling the truth and nothing but the truth, allowing the facts to stand foremost and restricting comment to its proper rôle, he expresses the quality and, so to speak, the substance of a personality.

If one may venture to formulate the final impression, it is that this man of the sensitive mind and tender heart, this scholar who believed that "one must govern", this preacher of no-compromise who found consistency no easy matter in practice, this serene and well-balanced thinker who thought so wisely and expressed himself so sanely, was in reality a somewhat tragic figure—tragic in that he represents upon a high plane one of the real difficulties and terrors of life—the difficulty for the man of powerful intellect and deep conscience of always knowing what is right and doing it.

There is no easy formula; there is always a more or less agonizing struggle. The moral faculty must mediate somehow between those ideals which conscience seems to warrant and the facts which limit and thwart them. To rationalists—that is, to most modern men—great endowments of mind and heart may seem to make life more difficult. To know much is to feel the imperative need, the duty to know more; to be deeply conscientious is to know that a still further exercise of the moral sense is de-

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manded. In his unwavering and courageous acceptance of these paradoxes, Morley seems great and typical.

The moral view of character may be insisted upon, not as the most important and privileged of special views, but only as the most inclusive. A moralist or preacher John Morley was not, and yet it is a curious fact that his conversation reminds one of Samuel Johnson's. For example:

> J. H. M.: Lord Fitzmaurice told me a curious story about Disraeli the other day—very characteristic, I thought. He said that years after his shabby treatment of Peel he took one of Peel's daughters in to dinner. Disraeli began in a tone of tender and respectful reminiscence of her father. This was too much for the daughter, who with great spirit replied, "I wonder you can talk of my father like that after the way you treated him." Disraeli showed his usual effrontery and replied, "My dear lady, I was young—I had to get on." And look at his stolen eloquence—his theft of another man's speech. He was mean.
>
> Lord Morley: These are small things. Why do people always talk as if a politician was to be so much better than other men in other professions?

Limitations of space do not permit of adequate illustration—but is this not the very note? Like Johnson, Lord Morley appears to have been a man of vigorous understanding and robust common sense, who was nevertheless sensitive in soul and at once too perspicacious and too brave to be unmoved by difficulties which other men slur over or never feel.

If a certain inevitable sadness seems to fall upon the modern thinker, the modern doer has opportunities for service which, if fully accepted and courageously discharged, make for the simplification of ethical problems and for moral satisfaction. Perhaps the fact is that scientific service is the most civilized domain of modern life, and politics the least so. At all events the life story of General Gorgas could not well be a "critical" biography, for what room is there for a critical view of a life so unexceptionably serviceable, so deservedly distinguished? There can be no legend of Gorgas: his achievements are matters of record, and the achievements truly represent the man.

The biographers have told their story with great readableness and reality. The rather well-known tale of the conquest of yellow fever, the cleaning-up of Havana, and the sanitation of the

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Canal Zone, is told with added details. We learn of the difficulties encountered by a strong, patient, and devoted man struggling against the stupidity or prejudice of those in authority, and of the timely and decisive intervention of Theodore Roosevelt in behalf of the one man who was throughly competent to save the canal project from its most formidable enemy, disease.

It is a fact of dramatic and curious interest that Roosevelt's decision in this matter, and the fate of the Canal, might have been altered by slight circumstances. Puzzled by conflicting representations, the President sought the advice of a close personal friend, Dr. Alexander Lambert, of New York City. "It is not too much to say," write the authors, "that this meeting (between Roosevelt and Lambert), which took place one evening at Oyster Bay, decided the fate of the Panama Canal." The President was troubled. "To disapprove an important recommendation of his new Commission, backed up by the Secretary of War, was naturally embarrassing; on the other hand, to dismiss a man of Gorgas's eminence in his field was to assume a heavy responsibility." Dr. Lambert was fully conscious of the importance of the crisis, and he rose to the occasion. At last the President announced his decision in the characteristic words, "By George, I'll back up Gorgas, and we will see it through."

The biographers have related a significant bit of history and they have portrayed William Crawford Gorgas with great wholeness and frankness. What impresses one when one thinks of the origin of this man, is that such a character as his is nearly as exceptional as genius, and, like genius, is the product of exceptional heredity. The happy combination of high ability and strong character, the originality of mind which without being strikingly creative implies mental mobility and capacity for new ideas together with firmness of judgment and executive ability, are really almost as rare as the mysterious gift of inventiveness. While one may take pride in Gorgas's purely American heredity, one may also reflect that such a plant does not grow in ordinary soil, and may trust that the soil may never be impoverished. Modern civilization more and more demands men of the Gorgas type.

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